POEMS.

DEDICATED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

THE DOUGLAS HIGH SCHOOL.

POEMS.

DEDICATED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

VOL. I.

Him Virtue tutor'd, Genius fir'd,
His words by Hermes were inſpir'd,
His works the Muſes lov'd;
Deep learning ſhew'd him all her ſtores,
Fancy illum'd his leiſure hours,
And POPE his thoughts approv'd.

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MANSFIELD! to thee, in whoſe expanſive mind,
Virtue, and ſenſe, in uniſon we find,
Whoſe gentle manners, by the Graces dreſs'd,
Derive their charms from thy benignant breaſt;
Whoſe tongue with tuneful accents ſooths the ear,
And ſpeaks thoſe ſentiments the good revere;
To thee I write — determin'd to rely
On the good-humour beaming from thine eye,
Which kindly ſays, thou wilt my lines receive,
And for this once, a PARTIAL JUDGEMENT give.

Oh! happy thoſe! who are decreed by fate
To ſhare the converſe of the good and great,
To find deep learning, and ſuperior ſenſe,
In the mild boſom of benevolence;
Genius devoid of ſupercilious pride,
Wit to amuſe, and wiſdom to decide,
With all thoſe nameleſs Graces of the mind,
By Nature planted, and by art refin'd;
Such is THEIR lot, whom MANSFIELD condeſcends
To rank among the number of his FRIENDS,
A TITLE which demands the lyric ſtring,
Awakes the Muſe, and bids her try to ſing.

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ELLEN IRVINE.

Taken from a Story in Mr. PENNANT's *Tour through* Scotland; *wherein he ſays,*

" Her tomb (and her Lover's) is now in Kirkconnel
" church yard, with this ſimple inſcription, ' Hic
" jacet Adam Fleming, ' and a croſs, and ſword,
" engraved on it. "

THE morrowe graie did o'er the hills appeere,
The lyttel byrds yſang fra * everie ſpraye:
It was the pleſaunt ſeaſoun of the yeere,
When Nature is moſt beutifull and gaie:

It was when Averill clad the trees wi grene,
And ſtraw'd her primroſys o'er mead and dale,
When eke † the daiſie 'mong the graſſe was ſene,
And airly herdſmen ‡ wander'd thro' the vale:

It was when everie greve § was ſpreynt ‖ wi dewe
That Edgar left hys bedd, and ſaught the wode;
Edgar! a lordinge, chief among the fewe
Of high eſtate, yet valourous and gode.

* From. † Alſo. ‡ Shepherds. § Buſh. ‖ Sprinkled.

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Beſide the Kirtle's flouerie banks he rov'd,
Benethe the covert of the fragraunt ſhade,
(For moche was Edgar's ſoul wi pleaſure mov'd,
To ſee the workes of Nature's honde diſplaied;).

But grones deep fetch'd, and lab'ring fra the harte,
Big wi the ſounde of paine, aſſail'd his eare;
The voice he followes, ready to imparte
His generous ayde, inſenſible to feere!

Juſte in the centre of a lyttel woode,
Shrouded by Nature's charitable gloome,
Conceal'd from publick obſervatione, ſtoode,
Of marbre, (unadourn'd by wordes,) a toombe.

Atour* its baſe the deadlie nightſhade ſprang,
And there the melancholy cypreſs grewe,
Upon whoſe boughes the robin redbreſte ſang,
And o'er whoſe heade the bodinge raven flewe.

Athwart the toombe, immerſed in anguiſh, hung
He, fra whoſe buſom burſte ſic heavie ſigghes;
He ſeem'd a comelie ſwayne, baith faire and young,
And teeres deſcended fra hys downcaſt eyes.

Sable hys veſture, and hys flowinge haire
Fell o'er hys ſhoulders, wi diſhevell'd grace;
Majeſtic pryde was in hys manlie aire,
But pale diſpayre was peinted on his face.—

(Sik† have I ſeene, methinks, a blyghted tree
Some feint appeeraunce of itſelf retain;
The ſtem preſervinge all its dignitie,
The wither'd branches droopinge tow'rds the plaine.)

* Around. † So.

" Riſe, hapleſſe wight!" the pitying Edgar crys,
" Nor holde this fruitleſſe converſe wi the dede."—
" Straunger, avaunt!"—the ſtarting youthe replies,
" He meetes wi Dethe who dares my greefe invade!

" Wi ſtep prophane preſume not to intrude
" On that retirement, whiche my ſoul demandes—
" Sacrede to Ellen is thys ſolitude;
" Her toombe, reſpect and diſtant awe, commandes.

" Leve me to privacie, to dark diſpayre,
" To all the horrours tortured Francy bringes;
" Moleſte me not! nor withe raſh courage dare
" To meete a weapon, ſtain'd wi blude of Kinges.

" Tempt not my rage!—whoe'er ſhall madly trie
" To force my ſteps fra Ellen Irvine's toombe,
" Benethe my vengefull ſworde ſhall ſurelie die,
" And from offended love, receive hys doome.

" But ſure the teere that gliſtens in thine eie,
" Declares thy harte wi ſimpathie is mov'd,
" Perhap thou haſte endured adverſitie,
" Or loſte the maiden whome thy harte approv'd.

" Oh then approache! and witneſſe what I do!
" See the laſte tragic rites of fatal love!
" The cloſing ſcene of my afflictione viewe!
" For Fleming's grave, is in this duſkie grove.

" The morrowes dawn I ſhall nae longer greete,
" The noontide ſhadowe, or the evening gloome;
" Ere nyghte retourns, or ere this ſun is ſet,
" My harte will breke on Ellen Irvine's toombe.

" Come, ſit thee doune, wi patience on the graſſe,
" And heare the luckleſſe ſtorie of my fate ;
" Heare how I loved the moſt engaging laſſe,
" And heare how I became unfortunate.

He ſayde, and Edgar, with a pitying looke
Which ſpoke the tribute of humanitie,
His ſtatione by the mournfull Fleming tooke,
Who thus began his wofull hiſtorie :

" Within thys melancholie toombe is layde,
" All that my doating ſoul held juſtlie deere,
" The poore remains of a beloved mayde,
" Kirkconnel's pryde, and myne, is buried heere.

" Heere her ſad reliques lie ! O envied earthe !
" Shall thy cold buſome Ellen's pillowe be ?
" Muſt THOU engroſſe a maſs of perfect worth,
" Of charms, that were betroth'd, alas ! to me ?

" My cruel memorie, with uneering truthe,
" Can bringe her gentle form to fancie's eie,
" Can repreſente her beautie, love, and youthe,
" Her tenderneſſe, and rare fidelitie.

" Whene'er ſhe daunc'd upon Kirkconnel's plaine,
" The ſhoutinge crowde, wi admiration fyred,
" Praiſed the fayre maide ; and many a wealthy ſwayne,
" To gayne my Ellen Irvine's honde, aſpyred.

" Amang the reſte, a man of noble name,
" Malcolm, of Orgulous * and cruel mynde ;
" But Ellen frown'd whene'er the lordynge came,
" And to accept hys proffer'd love, declyn'd.

* Proud.

" The laſte ſurvivour of a noble race,
" She often cried, (to her attentive frendes,)
" Shalle ne'er her honeſte anceſtours diſgrace,
" Or form a unione, which her ſoul offendes.

" The onlie daughter of Kirkconnel's houſe
" Shall never give reluctantlie her honde,
" She will not ſell contente, to gayne a ſpouſe,
" Howe'er poſſeſs'd of title, wealthe, or londe.

" Go, Malcolm! offer not thy vows to me,
" Some more ambitious damoſell prefer,
" And ſince my harte cannot wi thine agree,
" Addreſs thy ſuit, and all thy love to her.

" Where the mynde's pilot, Inclinatione, poynts,
" My choice ſhall followe, tho' to ſome lone cell,
" Where peace the hedde of innocence anoynts,
" Where comforte ſmyles, and where contente may [dwell.

" Away wi alle the joyes that grandeure gyves!
" Shewe me the antique grott, or moſſie cave,
" Where virtue, conſtancie, and friendſhippe live,
" And where no vice the morals can deprave.

" Where love, tho' not arraied in goldene chaynes,
" Courts my diſintereſted humble choice,
" Where ſweete ſymplicitie her ſwaye maintaynes,
" And the creation yields to nature's voice.

" My harte diſdaynes the diſingenuous guile,
" That teacheth thoughts and words to diſagree,
" The falſe profeſſione, and the ſtudied ſmyle,
" Repugnant are to my ſinceritie.

" Let me then, live obſcure, in lowlie ſtate,
" Remote from pomp and luxurie of life ;
" My mynde is ſuited to an humble fate,
" Nor can I ever be Earle Malcolm's wife."

" She ſpake, and ſpekeinge wounded Malcom's pryde,
" A jealous drede * fill'd hym withe newe alarms,
" Furious he turn'd hym from her viewe aſyde,
" Curſed her indifference,—yet ador'd her charmes.

(" Oh! why, my Ellen Irvine, was thy mynde
" Diſpos'd to treat his ſuit wi crueltie ?
" Why wert thou form'd to be ſae colde, and kinde ?
" Sae coy to others,—but ſae kinde to me!)

" My love ſincere her gen'rous harte repayed:—
" My onely wealthe was honoure, and my ſworde,
" Yet did my faithfull vows attach the mayde,
" And kindlye ſhe my proteſtations hearde.

" Oh how I loved her! witneſſe ſaints above!
" Beyonde whate'er the worlde calls good, or greate,
" Beyonde the common ſentiments of love,
" Beyonde ambition, fortune, pomp, and ſtate.

" Yet, would to heaven another had poſſeſs'd
" The valued harte which was on me beſtow'd!
" On me, whoſe merits were by far the leaſte,
" But love the pureſt, of the rival crowde.

(" Ah cruel deſtiny! relentleſs fate!
" And do I live to mourne my murder'd love ?
" But here I fix my everlaſtinge ſeate ;
" No power on earthe my laſt reſolve ſhall move.)

* Fear.

" Malcolm, whoſe breſte wi ſecret envye brent,*
" Vow'd ſwifte revenge on me, and on the fair,
" And ſwere aloude, that he would ne'er relente
" Till he involved us baith in dire diſpayre.

" Yet we, regardleſſe of his angrie threats,
" Wander'd together in the neighbouring grove,
" And oft, ſequeſter'd in theſe calme retreats,
" Breathed the empaſſion'd ſounds of guileleſs love.

" On Kirtle's banks, one eveninge we reclyned,
(" On Kirtle's banks, yclad in fragraunt greene,)
" My Ellen's ſmyles expreſs'd her happie mynde,
" And gave newe beautie to the rural ſcene.

" I took my flute, and, muſically wylde,
" Varied the notes, to pleaſe the attentive fair;
" Whene'er the ſounds were gaie, ſhe ſwetely ſmyled,
" When they were plaintive, ſhe beſtow'd a tere.

" But while thus happie wi my gentle love,
" While careleſly reclyned on Kirtle's ſide,
" Fierce Malcolm iſſued fra th' adjacent wode,
" Enflamed wi envie, jealouſie, and pryde.

" We ken'd him not, until it was too late;
" Wi bow and arrowe in hys honde he came:
" Audacious yewthe! he cry'd, receive thy fate!
" Atone for love, and eke ſurrendour fame."

" While yet he ſpake, the fatale bow was bente —
" To ſhield my life, the frighted Ellen ſtrove;
" Too ſure, alaſs! the winged dart was ſente,
" Sad meſſengere of dethe, and foe to love.

* Burn'd.

" Oh ſad remembraunce! everduringe greefe!
" Wounded for me, I ſawe my promiſed bride,
" I ſawe, I yerned,* but could nae give relief,—
" She fell,—the cruel arrowe in her ſyde.

" My tremblinge arms ſuſtain'd the dyinge fayre;
" Her eies had fix'd their languide orbs on me,
" Ye who ha loved ſae weel, (if ſuch there are,)
" Thinke on the ſcene, and melt withe ſympathie.

" Love! we muſt parte," the drooping victim ſayde;
" Yet ſeeke not to avenge thy Ellen's dethe,
" Let me within an humble toombe be layde;
" Obey the mandates of my parting breathe.

" To Spayne I charge thee, Fleming! to repayre,
" Inſted of waſtinge alle thy daies in wo,
" Againſte the infidels aſſiſt the warre,
" The proweſs of thy valient arme to ſhowe.

" If crown'd wi lawrels, fra th' enſanguin'd fielde
" To Caledonia, thou ſhouldſt ever come,
" If tyme the ſharpneſſe of thy woes hath heal'd,
" Viſit thy loſt,—thy faithfull Ellen's toombe;

" And when the fates thy precious lyfe demande,
" By hapleſſe Ellen Irvine's ſyde be layde."—
" She ſpake: in Dethe ſhe graſp'd my trembling honde,
" And to the regions of the happie fledde.

" Abraide† from ſtupid lethargie of thoughte,
" I ſtarted fra the fatal ſcene of dethe,
" My beatinge buſome wi revenge was fraught,
" I ken'd the murderer on the diſtant heathe.

* Shriekd. † Awaked.

" Swifte as an eaglet, I hys ſteps purſued,
" Urged by my wrongs, acroſs the duſtie playne,
" I overtook th' aſſaſſin in a wode,
" We fought, and by my arm the wretch was ſlayne.

" I then had ſheathed the ſworde within my harte,
" But for my Ellen Irvine's laſt requeſte:
" My frendes implor'd me quicklie to departe,
" I went, with mortal anguiſh in my breſte.

" Againſt the infidels my ſworde I try'd,
" And thought to periſh on the warfull playne;
" We foughte, we conquer'd, fate my wiſh deny'd,
" And ſent me to my native londe agayne.

" Meantime the weepinge frendes of her I mourn,
" Had layde her colde remaynes within this toombe,
" And vainely thought, when Fleming ſhould returne,
" Time would have diſſipated ſorrowe's gloom.

" As ſoone they mighte reſtrayne the river's tyde,
" Or ſtay the ſun in his accuſtom'd courſe,
" As bid me ceaſe to love my comely bryde,
" Or fra her grave my wearie body force.

" Thus farre have I obey'd my love's commande,
" I here am come to lay my trophies doune;
" My faithfull ſword right weel hath ſerv'd my honde,
" A lawrel guirlonde I from fame have wone.

" Stranger! if thou wilte graunt my laſte requeſte,
" Oh! let my corſe wi Ellen Irvine ſleepe;
" Withine her toombe my greefs will be at reſte,
" My harte will ceaſe to beate, myne eyne to weepe.

" Thou cruel toombe! that have, alaſs! enſhrined
" The treaſure unto Fleming's harte moſt deere,
(" All that was beuteous, gentle, chaſte, and kinde,
" In friendſhip faithfull, and in love ſincere,)

" Thy marbre walls no longer ſhall divyde
" Thoſe conſtant hartes that did in lyfe unite,
" Dethe ſhall convey me to my Ellen's ſyde,
" And after-ages ſhall our loves recite.

" Attende, my Ellen, to thy Fleming's prayer!
" Attende, bleſt ſhade of her whome I deplore!
" Oh! guide my ſpirit fra this worlde of care,
" To thoſe abodes, where we ſhall parte nae more.

" On Hope's broad pinions my ideas riſe,
" My ſoul impatient, longes to take its flighte,
" My peerleſſe Ellen meets my dazzled eyes,
" Like day emerging fra the ſhades of nighte." —

Thus did the ſad diſtracted lovyer rave,
With cries that ſwell'd the echoes of the grove,
(Like Romeo wailing at hys Juliet's grave,
In all the agonies of frantic love.)

But ſoone his fading cheeke grewe wond'rous pale,
His pulſe beat languide, ſhorter heaved hys brethe,
The vital ſpark of lyfe began to fail,
And his frame ſtruggled wi the pangs of dethe.

Joy glent * irradiant from hys cloſing eie,
A ſmyle was on hys face; when thus he cry'd,
" The bleſſed harbour of my hopes is nighe!
" Then layde him downe on Ellen's toombe, and died."

* Beam'd.

According to the laſte requeſte he made,
The gen'rous Edgar, with a pious care,
In Ellen Irvine's grave his reliques layde,
And o'er the toombe humanely ſhed a tere.

Reader! if thou haſte ſenſibilitie,
As Edgar did, ſae wilt thou alſo do;
One tere is due unto the memorie
Of lovyers ſae unfortunate and true.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

YE gloomy horrors! ye religious cells!
Ye walls! which ev'ry gleam of hope repels,
Ye fretted roofs! that echo to my cries,
Ye lamps! that burn before my aching eyes,
Ye holy ſaints! ye cherubims! forgive
The murmurs of a wretch, condemn'd to live.
Since ſtern religion bars the gates of death,
Still muſt this mortal frame retain its breath,
Linger on earth, till the appointed hour
When life may ceaſe, and love exiſt no more.

At this ſtill hour, when ſullen ſilence reigns,
I muſe on ſorrow, and indulge my pains,
Give my ſad ſoul the privilege to mourn,
And think on days, that never can return.
Whilſt others loſe their various cares in ſleep
I wake to meditate, and riſe to weep,
Speak to the winds that whiſtle thro' my cell,
And to the ſenſeleſs lamps my anguiſh tell.
But why to theſe do I relate my woe?
Will not kind heaven ſome pitying friend beſtow?
Some friend, who is, like me, the ſlave of love,
Some friend, whoſe life is with misfortune wove.
Whilſt Eloiſa lives, I dare pretend,
Wretch as I am! to have one faithful friend.

For her, then, let me mark the page with tears—
See, Eloiſa! ſee, the paper bears
Theſe emblemns of a heart that burſts with grief,
And only finds in tears a ſhort relief.

Oh Eloiſa! when thine eye ſurveys
The ſcroll, where Abelard his grief diſplays,
Methinks thou wilt decline thy lovely head,
And mourn for him, whoſe happineſs is fled.
In happier days, when with each other bleſt,
Love was our guide, and liberty our gueſt,
I never knew a joy, or felt a care,
That Eloiſa did not wiſh to ſhare:
Say then, my love! ſhall Abelard complain,
And thou not bear a portion of his pain?
Have rigid nuns and pious legends taught
Thy ſoul, to ſtifle every tender thought?
Art thou afraid, where ſculptured ſaints appear,
To give at leaſt one ſympathetic tear?
Or have thoſe walls wherein thou art enſhrin'd,
Harden'd that heart, which was for love deſign'd?

Oh bliſsful hours! when Eloiſa ſmiled,
And with ſoft eloquence my cares beguiled,
Beyond the reach of tyranny you reſt,
Treaſured by memory in my faithful breaſt;
Nor can this awful conſecrated place,
The ſweet remembrance from my mind eraſe.
Then, Eloiſa! then, you reign'd ſupreme,
Queen of my vows, my love, and my eſteem,
I let my hopes on airy pinions riſe,
Warm'd by the beams of Eloiſa's eyes;
But ah! thoſe treach'rous hopes too ſwiftly flew,
Stretch'd their light wings, and vaniſh'd from my view.

Oh how I loved! beyond what ſighs can tell,
Beyond what looks or language can reveal,
Beyond all earthly things thou wert adored,
Almoſt as much, as heaven's eternal Lord:
'Twas not thy face, altho' divinely fair,
Thy graceful perſon, thy bewitching air,
Thoſe lips, where harmony and ſweetneſs reign'd,
Thoſe eyes, which all thy ſentiments explain'd,
Not theſe alone my preference could bind,
'Twas thy intelligent, thy active mind:
Whene'er with thee I thro' the woodlands ſtray'd,
Where ancient oaks diffus'd a ſolemn ſhade,
Tho' various birds their amorous deſcant ſung,
I only liſten'd to thy tuneful tongue;
The beauties of the ſcene were loſt on me,
For all my looks were fondly fix'd on thee.
Oft when the moon has ſhed her ſilver beam
Acroſs the current of the ripling ſtream,
When ſeated underneath the poplar's boughs,
My Eloiſa heard my faithful vows,
On downy feet the moments danced along,
And love, and happineſs, inſpired my ſong:
When on my pillow I reclin'd my head,
And gentle ſlumbers viſited my bed,
Then in my dreams I uſed to ſee thy form,
Jocund with youth, thy cheeks with bluſhes warm,
In thy bright eyes expreſſion wou'd appear,
As if the radiant ſoul was ſeated there,
Mirth gave thee ſmiles, and nature gave thee grace,
And love improved the beauties of thy face.
But now, (ah different far!) whene'er I ſleep,
When theſe ſad eyelids have forgot to weep,
When the tired ſoul her faculties ſuſpends,
And o'er my couch lethargic dullneſs bends,

If fancy then, her magic influence trys,
Uſurps my brain, and reaſon's place ſupplys,
Still does my heart, (which, like a ſeal, muſt wear
The ſame impreſſion it firſt learnt to bear,)
Retain thy form, but ah! methinks I ſee
Sorrow's pale image, when I gaze on thee.
Is that my Eloiſa, once ſo gay?
That meagre ſhade, which beckons me away?
In ſable veſtments I behold her dreſt,
The croſs diſplay'd upon her throbbing breaſt.
Her eyes no more with ſoft expreſſion ſhine,
Nor ſpeak a thouſand tender things, to mine.
No thought of love, no look of hope, is there;
Thoſe eyes reveal the language of diſpair.
No word of comfort can her lips beſtow,
To calm my paſſions, or aſſuage my woe;
Thoſe lips, once roſy harbingers of love,
Now pale and cold, have loſt the power to move,
Ev'n as I gaze, the phantom diſappears, —
Trembling I wake, and bathe my couch with tears;
Then frantic riſe, on Eloiſa call,
And ſtrike my hands againſt the ſacred wall.

Whene'er the full-orb'd MOON illumes the night,
On HER I fondly fix my eager ſight,
Whilſt this ſweet thought comes ſoftly o'er my mind,
Perhaps in Paraclete's white walls confin'd,
My Eloiſa's ſoul delights to rove,
Beyond her cell, and greatly ſoars above;
Then may the ſilver moon attract her eyes,
(The moon by which ſhe oft has heard my ſighs,)
And tho' divided we are doom'd to ſtay,
This one bright object we may both ſurvey.

Ah pleaſing thought! by mournful love impreſt,
Soon art thou fled from my afflicted breaſt,
A thouſand agonizing griefs return,
And with augmented violence I mourn,
Rave at my fate, and, wild with my diſpair,
Forget that patience muſt be won by prayer;
Thro' the long aiſles and hollow cells I ſtray,
Like a ſad ghoſt until the dawn of day,
Or on ſome tomb my wretched body throw,
And talk of love to thoſe who ſleep below,
Wiſh that, like them, I cou'd for ever cloſe
My eyes, and to oblivion give my woes;
But moſt I wiſh for one ſhort moment's ſpace,
Again to view my Eloiſa's face,
Once more that dear angelic form to meet,
Fall on the earth, and periſh at her feet.

Ah wretch! the viſionary thought reſign,
Unheard thou muſt lament, unſeen repine,
Beyond theſe walls I never more can roam,
Within this priſon I behold my tomb.
Theſe eyes no more can Eloiſa view,
Theſe feet no more her footſteps may purſue,
Here muſt I dwell, and waſte my life away,
In tears by night, and penitence by day,
A ſtranger to the ſweets of calm repoſe,
Mourning my love, and muſing on my woes;
Woes which my heart is deſtin'd to endure,
Since ev'n religion fails to work my cure.

Beneath the conflict I have ſtrove to paint
Patience expires, and nature ſeems to faint.
My frighted ſpirits from their channels ſtart,
And freezing terror creeps into my heart.

To write his woes, and to record his love,
Is all the comfort Abelard can prove ;
This one employment o'er, I only crave
From heaven, a ſpeedy paſſport to the grave.

Oh! thou dear object of my lateſt prayers!
Source of my griefs, and partner of my cares!
When this enfeebled frame ſhall ceaſe to move,
This hand to tremble, and this heart to love,
When all my follies and my griefs are o'er,
And Eloiſa is beloved no more,
Forget me not, — commiſerate my woes,
And chaunt a requiem to my ſoul's repoſe.

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FROM CALISTA TO LOTHARIO.

TO that dear heart, where once I ſolely reign'd,
Whoſe tender paſſion, long my cares reſtrain'd,
Let me the ſorrows of my own confeſs,
And ſpeak my wrongs, tho' hopeleſs of redreſs:
Yes! falſe Lothario! I will dare complain,
Declare my woes, and ſpeak of love again,
Once more the fatal theme ſhall reach thine ear,
Before I yield to ſilence, and deſpair.

Yet, what alas! can I expect from thee,
When I appeal to thy humanity?
For ah! to love I dare not make my claim,
It loſt exiſtence, when I murder'd fame,
No more from friendſhip can I aſk relief,
The balm of friendſhip ſuits inferior grief;
Mine, is too deep, for common means to cure,
And more than common friendſhip will endure:
By my paſt folly too obdurate grown,
My friends are ſick of my perpetual moan,
And to the plaintive ſtory of diſtreſs,
When language faintly, can my grief expreſs,
Think it enough, if they politely hear,
And coldly tell me, "to avoid deſpair."

Since love is then at beſt, a ſhort-liv'd flame,
Since friendſhip, often proves an empty name,
From theſe to other aids, I turn my view,
And for the bleſſing of compaſſion, ſue:
Pity I aſk, and, in a ſuppliant tone,
Plead to the ſympathetic mind, alone.

But oh! to whom ſhall I addreſs my prayer?
When even lovers, are averſe to hear?
When friends, deſpiſe a fond romantic ſtrain,
And virtue's pupils, aggravate my pain?
Amidſt my doubts, whilſt all the world appears
Deaf to my cries, and careleſs of my tears,
The voice of juſtice bids me ceaſe to mourn,
And for a moment, to Lothario turn,
Suſpend my ſighs, awake my ſlumb'ring pride,
Haunt his retreat, and wander by his ſide,
Demand compaſſion, as a tribute due,
And with a lover's ſpeed, his ſteps purſue,
To all the world, HIS perfidy proclaim,
And to HIS arts, attribute all my blame.

If pity dwells, Lothario! in thy breaſt,
If but one little ſpark, remains thy gueſt,
The tear of penitence, the bluſh of ſhame,
Shall from its embers, raiſe the dying flame,
And bid thee, with a voice of juſtice, own,
Thou art moſt guilty, tho' I am undone;
The weakneſs of a yielding heart was mine,
The miſchief of perſuaſion, ſure, was thine:
Oh perjur'd man! remember 'twas for thee
I left that bleſt companion, chaſtity,
Forgot reſtraint, abandon'd doubt and fear,
Relinquiſh'd happineſs, and met deſpair;

Diſgrac'd the luſtre of my noble name,
Incurr'd a ſeries of diſtreſs and ſhame,
Forſook the peaceful ſtate in which I lived,
Relied on thee, and was, alas! deceived.
Too late a fatal confidence I mourn,
And think on bleſſings, that can ne'er return;
No hope appears, — and anguiſh bids me fly,
Weep like a ſtricken deer, deſpair; and die,
For, oh! it is my wretched lot, to find
Thy vows unfaithful, and thyſelf unkind,
The fatal alteration ſcorns diſguiſe,
I read my fortune — in Lothario's eyes.

Ah! chace theſe fears that fill me with diſmay,
Delude me with a proſpect calm, and gay,
Feign love, and conſtancy, — repeat thy vows,
And hail Caliſta, with the name of ſpouſe;
If true affection is not thine to give,
Yet it will be compaſſion, to deceive,
(That once beguil'd, I may remain the ſame,
A fool by nature, tho' a wretch by name;)
Swear generous amity for years to come,
And cancel half the rigour of my doom,
Then ſhall I ſay that honor rules thy mind,
Pronounce thee beſt, and faireſt of thy kind,
Still deem thy love unfading and ſincere,
Forget paſt injuries, and baniſh care. ——

Turn, my Lothario! from the wanton throng
Who flatter greatneſs, and enſnare the young,
Who give example, and who ſmile advice,
From wine to women, from the turf to dice;
Will you with faſhion, for a vague pretence,
Diſmiſs Caliſta from your confidence?

Oh ſay not yes! — the tale but ill agrees
With all your vows, and my deſire to pleaſe,
Temptation need not bring injuſtice too,
Nor Faſhion ſanctify a crime in you;
Injuſtice appertains to knaves alone,
And Faſhion marks the wealthy fool her own;
Let theſe with ſhallow minds employ their art,
Nor rob Caliſta, of Lothario's heart.

In all viciſſitudes of life the ſame,
For thee I muſt avow a conſtant flame,
Nor accident, nor time, nor abſence, prove
Effectual means, to cure my heart of love;
Had we been born in ſome ignoble ſhade,
A ſhepherd thou, and I a rural maid,
With roſy garlands I had deck'd thy hair,
And wove ſoft garments for my love to wear,
Had fondly ſhielded thy beloved form,
From ſummer's ſultry ſun, or winter's ſtorm,
Had lull'd thee, by ſome whiſp'ring rill, to ſleep,
Had help'd to feed thy goats, or pen thy ſheep,
With ſmiles of joy had all thy labours bleſt,
And claſp'd my faithful ſhepherd to my breaſt.
Or if my ſtars had more reſplendent ſhone,
And caſt my lot on the imperial throne,
If fortune ſent thee to adorn my coaſt,
Thy charms had triumph'd, and my heart been loſt,
To buy thy heart a ſceptre I'd reſign,
Or make myſelf, my throne, my grandeur, thine.
But ſurely proofs more ſtrong than theſe, of love,
I gave Lothario! — witneſs powers above!
Did I not ſpurn the narrow, rigid rules,
Of cuſtom, laws, and philoſophic ſchools,

And madly truſt unto the vows of love,
Which virtue counſel'd me, to diſapprove?
I deem'd it juſtice, to admire thy charms,
Tho' when I gaz'd, my boſom felt alarms;
Nor thought it guilt, to like a form ſo fair,
Such gentle ſmiles, and ſuch a graceful air:
At length ſurprized to find the time appear,
As if it fled on wings, when thou wert near,
Tho' in thine abſence ev'ry hour was long,
And ſorrow tun'd the burthen of my ſong,
The painful truth thy ſad Caliſta gueſs'd,
And queſtion'd thus, the ſecrets of her breaſt.

" When honor frowns, when reaſon checks my flame,
What means this tumult at Lothario's name?
Why does my heart in theſe quick motions beat?
Why glows my cheek with inſtantaneous heat?
Why does my breaſt reluctant yield a ſigh,
And the tear tremble, in Caliſta's eye?
Alas! I love, and virtue trys in vain
To guide my conduct, or to break my chain;
Involuntary love uſurps, my heart,
And wounds my breaſt, with his ſevereſt dart;
Too late I tremble for my own repoſe,
Too late reflect on Altamont's fond vows,
For oh! I err by the decree of fate,
And am leſs guilty, than unfortunate."

Thus did my ſoul a load of anguiſh prove,
Prophetic of thoſe ills that wait on love;
In vain I try'd to counteract the flame,
And form'd reſolves, to live devoid of blame;
One ſmile from thee, one glance from thy bright eyes,
Regain'd my heart, in ſpight of all its ties,

Oppos'd to thee my fortitude declin'd,
And love fulfill'd, what artful man deſign'd;
Caliſta heard thy vows, beheld thy tears,
Ador'd thy form, — and granted all thy pray'rs.

Wretch that I am! thoſe vows ſo lately made,
Thoſe tears of love, that could ſo well perſuade,
Are foreign from Lothario's conduct now,
(For time obliterates, the lover's vow,)
His oaths of conſtancy were inſincere,
But mine, like oriental pearl, appear,
Yes, falſe one! they ſhall ever faithful be,
Unbroken, unimpair'd, by time or thee,
And arm'd againſt thy infidelity.

Could I deſerve this change? ah, no! 'tis clear
Some brighter ſtar, hath taught thy ſteps to err,
Hath ſhone, to lead thee on a devious road,
Where many, dazzl'd by her beams, have trod,
Where, oft miſguided, they purſue her light,
And truſt their ſafety, in the ſhades of night,
Till the falſe meteor, that APPEAR'D a ſtar,
Turns dim, and ſoon evaporates, in air;
Then, undeceiv'd too late, with grief and pain
They try to find the former path again,
Long to behold ſome planetary light,
Some REAL ſtar, that ſhines ſerenely bright,
And vainly curſe the meteor they obey'd,
By whom their hopes, are to deſpair betray'd.

Love is impatient, ardent, unconfin'd,
It leaves the buſy world's gay ſcenes, behind,
And roving on, to ſome ſequeſter'd cell,
Is there contented, with its mate to dwell;

The ſame affections rule each lover's heart,
They wiſh to meet, and with reluctance part;
Abſent they pine, and count the tedious hours,
Till fate their happineſs again reſtores,
And when they meet, their bounding hearts confeſs
Unfeigned joy, and mutual tenderneſs:
But ah! theſe ſoft ſenſations, ceaſe to move
Lothario's ſoul, for he is ſick of love,
No real paſſion now inſpires his breaſt,
'Tis only whim, in love's apparel dreſs'd,
His eyes with never-failing influence roll;
He ſteals the heart, to agonize the ſoul,
Love and averſion bear alternate ſway,
His mode is to adore, and then betray;
He leaves Caliſta to repine and mourn,
To bear the world's reproof, and virtue's ſcorn.
Leaves her to all the horrors of deſpair,
Repentance, infamy, regret, and care.

Yet ſtay, Lothario! for a moment ſtay!
And bear me, from the open face, of day.
Far, far from Altamont, I wiſh to fly,
Content in ſome obſcure retreat, to die:
Oh! guide my ſteps, unto ſome diſmal cell,
Where only hermits, have been known to dwell,
Where only rills, in little murmurs break,
And only winds, in gentle whiſpers ſpeak,
Where, (ſave the nightingale and ſolemn owl,)
No voice diſturbs the contemplative ſoul;
Where oaks diffuſe an awful ſhade, around,
And nature, in her plaineſt garb, is found;
Where heaven, my ſpangl'd canopy may be,
A book my wealth, a ſcull my company,

Where impious vows have not profan'd the air,
And where no tracks of human ſteps appear;
Where quiet reigns, where melancholy broods,
Where ſighing winds, are echo'd thro' the woods,
And where the pomp of courts, and pride of dreſs,
Are things remote, from ſuch a wilderneſs.

Yes! the dark cavern, the umbrageous grove,
Are meet receptacles, for ſlighted love!
If thou canſt lead me to a ſpot ſo bleſt,
Again, I may enjoy a dawn of reſt,
At leaſt, unheard, I may expect to ſigh,
Unknown to live, and undiſturb'd, to die.
There, leave me, happy in ſo mild a fate,
That ſaves me from the world's contempt, and hate,
There, I may unmoleſted weep and pray,
And with my ſorrows waſh my faults away;
There, I may reſt my weary head, in peace,
Till fate, ſhall bid my loath'd exiſtence, ceaſe:
Then will I find, ſome venerable tree,
And carve my name, with painful induſtry,
Inſcribe this epitaph, — my wrongs diſcloſe,
Record my love, and repreſent my woes.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a nymph! whoſe beauty was her bane,
Whoſe mind, in virtue's ſchool, was taught in vain,
That outward charms, acquire more excellence,
When rul'd by chaſtity, and innocence:
She lov'd a youth, beyond her love of fame,
For him, diſgrac'd the ſplendour of her name,
And when he ceas'd with partial eyes, to view
Her charms, ſhe gladly from the world withdrew,

Abandon'd ev'ry ſcene that pleaſure paints,
To court kind angels, and propitious ſaints,
And like a dying ſwan, to yield her breath,
In tuneful hymns, amidſt the frowns of death:
Altho' her dear Lothario prov'd forſworn,
And left his victim to repent, and mourn,
Yet at this moment, ſhe forgives the wrong,
And reconcilement, trembles on her tongue;
Him whom ſhe ſhou'd deſpiſe, ſhe deigns to bleſs,
And dies the martyr of her tenderneſs.
May other nymphs, by her diſgrace, forbear
To think their faces will continue fair,
Their lover's conſtant, or their friends ſincere!
Beauty is doom'd to be of tranſient date,
And love, is oft the harbinger of hate,
At beſt, indifference coldly ſteps between,
Whilſt ſorrow calls on death, to cloſe the ſcene:
Then, muſt the fading form loſe all its grace,
And ev'ry blooming charm, deſert the face,
The broken heart, ſhall rapidly decay,
And all the dreams of pleaſure, paſs away,
The pulſe ſhall ceaſe to beat, the eye to weep,
And ev'ry trouble, in the grave ſhall ſleep.

Oh! if Lothario wanders thro' the grove,
And finds the bones of his departed love,
From his fix'd eye, may pity force the tear,
On his pale cheek, may penitence appear,
May he, with ſighs, lament Caliſta's doom,
And lay her reliques, in an humble tomb.

THE PILGRIM; OR, ETHELBERT AND EMMA.

MILD evening, o'er the world began
To caſt a duſky ſhade,
When lo! a Pilgrim, wander'd ſlow
And ſad, along the glade.

He to Landarvan Caſtle came,
Where erſt Lord Edgar dwelt,
And at the croſs, before the gate,
In adoration knelt.

Lord Edgar was a Baron bold,
An only child had he,
Her face as lovely as the morn,
Her mind from error free.

Nor envy, fraud, or malice, found
Acceſs to Emma's mind,
To pious prayers, to virtuous deeds,
Her temper was inclined.

Heir to her father's great eſtate,
Munificent ſhe liv'd,
And from her bounteous hand, the poor,
Their daily bread received ;

Yet ſorrow prey'd on Emma's cheek,
Her looks could well explain
The anguiſh of a wounded heart,
That dar'd not to complain :

Silent ſhe pined, and like a flower
Droop'd her dejected head ;
The ſmile of joy, the bloom of youth,
From Emma's cheek, was fled.

At length the wealthy Edgar died,
And left his child to mourn,
Yet this, was not the only loſs,
Her tender heart had borne.

Among a train of am'rous ſwains,
Who Edgar's daughter woo'd,
She youthful Ethelbert alone,
With partial favor view'd.

His title was an honeſt name,
His fortune was his ſword,
He nobly ſcorn'd a fraudful lie,
And never broke his word.

Perſuaſion grac'd whate'er he ſaid,
It ſparkled in his eye,
It hung upon his roſy lip,
And breath'd in every ſigh.

Their ſouls the power of ſympathy
  Alike were form'd to prove,
The ſame their joys, the ſame their griefs,
  The ſame their artleſs love.

Yes, Emma loved! but in her breaſt
  The painful ſecret kept,
She, unobſerv'd by Edgar, mourn'd,
  And oft unheeded, wept;

Nor e'er did Ethelbert believe
  Himſelf to Emma dear,
He dar'd not augur from a ſigh,
  Nor truſt a falling tear.

" She never told her love!" but pride
  Inflamed Lord Edgar's breaſt,
He ſaw that lowly Ethelbert,
  His vows to her addreſs'd;

With ſpeech ſevere, with angry frown,
  He urged him to depart;
The hopeleſs youth in ſilence went: —
  (Deſpair was in his heart.)

And ſoon 'twas rumour'd he expir'd,
  In ſome obſcure retreat, —
The wretched Emma heard the news,
  And mourn'd her lover's fate:

Deep was her grief, in ſilent woe,
  To heaven's decree ſhe bow'd,
Nor held acquaintance with the gay,
  Nor converſe with the proud.

THE Pilgrim on the caſtle gazed,
Where gothic grandeur ſhone: —
The turrets crown'd with battlements,
Where hoary moſs had grown,

The walls with ivy mantled o'er,
The drawbridge at the gate,
The ſculptur'd ſhield, the ſemblance bore
Of venerable ſtate.

Trembling he knock'd — the door unbarr'd,
An aged man appear'd,
The hand of time, had thin'd his hair,
And ſilver'd o'er his beard:

What brings thee hither? he exclaim'd.
The Pilgrim thus rejoin'd,
" A ſafe aſylum, in theſe walls,
I hope at laſt to find.

Faint with fatigue, and worn with woe,
From Edgar, let me crave,
Since now my pilgrimage is done,
The comfort of a grave:

Tell him, that hate, and cruel ſcorn,
May now their triumph ſee,
Theſe walls, which were my paradiſe,
My ſepulchre ſhall be."

Alas! reply'd the ancient ſlave,
In death my maſter ſleeps. —
Where is his child? " the Pilgrim crys,
" She lives, and hourly weeps;

Not only for Lord Edgar's death,
Her heart is pierc'd with w.e,
'Tis ſaid, that for a lover loſt,
The tears of Emma flow.

Tho' wealth, tho' honors are her own,
Tho' bleſſings crowd her door,
Bankrupt in happineſs, ſhe lives,
Magnificent, — yet poor;

Poor, in thoſe comforts which alone
From love and friendſhip flow,
Her heart is dead to ev'ry joy,
And lives, but to beſtow.

I've often grieved to ſee the tears,
Drop on her ſnowy breaſt,
Whilſt thus her melancholy thoughts,
The mourner has expreſt.

" With joy, with gratitude, to heaven,
My riches I'd reſign,
If Ethelbert, in ſome lone cot
Still lived, and cou'd be mine;

Nor peace, nor mirth, nor health, to me
Their bleſſings can impart,
This waſting frame, is worn with care,
And ſorrow, breaks my heart."

He ſaid — the Pilgrim's manly breaſt,
Heav'd with a bitter groan;
A ring, he from his finger drew,
Where diamonds bri.htly ſhone,

Some tumult ſeem'd to ſhake his frame,
He paus'd — he drop'd a tear,
Then cry'd aloud, " to Emma go,
This ring, to Emma bear."

The ſervant took the ring in haſte,
And to his lady went;
The Pilgrim grateful unto heaven,
His knee devoutly, bent:

Eager he gazed upon the gate,
The portals open flew,
And in her ſable garb array'd,
Fair Emma, met his view.

" Where is the Pilgrim?" ſhe exclaim'd,
(Half wild with her alarms.)
She gazed upon his well-known face,
And fainted in his arms.

" Yes! Emma, darling of my ſoul,
Beſt! faireſt! of thy kind!
Behold thy Ethelbert is come,
To heal thy wounded mind;

When from the caſtle I retir'd,
By Edgar's harſh command,
Urg'd by an impulſe of deſpair,
I left my native land;

But whereſo'er I went, my heart
Could only point to thee,
Thou wert my leading ſtar on ſhore,
My beacon when at ſea:

This ring, which Emma's bounty gave,
My only comfort prov'd,
It ſometimes ſeem'd to whiſper truths,
And ſay, I was belov'd.

To ſerve my King againſt his foes,
Was next my honeſt aim,
With glory to reſign my breath,
Or live to merit fame.

When war, and ſlaughter, round me preſs'd,
Thou ſtill wert preſent there,
For fancy brought thy peaceful form,
Amidſt the ſcenes of war.

When victory on our ſide declar'd,
And peace had ſheath'd the ſword,
I long'd once more to ſee the maid,
Whoſe preſence I ador'd.

Diſtracted with contending thoughts,
I hither choſe to come,
Diſguis'd beneath a Pilgrim's garb,
From thee, to learn my doom.

Here, I reſolved to meet with death,
From Edgar's vengeful hand,
Or be encourag'd ſtill to live,
By Emma's kind command.

" Bleſt be the will of providence!"
The joyful Emma cry'd,
" Which ſent ſome holy meſſenger,
" To be my lover's guide:

" By heaven, thou ſurely wert inſpired;
" For heaven the deed approves!
" It crowns thy matchleſs conſtancy,
" And ſanctifies our loves:

" Yes, Ethelbert! this hand is thine,
" We meet, no more to part;
" I only have my hand to give,
" You long have had my heart:

" No more ſhall ſullen dark diſpair,
" My ſad companion be,
" For heaven, in pity to my tears,
" Gives happineſs, — in thee."

ELEGY;

Taken from the French Poem *of*
FERNAND *et* ELMIRE.

A Mournful ſilence reign'd throughout the globe,
Thick noiſome vapours hover'd round the moon,
And Cynthia riſing in her darkeſt robe,
Forbade the ſtars to pierce the awful gloom.

The midnight hour was paſt,—yet on his bed
Fernandez ſought for calm repoſe in vain,
The downy pillow that ſuſtain'd his head,
Could yield no antidote to ſooth his pain.

Thoſe ſecret pangs that conſcience can impart,
Smote his falſe boſom in this ſilent hour,
Remorſe ſat gnawing at his perjured heart,
And from his mind each trace of comfort bore.

A feeble light acroſs his chamber ſhone,
Whilſt a fair phantom, veſted in a ſhroud,
Undrew his curtain with a hollow groan,
And from her palid lips theſe accents flow'd.

Perfidious lover! from her early tomb,
The victim of thy cruelty appears,
Behold the loſt, betray'd Elmira come,
To claim thy pity, and excite thy fears.

" This is the only time, wherein my ſhade
" Has power the falſe Fernandez to moleſt,
" Oh! let the awful voice of truth perſuade:
" Oh! let me bring contrition to thy breaſt.

" Too well you know the fatal cauſe, whereby
" My peace was poiſon'd, and my life deſtroy'd;
" When you were falſe, I could but wiſh to die,
" Whilſt you my conqueſt and my grief enjoy'd.

" You oft had ſworn my paſſion to requite,
" You ſwore your conſtancy ſhou'd laſt for years,
" You ſaid my eyes like heavenly ſtars were bright,
" Yet meant to dim their brilliancy by tears.

(" Thus does the crocodile his prey entice,
" With counterfeited tears, and harmleſs mien,
" Thy plea was love, thy real motive vice,
" Thy heart feroce, thy countenance ſerene.)

" Deceitful youth! on thee the fates beſtow'd
" A rich aſſemblage of perſuaſive charms,
" I dared believe thee not leſs fair, than good,
" Thy fond profeſſions, ſilenced my alarms.

" My ſoul was innocent, and free from art,
" Diſpos'd to think that others were the ſame,
" Thy words perverted, and ſeduced my heart,
" And ere I thought of danger, — murder'd fame.

" Undone, betray'd, abandon'd, and forlorn,
" What more had I with this vain world to do?
" I could not bear thy coldneſs, or thy ſcorn,
" And therefore gladly from the world withdrew.

" The charms that firſt engaged your roving eye,
" By the cold hand of death, are ſpoil'd, and gone,
" Pale is the cheek, that wore the roſe's dye,
" Dull is the eye, which once ſo brilliant ſhone.

" This diſmal ſhroud, is now my only dreſs,
" My mortal frame the greedy worms devour,
" The boſom of the earth, is my receſs,
" Till the laſt day my freedom may reſtore.

" A dawn of day, above the mountain peeps,
" And warns me from thy ſight to ſteal away,
" The ſympathetic morn in dewdrows weeps,
" And mourns my fate, tho' ſhe condemns my ſtay.

" This laſt adieu, pernicious youth! receive,
" From her whoſe love exiſts beyond the grave,
" If you ſhou'd ever for Elmira grieve,
" Her tomb with tears of decent ſorrow, lave;

" The grateful incenſe of your tears, and ſighs,
" Will ſweetly ſooth my melancholy ſhade,
" And prove a juſt atoning ſacrifice,
" To her, whom living you to ſhame betray'd."

She ſaid, and vaniſh'd, with a piercing cry,
(Deſcending to the regions of the dead.)
In vain the youth purſued her with his eye,
The fair, the viſionary form, was fled.

The jocund birds their carols ſweet began,
The bleating flocks among the paſtures ſtray'd,
Fernandez from his bed, diſtracted ran,
And ſought the grave, wherein his love was laid,

There in the tomb, his wild ideas framed
  The mournful image of the hapleſs fair —
Aſſiſtance from the hand of death he claim'd,
  Nor aſk'd in vain, — for death allured him there.

Thrice did he call upon Elmira's ſhade, —
  To claſp the phantom in his arms, he try'd,
Then on her marble tomb reclined his head,
  Breathed forth a penitential ſigh, and died.

DIONE.

1782.

BLEAK blew the wind acroſs the moor,
The moon but dimly ſhone,
Each ſick'ning ſtar conceal'd her head,
And Cynthia fill'd her throne.

When the lone Hermit of the vale,
Unheedful of the wind,
Perus'd the legendary page,
For ſtudious minds deſign'd.

Remote from men, the hoary ſage
His peaceful moments paſs'd,
His days in ſolitude were ſpent,
Yet ſeem'd to fly too faſt.

Contemplative of ſoul was he,
His wants, his wiſhes few,
From nature's fertile magazine,
He daily knowledge drew.

To feed the harmleſs feather'd race,
To raiſe the drooping flowers,
To mark the labours of the bee,
Emlpoy'd his happy hours.

Now had he trim'd his little lamp,
And by the feeble light
Intent on philoſophic lore,
Paſs'd half the hours of night;

When ſhrill was heard a diſmal ſound,
Upon the dreary heath,
(As when ſome ghoſt, with hideous cry,
Forbodes impending death.)

Swift from his ſeat the Hermit roſe,
To ſee if aught diſtreſs'd,
Benighted, wander'd o'er the moor,
And ſought relief, or reſt;

Lo! by the pale moon's glim'ring light,
He ſaw a damſel fair,
Who underneath a poplar ſat,
And rent her flowing hair;

Unheedful of his near approach,
She roſe not from the ground,
But with a ſtrange diſorder'd air,
Look'd earneſtly around.

Wild was her eye, and pale her cheek,
Pale as the aſpin leaf,
Feeble ſhe ſeem'd, and ſick at heart,
But lovely in her grief.

With tender ſpeech the pitying ſage,
Invok'd her to his cell,
When ſtarting up, ſhe thus began
Her frantick thoughts to tell.

" On yonder primroſe bank, reclines
" The object of my love;
" Hah! let us then ſurprize him there,
" Leſt he ſhou'd gain the grove.

" If he the ſhady grove ſhou'd gain,
" If he forſakes the plain,
" Ah gentle Hermit! truſt my words,
" Our ſearch will be in vain;

" For he, each maze within the grove,
" Knows, (but too well) to find:—
" He flies upon a winged horſe,
" And leaves me far behind.

" While thus oppreſs'd with ſleep he lies,
" We to the bank will creep,
" And bind him faſt in chains of gold,
" That I no more may weep.

" But ſee! my cruel lover wakes,
" And from Dione flies,
" Stay, perjur'd ſwain!—he turns away,
" He ſhuns my piercing eyes.

" Oh! that I were a dove, to make
" My paſſage thro' the air!
" I'd haſten to that myſtic grove,
" And meet my lover there.

" The fiend inconſtancy! has made
" That grove, her own receſs,
" Mankind have wings, and thither fly,
" But we, have no acceſs.

" Bleſt were my days! ſerene my nights!
" Ere Lindamor was known,
" He came, he feign'd to love me true,
" I heard — and was undone.

" Farewell! my days of innocence
" Devoid of ſtrife and care,
" Farewell! to my deluſive hopes —
" My ſwain is not ſincere.

" No ſire had I, to counſel me,
" My father ſlept in peace; —
(" Ah! why did not the hand of fate,
" My ſoul with his releaſe?

" If you had ſeen my ſhepherd's eyes,
" You wou'd not blame my love;
" His was a radiant eye, whoſe glance
" Had power the heart to move.

" Ye Gods! to hear my lover ſpeak,
" Was muſick to my ear;
" Ah! wherefore did I take delight,
" His dangerous words to hear?

" I ſhou'd have fear'd his matchleſs charms,
" I ſhou'd have doubted long,
" I ſhou'd not have admired his eyes,
" Nor liſten'd to his tongue.

" When with his converſation bleſt,
" How ſwiftly fled the hours! ——
" My only care was him to pleaſe,
" My paths were ſtrew'd with flowers:

" Judge then my pangs, when I awoke
" From dreams, by error made,
" To ſee the folly of my love,
" And find myſelf betray'd.

" Falſe Lindamor ungrateful prov'd,
" When he my heart had gain'd,
" And broke his promiſes of love,
" A love, he only feign'd!

" Beware, ye maidens! leſt ye meet,
" The ſwain who from me flies,
" Ah! liſten not unto his tongue,
" And gaze not, on his eyes:

" Thoſe eyes, the miſchief firſt began,
" They ſped the cruel dart —
" His tongue, perſuaded me to err, —
" His falſhood, breaks my heart!

" My wretched days are almoſt ſpun,
" I ſeek my father's tomb,
" Where deadly nightſhade loves to grow,
" And yew trees, caſt a gloom.

" Oh pardon, ſacred ſhade! if I
" Thy patronage implore,
" And wiſh beſide a parent's tomb,
" To ſleep, — and wake no more.

" Come! riding on the clouds of night,
" Ye ſpirits of the air!
" Ye viſionary ſhapes deſcend!
" And grant Dione's prayer;

" Oh come! and with a cypreſs wreath
" Crown this devoted head!
" The willow, ſhall my covering be,
" And Aconite, my bed.

" I ſee diſpair, with haggard mien,
" And limbs of giant ſize,
" She beckons me, — I muſt away!
" She claims her ſacrifice.

" Theſe aching eyes ſhall ceaſe to weep,
" This guilty heart to beat, —
" Ah me! 'tis hard ſo ſoon to die,
" The victim of deceit.

" From my example, maidens, learn,
" To doubt, when men perſuade, —
" Remember, by credulity,
" Dione was betray'd.

" I charge you, Hermit! if you ſee
" The lovely perjur'd youth,
" Remind him, there are powers above,
" Who puniſh want of truth.

" Oh tell him! if he will repent,
" I ſhall once more awake,
" And gather violets, and pinks,
" For him, a wreath to make.

" I will forgive, and — (if I can,)
" Forget, his wrongs to me,
" His wrongs to me, who lov'd him long,
" With matchleſs conſtancy.

" Yet, are not all his ſex alike?
" Inconſtant! falſe! unkind!
" No vows, no promiſes of love,
" Have power, their hearts to bind.

" The fault is ours, if when they ſwear,
" We fooliſhly believe,
" But ſure the greateſt crime is theirs,
" Who practiſe, to deceive.

" Then let me fly the haunts of men,
" And ſeek my father's tomb,
" Where I ſhall bid adieu to love,
" Nor think of ills to come."

She ſaid—the gentle Hermit wept;
To haſten on ſhe try'd,
But ſunk upon the dewy graſs,
Heav'd a deep ſigh,—and died.—

COMALA;

A

DRAMATIC POEM,

IN

THREE ACTS,

Taken from a Poem of Ossian.

December, 1784.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FINGAL,	King of Morven.
MORNI,	an ancient chief in Fingal's army.
HIDALLAN,	a warrior in love with Comala.
MORAR,	a druid.
COMALA,	Princeſs of Iniſtore.
MELILCOMA,	daughter of Morni.
MINVANE,	her attendant and friend.

Chorus of bards and virgins.

COMALA;

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE ROCKS OF ARDVEN.

A View of the Sea in the back Ground.

MELILCOMA *and* MINVANE.

MINVANE.

NOT the clear watchlight on the beacon plac'd,
Which tells the pilot, that his native coaſt
Now yields him an aſylum from his fears,
Can be more welcome than the news to me,
Of your brave father's reconciliation,
With noble Fingal: — it is meet that ſouls
Replete with valour, and congenial virtue,
Shou'd live in uniſon.

MELILCOMA.

Not leſs, Minvane!
Do I rejoice, in theſe unlook'd-for tidings; —
Yet I with ardor long to ſee my ſire,
Ere the loud din of arms, with cruel force,
Bids him attendant on the fate of Fingal,
Ruſh to the fight, and join the martial throng;

For ah! I muſt confeſs unuſual fear,
Dwells on my ſoul, whene'er I meditate,
Upon the chance of war; and in my dreams
Laſt night, confus'd and horrible ideas
Of tumult, and the ſtrife of arms, appal'd
My frighted fancy. — I beheld the form
Of Fingal, and an enterprizing train
Of combatants, who haſten'd to the field:
When lo! death's hideous figure ſtalk'd behind,
And clos'd the long proceſſion.

MINVANE.

Idle fears!
Why ſhou'd not victory with rapid wing
Still follow, whereſoe'er the hero leads?
Is he not valiant? noble? merciful?
Renown'd in battle? and belov'd in peace?
Beneath his banners, juſtice waves her ſword,
And heaven approves the cauſe — yes, Melilcoma!
The powers above will equally protect
Your father's life, and ſend him from the war
With laurels crown'd, and honor'd with applauſe.

MELILCOMA.

Behold the druid comes!

Enter MORAR.

Sage Morar, hail!

MORAR.

Handmaid of virtue! whom the fates ordain
To give new ſplendor to the houſe of Morni,

Peace be unto thee. I am fraught with tidings
Of happieſt import for thine ear, — this moment,
From your brave ſire I come.

MELILCOMA.

Bleſt be the ſound!
Ah let me fly, and pay my duty to him. —

MORAR.

Suſpend your fond impatience.

MELILCOMA.

Hah!

MORAR.

He ſends me,
Thus to prepare thee, to receive a ſtranger;
For with him comes Comala.

MINVANE.

Sora's daughter?

MORAR.

From Iniſtore the lovely maiden came,
Attendant on the ſteps of Morven's chief,
Whom ſecretly ſhe lov'd, — by fierce Hidallan
She long was courted; to avoid his paſſion,
And follow one on whom her heart was fix'd,
Clad in a martial garb ſhe left the coaſt
Of Iniſtore, and ſail'd with Fingal's chiefs,
Acroſs the ſtormy waves, to Selma's ſhore.

Conceal'd, (ev'n from Hidallan,) ſhe attended
With humbleſt duty, and attentive zeal,
The King of Morven: — he at length remark'd
Her tender ſervices, obſerv'd her face,
(Which ſeem'd ſo ill adapted to fatigue,
And to the dreſs ſhe wore) he ſaw the tear
Of fearful ſhame ſteal down her bluſhing cheek;
He read confeſſion in her eye. The chief
With pride perceiv'd the conqueſt he had made,
And claim'd the lovely captive for his bride.
Soon was the ſtory known; nor did Hidallan
Frown at their vows of everlaſting love:
Cured by diſdain, he ſilently obſerv'd,
Her paſſion for the Prince: but war ſuſpends
The nuptial rites, and Fingal truſts Comala
To Morni's care, who brings the penſive maid,
To dwell in Ardven's rocks with Melilcoma.

MELILCOMA.

Come then, Minvane! let us haſte to meet them,
And by a due attention to the ſtranger,
Prove our obedience to my father's voice.

[*Exit* Melilcoma *and* Minvane.

MORAR.

The chace is o'er, with bows unſtrung, I ſee
The hunters croſs the plain. Still evening, ſheds
Her duſky garment, o'er the ſilent groves,
And ſprinkles dew upon the turfy lawn. —
Soft muſick, ſuch as oft in Selma's hall
Has ſtol'n upon mine ear, with diſtant ſound
Breaks o'er the hill, and in majeſtic pride
The ſilver creſcent that adorns the night,
Peeps from the high expanſe; methinks I ſee

The ſhadowy viſages of former times,
Half veil'd among the clouds, — in even ſcales
The fate of Morven's chief is pois'd. Oh time!
(Thou ſtern progreſſive being! who with ſtrides
Gigantick, towards the grave impells our feet;)
Soon wilt thou bring to light th' eventful hour,
When Selma's deſtiny, ſhall be decided.
Look down, ye ſhades of venerable heroes!
And ſhield the guardian of our liberties:
May ſome good angel on his ſteps attend,
Direct his ſpear, protect his ſacred life,
And lead him on, to victory! and fame!
So ſhall the minſtrels join in choral lays
Of grateful joy, — and Oſſian's tuneful harp,
With higher notes, ſhall fill the echoing grove!

[*Exit* Morar.

SCENE. II.

Among the Rocks of Ardven, in one of which MORNI's *Cave is ſeen, ſuppos'd to be the dwelling of* MELILCOMA *and* MINVANE. *Time early morning.*

COMALA *comes from the Cave.*

THE venerable chief is gone — his daughter
With duteous love attends him on his way,
To the proud ſummit of yon pine-clad hill.
Their abſence gives me leiſure to indulge
My ſad reflections, and to mourn my fate.

Where art thou, Fingal? — fruitleſs are my cries!
On the thin air they float, and die away

Among the rocks — a ſolemn ſilence reigns,
Save when officious echo mocks my grief,
And with reverberating notes, prolongs
The words of ſorrow, — tow'rds the ſea in vain
I turn my eyes, — a mighty ocean ſpreads
Its front capacious to my ſight, — yet there,
No veſſel ploughs the waves, no ſail appears.

Enter MINVANE.

Forgive me, lady! if unaſk'd I come,
To interrupt your mournful ſolitude,
And offer my poor ſervices.

COMALA.

Alas!
Your care, and kind attention, claim my thanks:
But they are thrown away, upon a wretch,
Whoſe mind is tinctur'd with a ſable hue,
And fit for ſolitude alone.

MINVANE.

Deſpair,
Belongs to timid ſouls, that dare not truſt
In providence, — believe me, fair Comala!
'Tis cowardice, to droop in ſuch a cauſe;
A cauſe ſo great, ſo noble, that the ſhades
Of your brave anceſtors will ſtoop to ſee
The fight, and to protect your hero's fame:
Good omens have convinc'd me of ſucceſs. —

COMALA.

What mean thy words? ſome myſtery is hid
Within thy boſom. Speak! I charge thee, ſpeak!

MINVANE.

Not in my dreams alone, have I beheld
The forms of other times; but as I ſat
By yon clear fountain, at the dawn of day,
I ſaw a ſpirit.

COMALA.

Hah! is it poſſible?

MINVANE.

By all my hopes 'tis true, the airy form
Bow'd from his cloudy ſeat, and pointed thrice,
Towards the hoſtile field.

COMALA.

Tremendous apparition!

MINVANE.

I ſtarted to behold him near advance;
But with no look of wrath, the ſpirit came.
Thrice did he ſhout with a triumphant voice,
The name of Morven's chief: then paſs'd away,
Soft as the breezes, ſighing on the graſs.

COMALA.

Perhaps it was a ſummons for my hero,
To join his kindred ſaints. Immortal powers!

Forgive me, if my mind, ungratefully
Turns to deſpondence ev'ry circumſtance,
Of doubtful aſpect. 'Tis in vain I try
To calm my fears, and to expect ſucceſs.

MINVANE.

Yet why ſhou'dſt thou deſpond? is not the hero
Born to command? invincible in arms? —

COMALA.

Oh! he is more than language can deſcribe:
He moves a demi god; and from his ſword,
Innumerable deaths are ſcatter'd round.
In conqueſt he is merciful as brave,
Nor ever yet has ſuffer'd cruelty,
To ſtain the laurels, which his valour won.
But 'tis that valour, that undaunted courage,
Which terrifies my timid ſoul, — too well
I know him fearleſs, daring in the fight,
And ardent for renown. In dreams I ſee
My lover pale, and dying at my feet:
I ſee the river Carun, red in blood,
And Caracul, in dreadful pomp, appears.
Alarm'd I wake; and frantic with deſpair
ſhriek to the echoing walls. — Oh! if thy ſoul
Has ever known the violence of love,
Or can imagine what Comala feels,
Pity the weakneſs of a wretched heart,
And kindly make allowance for my fears.

Enter MELILCOMA.

Forgive me,
Fair Princeſs! if affection to a father,

Led me a while from all the offices
Of hoſpitality, and friendſhip, due
To your exalted rank, and noble virtues.

COMALA.

The cauſe wants no excuſe, a father's claims,
(And ſuch a father's,) ſhou'd be firſt attended.
And as for me, I am a wretch forlorn,
Who has forſaken country, fortune, friends,
To follow Fingal, to a foreign land,
And be dependant on the care of ſtrangers:
A woman, ſo immers'd in the deep horrors
Of war, and bloodſhed, that altho' the ſcenes
Exiſt at preſent only in idea,
I am not worthy thy ſociety.—

MELILCOMA.

The more ſevere thy griefs, of greater uſe
Converſe with others, who have hope in view,
May be to thy afflicted mind — in heaven,
Repoſe full confidence, and dare believe
That power, which has ſo long preſerv'd thy hero,
Will not deſert him in the time of battle.
As tow'rds the brow of yonder verdant hill,
By venerable Morni's ſide I ſtray'd,
We met Hidallan, who with chearful ſmile
Accoſted us, and then reprov'd my father,
For being abſent from the royal camp:
" I come," ſaid he, " to call thee to the council;
" Nor the ſoft ties of love, or filial fondneſs,
" Shou'd be attended to, in ſuch an hour:
" The noble Fingal, fir'd with martial ſpirit,

" Expects impatiently, the day of battle;
" Chides the ſlow-footed hours, and hopes to lay
" His laurels at the feet of fair Comala,
" Before the ſetting of to-morrow's ſun."

COMALA.

Brave, gen'rous youth! I bluſh to ſay, Hidallan!
How much I have deſpis'd thy ſervices,
And proffer'd friendſhip. May oblivion veil
The paſt! and may thy deeds of loyalty,
Meet the reward of honor, and renown!
I thank thee, Melilcoma, for thy kindneſs,
And wiſh I cou'd reſume a heart at eaſe,
But fear has gain'd poſſeſſion of my mind,
And like a watchful, ſurly centinel,
Drives ev'ry other ſentiment, (but love,)
Far from my trembling boſom.

MELILCOMA.

When the ſtorm
That overclouds your fearful mind is paſt,
Soft happineſs will gain dominion there.
As the gay rainbow, (in a thouſand tints
Bedeck'd by nature,) ſpreads her vivid arch
Acroſs the hemiſphere, ſo joy will ſpring
From the paſt dregs of ſorrow, to reſtore
Comala's peace of mind.

COMALA.

I have been told,
That in a gloomy cave, not diſtant far
From hence, the druid Morar lives retir'd;
(Him, who this morning we beheld,) his ſkill,

And long experience, in unravelling
Omens of intricate and wond'rous nature,
Makes me deſirous to converſe with him:
This evening, to his cave I will repair,
And queſtion him, about my hero's fate.
His holy converſe, may aſſuage my fears,
His pious prayers, may intercede for mine.
Till then, within thy dwelling I will ſtay,
Where I will tell the ſtory of my woes;
And as you hear, how tenderly I love,
You will not wonder, when you ſee me mourn.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Evening.*

A plain before the Cave of MORAR.

Enter COMALA, *a veil over her face.*

THUS have I trod the path, that Melilcoma
Directed me to keep, and there I view,
The cave of Morar — yet my heart miſgives me;
I fear to aſk, what moſt I wiſh to know.

Away with theſe weak womaniſh alarms!
Can aught be worſe to bear, than the ſuſpence
Which preys upon my ſoul? the door is open!
It courts me hither! hence with heſitation, —
I will encounter fate.

SCENE II.

The inſide of MORAR's *Cave, who is ſeen reading, with an hour glaſs, ſeveral books, and a harp on the table. — Miſletoe hanging in the middle of the Cave.*

Enter COMALA.

MORAR.

HAH! — who art thou?

COMALA (*aſide.*)

With reverential awe,
My ſoul is fill'd; my trembling feet refuſe
To bear me farther. (*weeps*)

MORAR.

Speak, thou child of ſorrow!
Why are thy melancholy ſteps directed,
To Morar's peaceful dwelling?

COMALA.

Virtue here,
Has fix'd her throne, then do not think it ſtrange,
Her votaries, ſhou'd ſeek the ſanctuary,
Where ſhe reſides with thee.

MORAR.

Who art thou?

COMALA.

One
Who aſks for comfort, from thy tuneful tongue.
If thou haſt any knowledge of events,
That are to come, relieve a wretched mind,
Half frantic with a thouſand doubts, and fears.
My name will tell thee, wherefore I ſhou'd fear,—
It is enough to ſay,—I am, Comala.

MORAR.

Daughter of Sarno! to the humble roof
Of Morar thou art welcome; by thy preſence,
This gloomy Cave, is render'd more reſplendent
Than the proud palaces, of eaſtern kings.
Whatever Morar's counſels can impart
Of uſe, or comfort, to Comala's ear
Are hers to claim.

COMALA.

Tell me, thou holy ſage!
Who at the ſolemn, ſilent, midnight hour,
Art wont to hold acquaintance with the ſtars,
To penetrate the myſteries of nature,
And queſtion the perturbed ghoſts, (who tread
Their rounds nocturnal,) tell me, virtuous Morar!
Will Fingal triumph o'er his haughty foe?
Will he ſubdue the mighty Caracul?
And be in ſafety, to my arms reſtor'd?

MORAR.

Raſh woman! diffident of heaven's decree,
Why doſt thou ſeek from mortal tongues, to know
What it behoves thee, to expect in ſilence.

COMALA.

Ah! think me not irreverent tow'rds heaven,
That I apply to thee, it is, becauſe
I think thee holy, and moſt fit to gain
Intelligence from the celeſtial powers,
That I am hither come, — thou doſt not know,
How my fond ſoul, is fix'd on Morven's chief,
Or thou wou'dſt not condemn me, for impatience:
Comala's life, depends on his alone,
Hangs by the ſelf-ſame thread, and wears the hue
Of white, or black, according to his fortunes.
From the firſt moment when I ſaw the hero,
I found myſelf diſpos'd to love his virtues,
And to admire his form; more near acquaintance
With the ſuperior grandeur of his ſoul,
Has bound me his forever. Pardon me,
If in the ſad ſuſpence that rules my thoughts,
I dare intrude on ſacred privacy,
And aſk for pity, and relief, from thee.

MORAR.

Confide in providence! to-morrow's ſun
Shall ſet in blood, — for Caracul muſt fly,
And Roman legions, on the plain expire.

COMALA.

And what is Fingals fate? in pity ſpeak!
Oh! tell me all.

MORAR.

Thy hero ſhall return,
With laurels crown'd, and enter Selma's gates

Amid the ſhouts of his applauding people: —
He, ſhall return with Morni.

COMALA.

Happy ſound! —
My ſoul, like a young bird that has regain'd
Its long loſt freedom, ſeems to ſoar in air,
And bids defiance to all human deeds.
Thanks, gentle Morar! for the joyful tidings.
But moſt to heaven, thoſe grateful thanks are due,
Which makes thee, as an harbinger of peace,
Reveal theſe tidings to Comala's ear.

MORAR.

The dews begin to fall, — the ſands deſcend,
Quick to the bottom of their glaſs. Methinks
'Tis time, fair maiden! to return towards
The houſe of Melilcoma. I will wait
Upon thy ſteps, to the green hill, that hides
Her dwelling from the Cave of Morar. Come, —
And in our way, I will with ſacred truths,
Diſpoſe thy mind, to patience, and compoſure.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Ardven's Rocks.*

MELILCOMA *and* MINVANE.

MINVANE.

AN awful ſilence, ſeems to rule the globe,
Save when the paſſing gale brings to mine ear

The diſtant ſound of ruſhing-waterfalls.
Methinks cold miſty vapours riſe, to meet
The heavy atmoſphere: and in the ſky,
Wild ſtreaks, and gath'ring clouds are ſeen. Grey night
Her viſage dim diſplays, and ſpreads her robe
Upon the dewy plain.

MELILCOMA.

By Crona's ſtream
I ſaw a deer, which thro' the gloom appear'd
A moſſy bank; but ſoon he bounded thence,
And as he went, a ſparkling meteor play'd
Around his branching horns, while from the clouds
The awful faces of obſerving ghoſts,
Look'd forth majeſtic.

MINVANE.

With amaze, and fear,
I hear thy words; — for theſe are ſigns of death.
Perhaps the King of Morven is no more,
And Caracul prevails. Perhaps this hour,
This very hour, the hoſtile chiefs engage:
Loath to remain inactive till to-morrow,
They change their plan, and, ardent for renown,
Ruſh to the fight, where Fingal meets his doom,
Pierc'd by a Roman ſpear.

MELILCOMA.

Perhaps my father
Exiſts no more! each other fear is loſt,
When ſuch a thought ariſes in my mind.
Immortal powers! accept my filial prayers,
And guard his venerable head from harm.

MINVANE.

Comala comes.

COMALA.

Let the glad ſong of triumph,
Up to heaven's gates aſcend! the mighty chief,
The brave! the wiſe! the lovely Fingal! lives,
And ſtill will live, to bleſs his happy people.
To-morrow ſhall behold the victor come,
In all his triumph, by the ſide of Morni,
To grace the Cave, where his Comala dwells.

MELILCOMA.

Bleſt be the tidings! we will go, Comala,
And raiſe the ſong of joy and thankfulneſs.
Minvane! call the minſtrels, bid them tune
Their harps, and ſing of gratitude and love.

[*Exit* Minvane.

COMALA.

Yes, Melilcoma! we will cloſe the day
With ſongs of tranſport. Morar bids my ſoul
Awake to happineſs, and dare expect
The greateſt good that fortune can beſtow.

[*Exeunt.*

The chorus of Virgins within the Cave ſing this ode to Hope.

PARENT of comfort! heavenly maid!
Whoſe ſmile can ſooth the throbbing breaſt,
Whoſe power can cheer the duſky ſhade,
Where ſorrow meant to build her neſt,

Aerial charmer! deign to hear
My voice, as thus forlorn I rove,
Thy power can leſſen grief and care,
Suſpend our fears, and cheriſh love.

SECOND VIRGIN.

Come, ever ſmiling hope! and bring
A train of ſweet deluſive hours,
Gay fancy with expanſive wing,
And expectation crown'd with flowers.

Such flowers as are not yet full blown,
But in their bloſsom'd ſtate appear,
And o'er her head are careleſs thrown,
To make us fix our wiſhes there.

THIRD VIRGIN.

Thou, nymph! ſuch bleſſings can impart
As wealth and grandeur cannot give;
For thou canſt cheer the drooping heart,
And reconcile the wretch to live.

Oft when the melancholy ſlave
Beneath his chains is heard to mourn,
Thy voice reſtrains him from the grave,
And tells him "freedom may return."

FOURTH VIRGIN.

The nymph abandon'd by her love,
Left to lament, to weep, and ſigh,
On the white clift is ſeen to rove,
From whence is heard her plaintive cry.

Whilſt hanging o'er the craggy ſteep,
  She meditates the means to die,
Thy voice reproves her from the deep,
  And bids her ſoul on hope rely.

FIFTH VIRGIN.

The ſuff'rer on a bed of pain
  Feels thy ſoft hand ſupport his head,
The throbbing heart is calm again,
  When o'er its wounds thy wings are ſpread.

The ſinner with remorſe oppreſs'd
  Wou'd languiſh in diſpair, and die,
But that in lucid garments dreſs'd,
  He ſees thee beaming from the ſky.

Thy gentle, thy ſeraphick ſtrains,
  With comfort and delight he hears;
They mitigate his ſecret pains,
  And grant a reſpite to his fears.

SIXTH VIRGIN.

Thy gracious hand, O power divine!
  A mirror to our ſight reveals,
Where gayer proſpects ſeem to ſhine,
  And fate our happy paſsport ſeals.

There in the perſpective we view
  All that we wiſh may be our doom,
Th' ideal bliſs we ſtill purſue,
  And follow, —— even to the tomb.

FIRST VIRGIN.

Come then, indulgent hope! and chace
  Deſpondence from the human mind;
Ah let imagination trace,
  What realized we ne'er may find.

Inſpired by thee, dejection's train
  Shall raiſe their melancholy eyes,
Shall think they may be bleſt again,
  And taſte the ſweets which hope ſupplys.

Children of ſorrow, wipe away
  Your tears—and learn your woes to bear;
Accept from hope that heavenly ray,
  Which only can prevent diſpair.

CHORUS.

Children of ſorrow, &c.

ACT III. SCENE I. *A Plain. Evening.*

In the back ground is MELILCOMA*'s dwelling, in the inſide of which* COMALA *is diſcover'd kneeling.*

She riſes, and comes forward.

LO! in the ſea the ſun reclines his head,
And duſky evening ſheds her ſilken robe
Upon the ſilent groves. Methinks I hear
A diſtant ſound, that murmers in the air,
Like the ſoft humming of the mountain bee.
Perhaps 'tis but the refluent tide, which ſteals
From off the pebbly beach, and, as it flows,
Whiſpers its farewell to the ſhore. — Alas!
The mournful ſound infects my heart with grief;
— For, even as the tide forſakes the ſhore,
So may Comala's new-born hopes depart,
But never, like thoſe refluent waves, return.

Yet wherefore ſhou'd I fear? the virtuous Morar,
The heav'n-enlighten'd ſage! has prophecy'd,
That Fingal from the battle ſhall return,
Adorn'd with laurels. —

Enter HIDALLAN *haſtily.*

Hah! Hidallan here! —
Why doſt thou look with ſuch a wild amazement?
And gaze ſo ſtrangely "on the vacant air?"

Art thou not come the meſſenger of news?
Of news moſt happy for Comala? ſpeak!
Why doſt thou ſigh? why beat thy throbbing breaſt?
And from my eager ſight avert thine eye?
What means this obſtinate, this mournful ſilence?
Perhaps thou haſt in battle loſt ſome friend,
Whoſe death has thus diſorder'd thee.
(Aſide) Alas!
A ſudden terror ruſhes to my heart,
Chills ev'ry nerve, and makes me dread to aſk
The queſtion, moſt important for myſelf.
His ſilence frightens me. *(To him)* In pity ſpeak!
Tell me! (for I can bear ſuſpence no longer,)
How fares the King of Morven?

HIDALLAN.

O Comala!
Muſt I, who long have doated on thy beauty,
And breathed affection's tender ſigh in vain,
I, who with ſoft attention, and obedience,
Have ever ſerv'd thee, and with patient ſilence
Seen, and allow'd, thy preference to Fingal,
I, who reſpectfully forebore my ſuit,
And priz'd thy happineſs before my own,
Muſt I with ſorrow wound thy tender breaſt?
And ſpeak misfortune's leſſon to thine ear?

COMALA.

What mean thy words? but why ſhou'd I enquire?
The bard, the bard has told me falſe! 'tis plain
That Morven's chief is fall'n.

HIDALLAN.

Thou gloomy Crona! from thy ſummit ſend
Miſts to conceal the path of miſery.
Let me not ſee the corpſe of Morven's King
Brought from the field of battle; let the ſtream
Of Carun flow in blood, and ev'ry bard
Lament the day when mighty Fingal fell.

COMALA.

And is he fal'n? chief of the mournful tale!
Shall not Comala ever ſee him more?—
'Tis wonderful that I ſhou'd live beneath
This dire misfortune, ſtrange to keep my ſenſes,
To breathe, and ſpeak; when he whom I adored,
Is ſenſeleſs, cold,—inanimate, for ever.—
Why do I live? 'tis time I ſhou'd expire,
Since Fingal is no more!—but ah! to DIE,
Is not within my choice; alas! to WEEP,
Is more than I have power to do.—Hidallan!
Say, art thou ſure it was my love that died?
Son of the cloudy night! I charge thee, ſpeak!
Who fell on Carun's banks? oh tell me quickly;—
Was he in mind, unſullied as the ſnow,
New drop'd from heaven? and was his downy cheek,
Array'd in beauty's bloom? his ſhining hair,
Gracefully waving in the wind?—his eyes
Bright as ethereial ſtars; and on his tongue,
Were all the powers of ſoft perſuaſion heard
To breathe their magic ſounds? but in the fight,
Say was he like the thunder of the ſkies?
Swift as the lapwing? or the mountain roe?—
Nay, anſwer me!—for I am ſick at heart.—

HIDALLAN.

Retire, Comala, to the Cave of Morni,
Nor truſt again the druid's idle viſions.
Behold the meteor flies along the moor,
Sure ſign of death! compoſe thy troubled mind,
And learn the taſk, as I have done, to bear
Thoſe pangs that flow from diſappointed love.

COMALA.

See! where the ſnow in flakes deſcends, the hail
Rattles around, and in the crackling wood
The whirl wind riſes, — ſee! the mighty fir
Falls to the earth, the turfy hut is torn
From the rude rock, and deſolation reigns. —
Cold blows the wind, the tempeſt lifts the waves,
They daſh their foamy heads againſt the clifts,
And Ardven's rocks reſound their dreadful roar.
Alas! theſe things are done, to mark the day
When Fingal died; ſtrange omens ſeem to glare
Acroſs the ſky, and horrid ſhrieks are heard
To eccho thro' the windings of the grove.
Hark! how the thunder rolls along the hill!
On wings of fire the rapid lightnings fly!
But they ſhall not affright me; — nothing now
Has power to move me; for I have endured
To hear of Fingal's death — all other ills;
Are but as airy clouds, that cannot hurt me. [*Weeps*

HIDALLAN.

The nations now are ſcatter'd o'er the hills;
Loſt is the chief who led them to the fight.
Diſpair and horror muſt ſubdue their ſouls,
And ſorrow reign in Selma's gloomy hall.

COMALA.

Confuſion overtake thee for the ſtory!
Ruin purſue thee! thou haſt leſs compaſſion
Than the grim tyger, — he devours at once,
But thou doſt murder by degrees. — Forbear
To tell me more; had it not been for thee,
I might have thought him living; ſweet deluſion
Had yet protracted the ſad hour of truth;
I might have liſten'd for my hero's ſteps,
And thought I ſaw him on the diſtant hill;
A tree wou'd have appear'd to be his form;
And the ſhrill winds that whiſtled thro' the grove
Might have been like the ſound of Fingal's horn.

Enter MELILCOMA *and* MINVANE.

[Hidallan *retires.*

MELILCOMA.

Alas! why art thou thus involv'd in grief?
What new diſtreſs has ſeiz'd upon thy mind?

COMALA.

Sons of the grave! ye ſhall not paſs Comala. —
Here lay him down — the druid ſhou'd have told me
That he wou'd fall. I then might have prepared
The funeral rites, and all the honors, due
To his illuſtrious ſtate. — Alas! I rave.
My ſenſes, wavering with the ſtorm of grief,
Deceive my eyes, and paint ideal ſcenes.
Excuſe my error, gentle Melilcoma!
I knew thee not.

MINVANE *(aſide.)*

Her wild diſcourſe portends
Some dreadful change.

MELILCOMA.

What dire event has happen'd,
Thus to impreſs upon thy troubled mind
The images of fanciful diſtreſs?

COMALA.

Oh! that my ſorrows were of ſuch a kind,
As thoſe, which flow from a diſorder'd fancy.
They are not form'd by a creative brain,
A wild imagination; truth has ſet
Her ſignature upon the mournful ſtory,
And ſent Hidallan with ſuch heavy news
As rends my heart in twain: one half is gone
With Fingal's ghoſt, to dwell among the clouds;
The other only ſtays that I may live
To lay my hero's bones within the grave,
Where I ſhall alſo ſleep.

MELILCOMA.

Compoſe thy mind; what airy tale is this,
Sent to appal thy ſoul, which turns report,
(Mere vague report,) to certainty?

MINVANE.

Forbear
To truſt each idle rumour that is brought
To thy too credulous ear.

COMALA.

Hidallan tells me,
That Fingal is no more; then ceaſe to wonder
If ye perceive me wild, or ſtupified,
Or raving with my grief. I think 'tis ſtrange
That I exiſt, beneath a ſhock ſo great.
Therefore, if I ſhou'd ſtart from reaſon's courſe,
Or with the ſemblance of ingratitude
Repay your courteſies, forgive, I pray ye,
All improprieties that mark my conduct.

MELILCOMA.

Endeavour to be patient; l · us truſt
In providence nor ſuffer cold diſpair
To ſeize upon thy heart, till farther tidings
Arrive from Fingal's army. Terror ſhakes
Thy tender frame. — Minvane, lead her hence,
I'll follow to the Cave.

COMALA.

Yes, let us go!
I have not long to live, 'tis therefore right
I ſhou'd obey ye — every place is now
Indifferent to Comala.

[*Exit* Comala *and* Minvane.

MELILCOMA.

Hapleſs maiden!
The fates have doom'd thee to a lot ſevere.
Kind heaven compoſe her agitated mind,
And give her fortitude to bear affliction!

[*Going*

What ſounds are theſe? I ſee a holy train

Of meſſengers, their heads with laurel crown'd,
This way, with ſolemn pace, advancing.

Enter a Proceſſion of Bards.

FIRST BARD *ſings.*

ROLL, ſtreamy Carul! roll in joy.
The ſons of battle now return.
Let ſongs of gratitude employ
The lyres, which late were heard to mourn.

CHORUS.

Let Selma's daughters now rejoice,
And victory exert her voice.

SECOND BARD.

On the enſanguin'd field, where late
Terrific war ſo proudly ſtrode,
Where we beheld, with joy elate,
The Roman eagles ſtain'd with blood,

CHORUS.

Sweet peace her olive branch ſhall rear,
And conqueſt raiſe a trophy there.

THIRD BARD.

The ſwains again may tend their flocks,
The nymphs of love and joy may ſing,
And thro' the range of Ardven's rocks,
The ſounds of happineſs ſhall ring.

CHORUS.

Inſtead of war, the huntſman's horn,
And jocund cry, ſhall wake the morn.

FOURTH BARD.

Ye bards! awake the vocal ſhell,
Attune your harps, ye virgin choir,
Let mirthful ſounds your tranſports tell,
Let gratitude your ſtrains inſpire.
Ah! thank the powers, that have reſtor'd
To Morven her victorious Lord.

CHORUS.

Ah thank the powers, that have reſtor'd
To Morven her victorious Lord.

Enter FINGAL, MORNI, *&c. &c.*

MELILCOMA.

Hail, mighty Fingal! bleſſed be the day
That crowns our loyal wiſhes with ſucceſs.
Allow me to unite another prayer
Of thankfulneſs and joy to bounteous heaven,
That with my Prince my father is reſtor'd.
[*Embraces* Morni.

MORNI.

Come to my arms, my gentle Melilcoma!—
The beſt reward indulgent heaven can give
For the poor ſervices I've paid my country,
Is thus to let me ſee the filial tear
Steal down thy cheek.

FINGAL.

But where is my Comala?
Why comes ſhe not to glad my longing ſight?

MELILCOMA.

Alas! diſtracted with a thouſand fears,
In Ardven's rocks the Princeſs mourns for thee.
This very hour, Hidallan brought her news
Of dreadful import, which awoke her terrors.

FINGAL.

Oh my prophetic fears! is't poſſible?
Can he have thus betray'd my confidence?
Sure human heart cou'd not be framed ſo cruel,
Nor know I how to think ſo baſely of him.
Ah! let us ſeek the dear, the ſuffering angel,
And ſpeak of glory, happineſs, and love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

COMALA *and* MINVANE *at the door of the Cave. In the back ground a calm ſea, and the ſetting ſun.* COMALA *with her hair diſhevel'd, and her eyes fix'd upon the ground, ſits in the entrance of the Cave.*

MINVANE.

WHAT may this mean? methinks within the grove
I ſee a bright-apparel'd train appear,
Whoſe burniſh'd armour gleams athwart the ſhade,
Like the white ſurface of ſome mighty river,
When the waves glitter in the moon's broad beam.

Enter FINGAL *haſtily, follow'd by* MORNI *and* MELILCOMA, *&c.*

COMALA (*looking up ſees* FINGAL, *riſes, and runs to* MINVANE.)

Oh ſave me from that form! ſave me, Minvane!
It is Comala's foe, the fierce Hidallan.
He comes again to terrify my ſoul,
And fright me to diſpair. — Ghoſt of my hero,
Avenge my cauſe! direct my bow aright!
That I may pierce his heart — celeſtial powers!
Do not my eyes deceive me? — truth unfolds
Her mirror to my ſight, my ſenſes ache,
Beneath the broad effulgence, ſure I ſee
The ſpirit of my love — in arms array'd,
Advancing in a crowd of martial ghoſts,
He comes to call me hence. [*She falls.*

FINGAL.

Oh ſight of woe!
Thou lovely mourner, ever dear Comala,
Look on thy Fingal, who is come to chace
Thy anxious cares, and diſabuſe thy ſenſes.
Shake off this idle, viſionary fear.
It is thy lover ſpeaks — if thou haſt power
To raiſe thy head from earth, look up, and live.
'Tis Morven's King, 'tis Fingal, kneels before thee.

COMALA (*looking up.*)

Oh ſpeak thoſe words again! my trembling ſoul,
Juſt on the verge of death, ſuſpends her flight,
And with a mournful ſort of pleaſure, waits

To hear thy words — that wond'rous harmony,
That magic power, which hangs upon thy lips,
Draws me to life, and, with a potent ſpell,
Arreſts my ſpirit, in the ſight of death.
Art thou come hither, on the winged winds,
To ſhew us what we are, beyond the grave?
To reconcile our nature, which recoils
At death, and in a form ſo beautiful,
To court my ſteps from a vain world of care?
While thus I gaze upon thoſe melting eyes,
And read their language, I forget my woes.
Still let me gaze, ſtill ever fix'd, remain
Attentive to thy looks, leſt if I turn
My eyes away, remembrance ſhou'd awaken
Thoſe cruel pangs, which are beguiled by thee.

FINGAL.

Curs'd be Hidallan! whoſe malicious ſoul
Cou'd forge a tale deſtructive to thy peace.
Daughter of Sarno! in the name of love,
Let me conjure thee to diſmiſs thy fears.
Behold me living; from the field of war
I come victorious, at thy feet to lay
My laurels, and renew my vows of love.

COMALA *(riſing.)*

Can theſe things be? Oh ye immortal powers!
Receive my thanks.
[*Embraces Fingal.*] Yes! I perceive the truth.
Hidallan has deceiv'd me — but my heart,
Like an afrighted deer eſcap'd from ſlaughter,
Still pants with fear. — The King of Morven lives,
And Selma ſhall rejoice in his renown!

MELILCOMA.

Compoſe thy ſpirits, and forget the paſt.
Look forward, fair Comala, ſmiling love,
And happineſs, ſhall crown thy future life,
Reward thy virtues, and fulfil thy hopes.

COMALA *(aſide.)*

Ah! wherefore do I droop? the tide of joy
Returns ſo faſt upon my feeble heart,
That nature ſinks beneath a change ſo great.
Death wou'd have been a bleſſing to Comala,
Whilſt ſhe believ'd that Fingal was no more.
But now the thoughts of death appals my ſoul,
And calls the tears of ſorrow from mine eyes.
Ah ſpare me, heaven! nor in this happy hour,
When life appears in ſuch a lovely form,
Snatch me from him, for whom I wiſh to live.

FINGAL.

Compoſe thy mind; and let the bloom return
To thy pale cheek — diſpel the miſt of grief
That hangs upon thy agitated ſoul.
Th' impreſſion of theſe idle fears remove,
And truſt me, love! we ſhall again be happy.

COMALA.

Forgive me, Fingal, if I turn away,
And ſeek tranquillity in yonder Cave,
Where ſleep may from her downy pinions ſhed
Compoſure o'er my ſoul; — while I repoſe,

Do thou, Minvane! ſtrike the lyric ſtring,
And thank the powers that have preſerv'd my love.
[*Exit* Comala *and* Minvane.

FINGAL.

Soft be the ſlumbers of my dear Comala!

[*The diſtant ſound of a harp is heard in the Cave.*]

MORNI.

The druid Morar comes acroſs the grove,
To hail his ſovereign; from his piercing eye
Bright emanations of a joyful ſoul
Are ſeen:—and on his placid countenance,
Content, and ſoft benevolence, appear.

Enter MORAR.

MORAR.

For ever bleſs'd be this auſpicious day!
My viſions were prophetic. Fate reſtores
To Morven's people their illuſtrious chief.
Hail ſon of Comhal! not for fame in arms
Alone rever'd, thy clemency has bound
The grateful hearts of ſtrangers to thy ſervice.
May heaven with years of bright proſperity
Reward thee, for thoſe gracious acts of mercy
That mark thy glorious reign.

(*While* Morar *ſpeaks to* Fingal, Melilcoma *and* Morni *converſe at a diſtance.*)

FINGAL.

To ſpare the beings
Whom chance of war decrees to be our captives,

Is nothing more than what we owe to heaven,
Which made the loweſt of the human race,
In outward feelings, and internal anguiſh,
Equal to thoſe who move in higher ſpheres.
To tyrannize o'er men, already ſunk
By their misfortunes, only ſuits with ſouls
Of baſe materials. Heaven this day is pleas'd
To crown me with ſucceſs, let gratitude
Be our employ: the univerſal theme
Shall to the ſkies aſcend, and ſongs of joy
In Selma's gates be heard — the ſacred fire
Shall on your altars blaze, and feſtal wreathes
Of roſes decorate the holy fane,
Where I ſhall pay my nuptial vows, and wed
The object of my love. In Selma's hall
Let triumph reign; let happineſs extend
From the proud palace to the peaſant's cot.
I only wait for my Comala's preſence,
With whom I to the city ſhall repair.

MELILCOMA.

May happineſs await thee! years of love!
Unfading honor! and a nation's praiſe!

MORNI.

Whence are theſe mournful ſounds?

MELILCOMA.

Ah me! I fear.—

MINVANE *(haſtily advancing from the Cave.)*

Oh day of woe! Oh ſight of miſery!

[Melilcoma *haſtens to the Cave.*

FINGAL.

What mean thy words?

MINVANE.

Comala, is no more!

FINGAL.

Then farewell all the hopes that I had form'd!
Life, I renounce thee!— [*Draws his ſword.*

MORNI.

Ah forgive my zeal!
If thus I dare oppoſe thy raſh deſign.

MORAR.

Live to protect your people.—

MORNI.

And revenge
Comala's fall.

FINGAL *(after a long pauſe.)*

Yes! I will bear my woes,
And live to puniſh him who ſtole her from me,
Who broke her tender heart, and made her fall
A martyr to affection. [*Goes towards the Cave.*
Dear Comala!
Hadſt thou not lov'd ſo much, thy mind had been
Leſs ſuſceptible of diſtreſs. Alas!
The time is come when that exceſs of love

Which was my pride, becomes the ſource of ſorrow —
Can I behold thee thus, in beauty's prime,
In youth's fair ſeaſon, ſentenced to expire?
Ev'n in the moment when I thought to claim
Thy hand, for the reward of all my toils?
Oh ſweet Comala! thy pure ſoul was ſtored
With ev'ry virtue that cou'd grace thy ſex.
Truth, innocence, and honour, were thine own,
Sweet ſenſibility, and conſtant love!

How pale ſhe looks! yet beautiful in death —
Oft on the heaths will I invoke her ſhade,
And tell her ſtory to the winds of heaven.
But ah! they know the tale; for they have borne
My dear Comala from my faithful arms. —
Yet I will take one nearer look, imprint
One kiſs upon her cheek, before the tomb
Conceals her from my ſight. — More humbled now
Than thoſe whom I have vanquiſh'd, let me ſhed
The tears of grief, and diſappointed love.

[*Enters the Cave, follow'd by* Morni.

MORAR *(to the chorus of Virgins, &c. &c.)*

Where feſtal roſes ſhou'd have bloom'd, where joy
And mirth were courted to preſide, we now
Muſt hang the cypreſs in funereal wreathes.
Hapleſs Comala! thy untimely fate
Shall in the poet's page recorded be,
And pity ſhall impel the reader's tear.

Behold the meteor's gleam around her head!
And from their awful clouds, methinks I ſee
Her kindred ghoſts bend to receive the ſhade.
The moonbeams lift her ſoul! In Selma's hall

The minſtrels ſhall attune their dulcet harps
To fair Comala's praiſe; and at her tomb,
Thoſe who have known the force of love, ſhall come
To pay their oriſons, and mourn her fate.

COMALA;

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

IN the Dramatic Poem of Comala, the Author has been obliged to alter ſome, and to omit ſeveral of the expreſſions in Oſſian's Poem, and has alſo introduced the character of Minvane, inſtead of Derſagrena, who is in the original ſtory repreſented as another daughter of Morni. As many of the expreſſions as cou'd be copied from Oſſian have been inſerted, and the Poem is tranſcribed and affix'd to the following pages, to ſhew how very nearly ſome of the ſpeeches correſpond.

Thoſe alterations which poetical licenſe allow'd the Author to make, it is hoped will be excuſed.

The character of Morar is not in the original Poem.

In another of Oſſian's Poems, Morni is repreſented as having been at variance with Fingal.

THIS Poem is valuable on account of the light it throws on the antiquity of Oſſian's compoſitions. The Caracul mention'd here is the ſame with Caracalla, the ſon of Severus, who in the year 211, commanded an expedition againſt the Caledonians. The variety of the meaſure ſhews that the Poem was originally ſet to muſick, and perhaps preſented before the Chiefs upon ſolemn occaſions. Tradition has handed down the ſtory more complete than it is in the Poem. "Comala the daughter of Sarno, King of Iniſtore, "or Orkney Iſlands, fell in love with Fingal the ſon "of Comhal, at a feaſt to which her father had invited "him. Her paſſion was ſo violent, that ſhe follow'd "him diſguis'd like a youth, who wanted to be em-"ploy'd in his wars. She was ſoon diſcover'd by "Hidallan, the ſon of Lamor, one of Fingal's heroes, "whoſe love ſhe had ſlighted ſome time before. Her "romantic paſſion, and beauty, recommended her ſo "much to the King, that he reſolved to make her his "wife, when news was brought him of Caracul's ex-"pedition. He march'd to ſtop the progreſs of the "enemy, and Comala attended him. He left her on "a hill in ſight of Caracul's army, when he went to "battle, having previouſly promis'd, if he ſurvived, to "return that night."

Hidallan was ſent by Fingal to give notice to Comala of his return; he, to revenge himſelf on her for ſlighting his love ſome time before, told her the King was kill'd in battle.

* Crona is the name of a ſmall ſtream that runs into the Carun.

THE PERSONS.

Fingal,
Hidallan,
Comála,

Melilcoma,
Derſagrena, } *daughters of Morni.*

Bards.

COMALA;

DERSAGRENA.

THE chace is over — no noiſe on Ardven but the torrent's roar. Daughter of Morni, come from Crona's banks. Lay down the bow, and take the harp. Let the night come on with ſongs, and our joy be great on Ardven.

MELILCOMA.

And night comes on, thou blue-eyed maid; gray night grows dim along the plain. I ſaw a deer at Crona's ſtream: a moſſy bank he ſeem'd thro' the gloom, but ſoon be bounded away; a meteor play'd round his branchy horns, and the awful faces of other times look'd from the clouds of Crona.

DERSAGRENA.

Theſe are the ſigns of Fingal's death — the King of Shields is fallen! and Caracul prevails. Riſe, Comala, from thy rocks: daughter of Sarno, riſe in tears: the youth of thy love is low, and his ghoſt is already on our hills.

MELILCOMA.

There Comala ſits forlorn! Two gray dogs near ſhake their rough ears, and catch the flying breeze. Her red cheek reſts on her arm, and the mountain wind is in her hair. She turns her blue rolling eyes towards the field of his promiſe. Where art thou, O Fingal? for the night is gathering round.

COMALA.

O Carun of the ſtreams! why do I behold thy waters rolling in blood? Has the noiſe of the battle been heard on thy banks, and ſleeps the King of Morven? — Riſe, moon, thou daughter of the ſky! Look from between thy clouds, that I may behold the light of his ſteel on the field of his promiſe — or rather let the meteor that lights our departed fathers thro' the night, come with its red light, to ſhew me the way to my fallen hero. Who will defend me from ſorrow? who from the love of Hidallan? Long ſhall Comala look before ſhe can behold Fingal, in the midſt of his hoſt, bright as the beam of the morning in the cloud of an early ſhower.

HIDALLAN.

Roll, thou miſt of gloomy Crona, roll on the path of the hunter — hide his ſteps from mine eyes, and let me remember my friend no more. The bands of battle are ſcatter'd, and no crowding ſteps are round the noiſe of his ſteel. O Carun, roll thy ſtreams of blood, for the chief of the people fell.

COMALA.

Who fell on Carun's graſſy banks? ſon of the cloudy night! was he white as the ſnow of Ardven?

blooming as the bow of the ſhower? was his hair like the miſt of the hill? ſoft and curling, in the day of the ſun? was he like the thunder of heaven in battle? fleet as the roe of the deſert.

HIDALLAN.

Oh that I might behold his love, fair-leaning from her rock. Her red eye dim in tears, and her bluſhing cheek half hid in her locks. Blow, thou gentle breeze, and lift the heavy locks of the maid, that I may behold her white arm and lovely cheek of her ſorrow.

COMALA.

And is the ſon of Comhal fallen, chief of the mournful tale? The thunder rolls on the hills!—the lightning flies on wings of fire! But they frighten not Comala; for her Fingal fell. Say, chief of the mournful tale, fell the breaker of the ſhields?

HIDALLAN.

The nations are ſcatter'd on their hills: for they ſhall hear the voice of the chief no more.

COMALA.

Confuſion purſue thee over thy plains, and deſtruction overtake thee, thou King of the world. Few be thy ſteps to thy grave, and let one virgin mourn thee. Let her be like Comala, tearful in the days of her youth.—Why haſt thou told me, Hidallan, that my hero fell? I might have hoped a little while his return, and have thought I ſaw him on the diſtant rock; a tree might have deceiv'd me with his appearance, and the

wind of the hill been the ſound of his horn in mine ear. — Oh that I were on the banks of Carun! that my tears might be warm on his cheek.

HIDALLAN.

He lies not on the banks of Carun: on Ardven heroes raiſe his tomb. Look on them, O moon, from thy clouds; be thy beam bright on his breaſt, that Comala may behold him in the light of his armour.

COMALA.

Stop, ye ſons of the grave! till I behold my love; he left me at the chace alone. I knew not that he went to war. He ſaid he wou'd return with the night, and the King of Morven is return'd. Why didſt thou not tell me that he wou'd fall, O trembling ſon of the rock!* Thou haſt ſeen him in the blood of his youth, and thou didſt not tell Comala!

MELILCOMA.

What ſound is that on Ardven? who is that bright in the vale? who comes like the ſtrength of rivers when their crowded waters glitter to the moon.

COMALA.

Who is it but the foe of Comala, the ſon of the King of the world! ghoſt of Fingal! do thou from thy cloud direct Comala's bow. Let him fall like the hart of the deſert. — It is Fingal in the crow'd of his

* By the ſon of the rock, ſhe means a druid. It is probable that ſome of the order of the druids remained as late as the beginning of the reign of Fingal, and that Comala had conſulted one of them concerning the event of the war with Caracul.

ghoſts. — Why doſt thou come, my love, to frighten and pleaſe my ſoul?

FINGAL.

Raiſe, ye bards of the ſong, the wars of the ſtreamy Carun.* Caracul has fled from my arms, along the fields of his pride. He ſets far diſtant, like a meteor that incloſes a ſpirit of night, when the winds drive it over the heath, and the dark woods are gleaming around.

I heard a voice like the breeze of my hills; is it the huntreſs of Galmal? the white-handed daughter of Sarno? Look from thy rocks, my love, and let me hear the voice of Comala.

COMALA.

Take me to the cave of thy reſt, O lovely ſon of death! —

FINGAL.

Come to the cave of my reſt. — The ſtorm is over, and the ſun is on our fields. Come to the cave of my reſt, huntreſs of echoing Cona.

COMALA.

He is return'd with his fame. I feel the right-hand of his battles. — But I muſt reſt beſide the rock, till my ſoul ſettles from fear. — Let the harp be near, and raiſe the ſong, ye daughters of Morni!

DERSAGRENA.†

Comala has ſlain three deer on Ardven, and the fire

* Carun, or Carráon, a winding river. It ſtill retains the name of Carron and falls into the Forth ſome miles to the north of Falkirk.

† Mention'd in the foregoing Poem under the name of Minvane, as a more poetical ſound.

aſcends on the rock ; go to the feaſt of Comala, King of the woody Morven.

FINGAL.

Raiſe, ye ſons of the ſong, the wars of the ſtreamy Carun, that my white-handed maid may rejoice, while I behold the feaſt of my love.

BARDS.

Roll, ſtreamy Carun, roll in joy, the ſons of battle fled. The ſteed is not ſeen on our fields, and the wings * of their pride ſpread in other lands. The ſun will now riſe in peace, and the ſhadows deſcend in joy, the voice of the chace will be heard, and the ſhields hang in the hall. — Our delight will be in the war of the ocean, and our hands be red in the blood of Lochlin. Roll, ſtreamy Carun, roll in joy, the ſons of battle fled.

MELILCOMA.

Deſcend, ye light-miſts from high, ye moonbeams, lift her ſoul. — Pale lies the maid at the rock ! Comala is no more !

FINGAL.

Is the daughter of Sarno dead ? the white-boſom'd maid of my love ? — Meet me, Comala, on my heaths when I ſit alone at the ſtreams of my hills.

HIDALLAN.

Ceas'd the voice of the huntreſs of Galmal ? why did I trouble the ſoul of the maid ? when ſhall I ſee thee with joy in the chace of the dark-brown hinds ?

* Perhaps the Poet alludes to the Roman eagle.

FINGAL.

Youth of the gloomy brow! no more ſhalt thou feaſt in my halls. — Thou ſhalt not purſue my chace, and my foes ſhall not fall by thy ſword. — Lead me to the place of her reſt, that I may behold her beauty. —— Pale ſhe lies at the rock, and the cold winds lift her hair. —— Her bow-ſtring ſounds in the blaſt, and her arrow was broken in her fall.

Raiſe the praiſe of the daugher of Sarno, and give her name to the wind of the hills.

BARDS.

See! meteors roll around the maid, — and moon-beams lift her ſoul! — Around her from their clouds bend the awful faces of her fathers: Sarno * of the gloomy brow, and the red-rolling eyes of Fidallan.† When ſhall thy white hand ariſe, and thy voice be heard on our rocks? The maids ſhall ſeek thee on the heath, but they will not find thee. Thou ſhalt come at times to their dreams, and ſettle peace in their ſoul. — Thy voice ſhall remain in their ears, and they ſhall think with joy on the dreams of their reſt. —— Meteors roll around the maid! and moonbeams lift her ſoul!

N. B. The ſequel of the ſtory of Hidallan is introduced as an epiſode in the Poem of the war of Caros, which immediately follows that of Comala; wherein

* Sarno, the father of Comala, died ſoon after the flight of his daughter.

† Fidallan was the firſt King that reign'd in Iniſtore.

it appears that he was expell'd from the wars of Fingal, on account of Comala's death, and diſmiſs'd with this ſpeech from the King of Morven, " Go to the " gray ſtreams of thy land, and moulder like a leafleſs " oak, which the winds have bent over Balva, never " more to grow."

EDWARD AND ANNA.

(In imitation of Prior's HENRY *and* EMMA.*)*

June, 1782.

Taken from a ſtory in the newſpaper of two unfortunate lovers on board LORD RODNEY'S *Ship the Formidable, in the action with* DE GRASSE.

WITHIN a Hamlet, on a mountain's ſide,
Remote from grandeur, luxury, and pride,
Shelter'd behind by a capacious wood,
Whoſe ancient timbers unmoleſted ſtood,
A rural train, induſtrious and content,
Their days in innocent employments ſpent;
Guileleſs they were, eſteem'd for honeſty;
From envy, malice, and ambition, free.

The hamlet that contain'd the peaceful train,
Was placed contiguous to a ſpacious plain,
And from the plain a ſea-port town was ſeen
To rear its head among the paſtures green,

To curl its ſmoke toward the azure ſky,
And ſhoot its ſpire monaſtical on high.

Attracted thither by the annual wake,
The ſports and rural pleaſures to partake,
A number of the youthful nymphs and ſwains
Were wont to leave their hill, and ſeek the plains.
Firſt of the female train, by all confeſs'd
More lovely, more accompliſh'd, than the reſt,
Was gentle Anna — dignify'd by worth,
And talents far ſuperior to her birth! —
Her feet were ever ſwifteſt in the race,
None ſang ſo well, or danc'd with ſo much grace;
For virtue (equal to her charms,) renown'd,
In ev'ry ſhepherd ſhe a lover found;
Nor there did gentle Anna's empire end,
In ev'ry lover ſhe ſecured a friend;
But more than all the reſt, young Edward ſtrove
To teſtify his honeſt, ardent love.

Whene'er ſhe tripp'd along the velvet plain,
Whene'er ſhe ſang her ſoft, melodious ſtrain,
The ſilver-headed ſires aſtoniſh'd gazed,
The damſels wonder'd, and the ſhepherds prais'd;
But Edward moſt the blooming nymph approv'd,
For more than all the reſt he Anna loved.
Oft would he cull the choiceſt flowers with care,
And form a garland to adorn her hair,
For her, the earlieſt produce of the ſpring,
The rareſt fruits, he would delighted bring,
Watch o'er her ſheep as duely as his own,
And bear her rural merchandize to town.
Of Anna's confidence and love ſecure,
He deem'd it no misfortune to be poor;

Or if a wiſh for more, by chance, poſſeſs'd
A moment his diſintereſted breaſt,
Not for himſelf alone that wiſh aroſe,
It was for ANNA's comfort and repoſe.
For her he to the town would oft repair,
And buy ſome ornament to grace the fair ; —
A hat of ſtraw, or crook with flowrets dreſs'd,
To her was welcome as the broider'd veſt ;
The luxuries of courts ſhe never knew,
Her life was innocent, her wants were few ;
The donor's worth his trivial gifts endear'd,
And his lov'd preſence ev'ry proſpect cheer'd.

But Anna's friends were conſcious of her worth,
And (tho' they knew her of ignoble birth,)
Deem'd her perfections of a higher rate,
Than what would ſuit with Edward's mean eſtate.
Edwin, his rival, under whoſe command
Lay a large circuit of well-cultur'd land,
Tho' leſs endow'd by nature to impart
Thoſe ſoft ſenſations that engage the heart,
Was thought far better able to maintain
The gentle Anna, than her fav'rite ſwain.
Duteous to them, yet ſteady in her love,
Her heart a conteſt was decreed to prove ;
Averſe to Edwin, ſhe could never bear
An elevated rank with him to ſhare ;
Rather than thus to mend her lowly ſtate,
She choſe with patient conſtancy to wait,
Till time her parents frozen hearts might move,
To let her wed the object of her love.

The youth revolves a thouſand ways, to gain
An equal fortune with the rival ſwain,

To hardy deeds, to enterprize inclin'd,
Now deſperate projects fill his buſy mind,
And proud ambition (enemy to reſt,)
Gains an aſcendancy in Edward's breaſt.
One fatal morning, in the town he found
Some mariners, on warful ſervice bound,
Whoſe part it was to tempt the ſimple ſwains,
To leave the tranquil pleaſures of the plains.
The liſt'ning Edward ready credence gave
To thoſe rewards they promis'd to the brave;
Whilſt his good genius at a diſtance ſtood,
Th' unwary youth, in a capricious mood,
By the alluring hope of gain betray'd,
An haſty bargain with the captain made.
His breaſt with brilliant expectation burn'd,
As to the peaceful Hamlet he return'd;
When Anna chanced to meet him on the way,
With aſpect mild, and innocently gay;
At ſight of her, his beating boſom feels
A tender pang,—he ſtudiouſly conceals
The keen emotions that are ſtruggling there,
Leſt he ſhou'd ſuddenly alarm the fair;
On various themes their converſation ran,
Till Edward thus, with ſerious look, began:

" Oh ſay, my Anna! ſhould I ever rove
" Far from the limits of this happy grove,
" When other ſwains thy artleſs charms adore,
(" Swains who will love thee leſs, but flatter more,)
" Canſt thou with conſtancy to me adhere?
" And in thy faithful heart my image bear?
" Will no perſuaſions, no advantage, move
" Thy boſom to abjure its early love?"

ANNA.

" As in the rural ſports, the dance, the ſong,
" Pre-eminence to Edward does belong,
" So in my heart he bears ſuperior ſway,
" (A heart that never can be led aſtray.)
" Tho' wild ambition's ſons, tho' fortune's ſlaves,
" Who, to be wealthy, bluſh not to be knaves,
" Tho' mighty lairds ſhould woo me for their bride,
" By ſuch temptation wou'd my faith be try'd.
" In vain wou'd fortune, luxury, and ſtate,
" Court unambitious Anna to be great.
" Do I not ſleep as tranquil in the ſhade,
" As if my bed of coſtly down was made?
" Does not my parents frugal, temperate board,
" Enough to ſatisfy my wants afford?
" And is not yonder cott to me more dear,
" (Whilſt Edward, conſtant to his vows, is near,)
" Than the proud pomp of an imperial dome,
" Where ſoft content perhaps may never come?
" Within the peaceful hamlet let me live,
" And thankfully the gifts of heaven receive.
" Give me my ruſtic fare, my harmleſs ſports,
" Which ſuit me better than the glare of courts. —
" Was it within the compaſs of my will,
" To leave, for ſplendid ſcenes, this verdant hill,
" To quit theſe tranquil ſhades for gay alcoves,
" To change, for noiſy ſtreets, my native groves,
" If I muſt THEE, (in moving hence) reſign,
" My choice wou'd be an humble ſtate, like thine;
" Soon as I learnt affection's gentle power,
" My heart was doom'd thy virtues to adore;
" The ſacred flame by time is ſtill improv'd,
" Nor e'er can I forſake whom firſt I loved!"

EDWARD.

" Beware, my Anna! for thy Edward's ſake,
" How much thou art induced to undertake:
" If, as a Pilgrim, I ſhou'd leave my home,
" And chuſe in deſerts wild and vaſt to roam,
" My little fortune in my ſcrip convey'd,
" My perſon in a ruſſet garb array'd,
" Say, Anna! wou'd thy tender feet incline
" O'er ragged, pathleſs woods, to follow mine?
" Wou'dſt thou to hard fatigue, to rude alarms,
" To ſultry heat, expoſe thoſe blooming charms?
" Wou'dſt thou to eaſe and ſoft ſecurity,
" Prefer a life of hardiment with me?
" And by thy Edward's ſide contented rove,
" Far from the limits of this peaceful grove?"

ANNA.

" Tho' burning ſands acroſs thy journey lay,
" Where the ſun ſheds intolerable day,
" Tho' beaſts of prey, a gaunt and meagre train,
" Shou'd, howling, meet us on the deſert plain,
" Tho' on the borders of ſome treach'rous lake,
" When we approach'd, (our burning thirſt to ſlake,)
" Envenom'd ſerpents, meſſengers of death,
" Shou'd, hiſſing, aim to wound us with their teeth,
" Theſe perils Anna wou'd with THEE explore,
" Nor heed the howling wind, nor drizling ſhower.
" Or if to Alpine climes we're doom'd to go,
" Where lofty mountains wear perpetual ſnow,
" Where froſt has marr'd the work of nature's hand,
" And petrify'd the produce of the land,
" Cheer'd by thy preſence, I would try to bear
" The coldneſs of the frigid atmoſphere;

" Nor, if I trod the icy paths with pain,
" Permit a ſigh my ſufferings to explain:
" By love inſpired, thoſe hardſhips to endure,
" No better proſpects ſhou'd my ſteps allure
" From thee, my guide! to whom I then ſhou'd prove,
" By voluntary pain, how much I love."

EDWARD.

" Yet, there are hardſhips which may be repaid,
" When the rare works of nature are diſplay'd.
" In different climates dwell peculiar charms,
" Whoſe ſearch a philoſophic boſom warms;
" New ores are found, and chryſtals brighter ſhine,
" Here lays a quarry, there a golden mine;
" Here, plants and flowers, to Britain's coaſt unknown,
" And various pebbles, o'er the earth are ſtrewn;
" New fruits attract the eye, and pleaſe the taſte,
" And nature yields an elegant repaſt.
" A thouſand nameleſs trees appear in bloom,
" A thouſand ſpicy ſweets the air perfume;
" The lofty palm diſtinguiſhes the dale,
" The ſhady plantane decorates the vale:
" But was I baniſh'd hence, and ſent to dwell
" In ſome ſequeſter'd, melancholy cell,
" Cou'dſt thou a Hermit's gloomy lot partake,
" And live recluſely there, for Edward's ſake?
" Ah no! ſuch hard impriſonment wou'd be
" More than I cou'd impoſe, fair maid! on thee;
" To bury charms like thine in cells obſcure,
" Is ſurely more than woman can endure;
" Vain is the thought! — my Anna muſt not be
" Condemn'd to live in poverty with me;
" Alone, unqueſtion'd, I wou'd therefore rove,
" Far from the limits of this peaceful grove."

ANNA.

" What means, my Edward, this ambiguous lore?
" Does fate prepare ſome inauſpicious hour?
" That thus in language foreign to mine ear,
" You, in my boſom, wake the ſenſe of fear?
" To think of parting, is, alas! to me,
" The firſt extreme of human miſery;
" Ah! then forbear to ſay I ſhou'd decline
" To make thy fortune and thy ſorrows mine!
" If ſentenc'd in a Hermitage to dwell
" With thee, I'd ſeek the unfrequented cell,
" Thy preſence wou'd the gloomy ſcene improve,
" And chearfulneſs attend the ſteps of love.
" Tranquillity, at leaſt, wou'd ſojourn there,
" And ev'ry glen a pleaſant aſpect wear.
" Beſide ſome ripling ſtream, at evening, laid,
" Where the pale willow caſts a feeble ſhade,
" I'd watch the movements of the finny race,
" And from the bank their playful motions trace,
" Within the mazes of the tangled wood,
" I'd ſearch for flowers or berries fit for food;
" Or in the boſom of the tufted vale,
" Hear the ſweet thruſh, or ſweeter nightingale;
" Bring fruits and herbs to dreſs our ruſtic board,
" And the cool beverage that the ſprings afford.
" By night, a nobler ſtudy wou'd incline
" My ſoul to meditate on things divine,
" The ſtarry orbs my thoughts to heaven wou'd raiſe,
" And I ſhou'd try to chaunt my Maker's praiſe.
" Theſe my employments, my delights, wou'd be,
" And all their ſweets wou'd be enhanc'd by thee.
" Of thy affection, deareſt youth! poſſeſs'd,
" Thy lov'd ſociety wou'd make me bleſt:

" Where'er my Edward goes I'd freely roam,
" Far from my friends, my rural ſports, my home."

EDWARD.

" Yet there are ſcenes which females cannot bear,
" And difficulties which they muſt not ſhare;
" Where the ſhrill clarion, and the martial drum,
" Forbid the tender, fearful ſex, to come.
" If, led by honour, I ſhou'd ever dare
" To try my proweſs in the field of war,
" All I ſhou'd aſk, my gentle love, of thee,
" Wou'd be this proof of thy fidelity,
" To let thy ſoldier that regard retain,
" Profeſs'd ſo often to thy faithful ſwain,
" And that thy wiſhes and thy heart wou'd rove
" With me, beyond the limits of the grove."

ANNA.

" Tho' timid nature might at firſt recoil,
" At ſight of perils, and fatigues, and toil,
" Tho' prudence on the enterprize might frown,
" Edward ſhou'd never ſeek the field alone.
" I'd haſte, in camps and fortreſſes, to prove
" A woman's courage and a woman's love,
" And to the fight my hero's ſteps attend,
" His faithful wife, and ever zealous friend."

EDWARD.

" Vain are thy arguments, my gen'rous maid,
" Thy ſex is ſuited to the tranquil ſhade,
" Fatigue and danger are not fit for thee, —
" And all I aſk is, truth and conſtancy.

" If, link'd by fortune with a naval crew,
" I bid my Anna for a while adieu,
" Uncertain if we e'er ſhall meet again,
" Say, will thy breaſt the vows of love retain?
" Wilt thou be patient till the hour may come
" To bring thy Edward to his native home,
" With affluence bleſt, and doom'd no more to rove
" Far from the limits of this peaceful grove?

ANNA.

" Born with a heart that can ſubdue its fears,
" I'll boldly follow where my Edward ſteers;
" Depriv'd of thy ſociety, in vain
" Proſperity, with her enticing train
" Of pleaſureable hours, wou'd court my ſmile,
" Or ſtrive the pangs of abſence to beguile.
" Then tempt no farther my fidelity, —
" Nor wound a heart that fondly doats on thee.
" If ſerious ſentiments thy words imply,
" If cruel Edward will from Anna fly,
" His deſtiny I am reſolv'd to prove;
" My pilot ſhall be hope, — my convoy love."

EDWARD.

" Oh! think not, Anna! I cou'd ever bear
" To ſee thee riſque a trial ſo ſevere;
" When in theſe ſcenes, remote from care and ſtrife,
" Serene may flow the tenor of thy life,
" In vain ſhalt thou, with generous zeal, pretend
" Thy future deſtiny with mine to blend,
" Unleſs the fates propitious to my prayer,
" Allow me to return in ſafety here,
" With well-earn'd fortune for my love to ſhare. —

" Thy tender frame cou'd never, ſure, ſuſtain
" The various dangers of the changeful main,
" When the ſwoln billows into mountains riſe,
" And lift the veſſel almoſt to the ſkies,
" Wou'd not thy heart its boaſted courage loſe?
" Wou'd not thy knees to bear their weight refuſe?
" And thy ſad eyes be ſtrangers to repoſe?
" Hope wou'd deſert thee in that trying hour,
" And even love relinquiſh all his power.
" But grant the breezes ſhou'd propitious blow,
" The waves with ſoft and ſteady motion flow,
" What danger, lovely Anna! might ariſe
" From thoſe dear ſmiles, thoſe captivating eyes!
" If fate depriv'd thee of thy Edward's care,
" Who wou'd, alas! protect a form ſo fair?
" The mariners, with rude illiberal jeſt,
" Wou'd ſhock thine ear, and pain thy virtuous breaſt,
" And, with licentious language, proffer love,
" (Such love as chaſtity muſt diſapprove.)
" Or ſhou'd kind heaven allow thy faithful ſwain
" The guardian of his Anna to remain,
" Tho' from thoſe evils I ſhou'd thee defend,
" Diſaſters dire might ſtill the voyage attend."
" If pirate bands enſlav'd our hapleſs crew,
" What certain ruin wou'd to thee enſue!
" Thy ſavage victors wou'd aſtoniſh'd gaze,
" And in barbarian accents ſpeak thy praiſe,
" Tear thee away from wretched Edward's arms,
" And make a ſordid intereſt of thy charms;
" Doom'd, at a royal price, to be conſign'd
" To ſome proud Dey, and in the walls confin'd
" Of his accurs'd ſeraglio, thou wilt mourn,
" Tho' eaſtern gems thy canopy adorn,

" Tho' the tiara glitters on thy brow,
" And fawning ſlaves before thy footſtool bow.
" Or in the hour of fierce, uncertain fight,
" Cou'd thy humanity ſupport the ſight,
" Of wounded men, expiring at thy feet,
" Thyſelf expos'd the fatal ball to meet?
" Beſides, thy preſence wou'd ſuch fears impart,
" That I ſhou'd ſhew a tame, unmanly heart;
" To ſhelter thee from harm wou'd be my aim,
" Careleſs of duty grown, and cold to fame."

" Oh! beſt and faireſt of thy ſex! forbear
" To wiſh my dangers and my toils to ſhare —
" Allur'd by hopes of gain, I wander hence,
" Rather than ſtay, and live in indolence.
" To try my fortune on the fickle ſea
" I riſque my comfort, — for I part with THEE!
" With thee! for whom alone I wiſh to gain
" That wealth which, wanting thee, wou'd come in vain.
" The haſty bargain is already made;
" The anchor of my fate will ſoon be weigh'd;
" Engag'd by honour, I am bound to rove
" Far from the limits of this happy grove." —

He ſaid, and kiſs'd the tear from Anna's cheek,
Who ſtrove in vain her agony to ſpeak;
In ſilent grief her eyes to heaven ſhe rais'd,
In ſilent grief upon her Edward gaz'd,
Till parting at the Hamlet, each retir'd
With equal ſorrow, equal love, inſpir'd;
But ere the morning dawn'd, th' intrepid maid
By love to deſperate enterprize betray'd,
In man's apparel, to the village ſtray'd.

As from her peaceful home the damſel turn'd,
Trembling, ſhe oft look'd back, and deeply mourn'd.
" Shall I," ſaid ſhe, " thoſe tranquil joys reſign,
" Thoſe friends, thoſe comforts, that were lately mine?
" And thus, in maſculine attire, conceal
" A feeble heart, that muſt not ſeem to feel?
" A heart that ſhudders at the choice it makes,
" And with regret its many friends forſakes!
" Yet, ſhou'd a woman's fears, alas! prevail
" And keep me here, new dangers will aſſail
" The hapleſs Anna, by my lover left,
" Of his protection, his advice bereft,
" Expos'd to perſecution, from a ſwain
" Whoſe odious courtſhip conſtitutes my pain,
" And daily counſel'd by my parents' voice,
" To make the man, whom they approve, my choice,
" How ſhou'd I learn with fortitude to bear,
" A deſtiny ſo irkſome, ſo ſevere?
" Whene'er, tremendous, o'er the mountains brow,
" The clouds condenſe, and winds tempeſtuous blow,
" When lightnings ſeem to ſhoot from pole to pole,
" And awful thunders round the welkin roll,
" Each blaſt for Edward wou'd excite my fear,
" And tender recollections force the tear.
" Uncertain of his fate, in dreams by night,
" I ſhou'd attend him to the naval fight,
" View him expiring, and diſtracted hear
" His dying accents vibrate on my ear;
" Or ſee him by a cruel tempeſt toſs'd,
" Upon ſome cold inhoſpitable coaſt,
" A land by weeds and brambles overgrown,
" Where cultivation never has been known,
" Without a fruitful tree, or blade of wheat,
" Or wholeſome herb, the ſtarving wretch to meet,

" Where nature fails aſſiſtance to ſupply,
" And thoſe who land, inevitably die.
" For me, for me, the daring Edward braves
" The various dangers of th' uncertain waves,
" Ambitious only to obtain my hand,
" Flies from the comforts of Britannia's land,
" And riſques his life for her, whoſe heart would break
" If Edward periſh'd for his Anna's ſake.

" Shall I deſert the dear, the generous youth?
" Forbid it freedom, conſtancy, and truth!
" Rather to ſhare his dangers let me fly,
" And with my Edward live, or greatly die.
" Adieu, ye meadows! ye delightful groves!
" Scenes of our infant ſports, and early loves.
" Adieu, ye flow'ry vales! ye verdant hills!
" Ye ivy-circled bowers! ye murm'ring rills!
" Adieu, my innocent, my bleating ſheep,
" Sweet be your herbage, undiſturb'd your ſleep!
" Ah! may the fates your hapleſs miſtreſs ſend,
" Again to prove your guardian, and your friend."

She ſaid — the wind with hollow ſounds reply'd,
And from a neighb'ring barn the ſcreech owl cry'd,
With hoarſe, diſcordant notes the raven ſpoke,
And flap'd his wings; a venerable oak,
Struck with a blight, his verdant honours ſhed,
And the pale moon conceal'd her wexin head;
Yet evil omens have not power to move
A heart that ſacrifices peace for love.
To ſhare the fortune of her Edward bent,
In fatal hour, ſhe to the captain went,
And there enliſting under his command,
The veſſel gain'd, and left her native land.

The gallant Edward ſail'd among the crew—
He, dreading to pronounce a laſt adieu,
Upon the beach, the buſy ſailors join'd,
Nor dared to caſt one longing look behind.

When the gray morning o'er the hills appear'd,
The wary pilot to the windward ſteer'd;
The ſeamen rais'd the canvas wings on high,
They catch the breeze, the veſſel ſeems to fly;
The leſs'ning ſhore in blueiſh miſts is loſt,
While Edward's eyes ſtill ſeek his native coaſt.
Now care and bitter anguiſh fill his ſoul,
His reſolution yields to love's controul;
His fancy repreſents fair Anna's charms,
Her grief, her anger, and her wild alarms;
A thouſand ſad ideas fill his mind,
But moſt he fears he ſhall be thought unkind,
Perhaps inconſtant, cruel, and forſworn,
In leaving her abruptly thus, to mourn.
Her ſenſe, her love, her virtues, he revolves,
And ſecretly repents his raſh reſolves.

While thus he ſat in melancholy mood,
The lovely counterfeit before him ſtood;
Her features with her dreſs ſo ill agreed,
How cou'd the flimſey artifice ſucceed?
A lover's eyes are keen, and can perceive
What may another's eaſily deceive.
He ſees a face, whoſe duplicate, till now,
He never thought in nature's power to ſhew,
Join'd with an elegance of ſhape and mien,
That ſeldom in ſo coarſe a garb is ſeen;
He views the image of his darling maid,
He ſees new bluſhes on her cheek diſplay'd;

He doubts no more, — he marks her ſtarting tear,
And views with grateful love th' heroic fair;
In whiſpers he laments her raſh deſign,
And recommends her to the powers divine.

It ſeem'd as tho' the fates wou'd grant his prayer,
And make fair Anna their peculiar care;
The ſeas were placid, and propitious gales
Hover'd around, and fill'd the crowded ſails.
Health and good-humour on the paſſage ſmil'd;
Gay unanimity the hours beguil'd.
The fleet were free from diſcontent and hate;
No cares, no ſtrife, diſturb'd the little ſtate;
For heavenly concord ev'ry boſom cheer'd;
On ev'ry honeſt face content appear'd
The active Edward was his Anna's guide,
Who ſeldom went from her protector's ſide;
Together, they fulfill'd the ſailor's part
With ſuch alertneſs, chearfulneſs, and art,
That none among their merry comrades knew
How fair a damſel ſail'd among the crew.
At length the day of trial moſt ſevere,
The day of danger and diſtreſs, was near.
A hoſtile fleet the mariners deſcry'd,
A hoſtile fleet which to avoid them try'd:
In haſte the brave commander crowds his ſails;
The impatient ſailors court propitious gales;
They preſs to action, eager for renown,
And pant to make the victory their own.
But in the breaſt of Edward, anxious cares
For Anna's ſafety waked tumultuous fears;
He mourns the hour when ſhe reſolv'd to rove
Far from the limits of the peaceful grove:

No time remains for words — th' heroic maid
By neither ſigh nor tear her ſex betray'd;
No ſudden change of countenance appear'd,
For Edward, more than for herſelf, ſhe fear'd:
Happy to ſhare his labours, and his fate,
In ſuch a moment ſhe is truly great;
Fix'd by his ſide, ſhe can ſuppreſs her fears;
The fleets engage, while ſhe the danger ſhares,
And the terrific ſcene with reſolution bears.
With brave exertion Edward plays his part;
The crew, with intrepidity and art,
Perform their bold manœuvres; — ev'ry hand
Is lifted, to obey their chief's command;
Each heart with ardent expectation beats,
And victory hangs dubious o'er the fleets.
But moſt the ſhip wherein the lovers are,
Is made the bloody theatre of war,
Eager to do their injur'd country right,
The gallant crew with matchleſs courage fight;
By Rodney's voice, by his example fir'd,
They thro' the day maintain the war untir'd;
Involved in clouds of ſmoke, they cannot know
The havoc which they make among the foe;
Nor have they time their dying friends to mourn,
Before they fall, expiring in their turn.
Top-maſts, and ſails, and flags, are hurl'd around,
And cannonades inceſſantly reſound. —
While the dire conteſt agitates the deep,
The lovers ſtill their dangerous ſtation keep,
Amid the ſcene of horror nobly ſtrive,
And from a truſt in heaven their hopes derive;
Already victory, with wings diſplay'd,
Her homage to the Britiſh Penon paid,

Already flutter'd o'er the heroic fleet,
And bade the war and carnage to abate ;
When in the moment that deciſive heav'n
Decreed the palm ſhou'd be to Rodney given,
A random ſhot ſome luckleſs cannon ſent,
Which thro' the faithful heart of Anna went.
With horror, with diſpair, the lover gaz'd,
Then in his arms the breathleſs damſel rais'd ;
Briefly reveal'd his ſtory to the crew,
And to the veſſel's ſide like light'ning flew ;
From whence deep plunging in the foamy wave,
He, with the lovely victim, found a grave.

Ah fatal day ! when he reſolv'd to rove
Beyond the limits of the peaceful grove,
When liſt'ning to ambition's ſyren voice,
He made a life of enterprize his choice.
Ah fatal day ! when love inſpir'd the maid
To leave the diſtaff for a coarſer trade ;
To quit her rural ſports for war's alarms,
And to the cannon's rage expoſe her charms.

May their ſad hiſtory a leſſon prove,
To thoſe decreed in humble ſpheres to move,
To thoſe who in a lowly ſtate repine,
And wiſh in buſier ſcenes of life to ſhine.
If Edward had reflected ere he made
His dangerous choice, — he had contented ſtay'd
Within the Hamlet, where his happy fate
Had placed him in a mean, but honeſt ſtate.
He there had liv'd with love and freedom bleſt,
Virtue his guide, — tranquillity his gueſt ;
And Anna never had deſir'd to rove
Far from the limits of the peaceful grove.

CLARA

AN ELEGY.

1782.

N. B. The three firſt ſtanzas were written by the Reverend Mr. SNEYD *on a different occaſion.*

" LET the deep murmurs of my mournful lays
" Break the ſad ſilence of this midnight hour,
" Whilſt yet yon dying taper's rays afford
" One glad'ning beam to prompt my penſive lore.

" Still, pale companion of the reſtleſs night,
" My ardent ſighs have fan'd thy trembling flame,
" I've breathed my ſorrows to thy watchful light,
" And ev'ry ſigh was fill'd with Clara's name.

" Burn, thou juſt emblemn of my warm deſire!
" Waſte the ſad power that feeds thy ſhort-liv'd blaze!
" Like you, I feel the fix'd devouring fire,
" Feed on my bloom, and waſte my better days."

Hopeleſs I love! yet my diſtracted brain,
A mournful pleaſure in reflection finds;
Dwells on the cauſe that conſtitutes my pain,
Whilſt my ſad brow a willow garland binds.

Whether I ſeek from noiſy crowds relief,
Or court oblivion to attain repoſe,
By day, by night, I am oppreſs'd with grief;
My heart with anguiſh and reſentment glows.

Where'er I turn my melancholy eyes,
Something deſcriptive of the fair I meet;
Fancy the abſence of my love ſupplies,
And mocks her beauties with a kind deceit.

Types of her radiant eyes the ſtars appear,
Like her, the flowers are blooming, ſweet, and gay;
Her ſoft melodious voice methinks I hear,
When Philomela ſings her plaintive lay.

Beyond Euphrates was I doom'd to roam,
Sent to explore the wealth of Egypt's ſhore,
My conſtant heart muſt ſtill remain at home,
And Clara be the ſtar I ſhou'd adore.

Yes, Clara! thou art like an heavenly ſtar,
To whom my wiſhes vainly wou'd aſpire;
Above my hopes, beyond my reach you are,
And reaſon frowns on my preſumptuous fire.

The faſcinated fly will hover o'er
The flame he feels deſtructive to his wings;
So I indulge the paſſion I deplore,
From whence temptation, fraught with danger, ſprings.

I know it is a crime in me to love,
Where ties of honour ſhou'd repel the flame;
That flame thy duty bids thee diſapprove,
And what was once our boaſt, wou'd be our ſhame.

I wou'd not, (if within my choice it lay,)
  Try to pervert the goodneſs of thy mind,
Or wiſh to lead thy innocence aſtray,
  To paths for artifice and guilt deſign'd:

But Oh! accuſtom'd as I long have been
  To gaze enamour'd on thy face divine,
Gueſs what I feel, to think thoſe eyes ſerene
  Muſt turn from me, and on another ſhine!

Another will thy kind attentions prove,
  Demand obedience, and expect regard,
Whilſt I muſt ſilence the regrets of love,
  And from thy ſoothing converſe be debarr'd.

How can I paſs the ling'ring day alone?
  I, who was wont to chide the hours of night,
And think the moments paſs'd too ſlowly on,
  That kept her lovely perſon from my ſight,

When the firſt gleam of Phoſphor's riſing ray
  Was thro' my caſement ſeen its light to pour,
I uſed to hail the chearful orb of day,
  That wou'd my Clara to theſe eyes reſtore.

In my firſt waking thought her image reign'd,
  While my fond heart the dear idea bleſt.
The ſame fair viſionary form remain'd
  To rule my dreams, and ſoothe my cares to reſt.

When in her preſence, ev'ry hour appear'd
  To Strephon's mind, with winged ſpeed to move;
Her gentle accents I delighted heard,
  And ſaw her ſmile upon my vows of love:

Alas! thoſe moments, innocently gay,
Were fraught with too much happineſs to laſt —
I now to ſorrow dedicate the day,
And mournfully reflect on thoſe I've paſt.

Accurſed avarice! whoſe ſubtle power
Minds of a mercenary mould obey,
Thy triumph is compleat, my hopes are o'er,
And the devoted Clara — is thy prey.

Can titles, wealth, and dignity, impart
Joys, to atone for love and freedom loſt?
Can thy ſuſceptible and generous heart
Be purchaſed, Clara! at ſo mean a coſt?

No! I abſolve thee from ſuch ſordid views,
I ſee thee with reluctance yield thy hand,
Thy parents only will I dare accuſe,
Whoſe ſtrong perſuaſions border on command.

The dying ſwan laments in tuneful ſtrains —
His mournful murmurs float upon the ſtream —
So while my hopes expire, my muſe complains,
And the loſt Clara is her conſtant theme.

Muſt I behold thee, my angelic fair!
With weeping eyes, thy trembling hand beſtow?
Breathe words, in which thy heart can have no ſhare,
And ſighing, make th' irrevocable vow?

In vain may love aſſert a prior right,
My potent rival wins thee for his bride —
No tears of thine the tie can diſunite,
No ſighs of mine can waft the knot aſide.

Yet, may I not miſtake? perhaps her mind
Is form'd the charms of grandeur to approve,
Perhaps, tho' I have deem'd her good and kind,
She only trifled with my honeſt love.

Abhorred jealouſy! thou fiend! with whom
Torments, and fears, and miſeries, reſide,
I ſee thee from diſpairs dark cavern come,
A thouſand furies marching by thy ſide;

Beneath the influence of thy yellow eye,
Suſpicion brings unreal ſcenes to light,
I ſee my Clara to Alexis fly,
Smile on his love, and chace me from her ſight.

Forgetful of paſt vows of tenderneſs,
With looks that cruelly reveal diſdain,
She bids me learn my anguiſh to ſuppreſs, —
Laughs at my rage, and triumphs in my pain.

Periſh the thought! let fancy's myſtic wing
Waft from my mind theſe viſions of diſpair,
And to my pillow dreams of comfort bring,
Like mimic forms which in a glaſs appear.

Methinks I ſee upon that mirror ſhine
Our vows of love within a knot combin'd,
A ſacred knot, whoſe foldings to untwine
Nor accident nor time the means can find.

Do I not ſee the graces mourning there?
Does not the penſive Clara meet my view,
As if ſhe drop'd for me that pearly tear,
And ſighing, breath'd a long, — a laſt adieu?

Does not meek patience reſignation teach,
While deſtiny the web of ſorrow weaves?
Does n the phantom hope, conſoling, preach
That doctrine which the wretch with joy believes?

Alas! the mirror breaks — the charm is paſt —
The picture fades from my deluded mind;
'Twas like a feveriſh dream, that cou'd not laſt,
But leaves confuſion's motley train behind.

Clara! thou victim of ambition's power,
No more this language ſhall offend thine ear,
In ſilent grief I will my fate deplore,
And try with fortitude my loſs to bear.

I ſee thee to the fatal altar led,
Like the young fawn, with flowery fillets bound;
I ſee thee bow thy meek devoted head;
I ſee thee kneel upon the hallow'd ground;

No laughing loves upon the rites attend,
The Hymeneal torch but dimly burns,
(Dim as the lamp by which my lays are penn'd)
Whilſt pity views the ſacrifice, and mourns.

No jocund damſels lead the ſportive dance,
No happy omens meet thee at the ſhrine —
A train that form the court of care advance,
And round the altar wreathes of cypreſs twine.

But how ſhall language Strephon's woe expreſs?
How repreſent the horrors of my mind?
My wrongs petition vainly for redreſs;
My love muſt be to ſecrecy confin'd.

Like Agamemnon, (at the fatal place
Where Iphigenia died,) I will appear, —
Ah! while a curtain hides thy lover's face,
Imagine ſufferings, he muſt not declare.

Yet let me by thy ſorrows underſtand,
That tho' thou art compell'd from me to part,
Another can alone obtain thy hand,
Whilſt I ſhall ſtill poſſeſs my Clara's heart:

So ſhall a melancholy pleaſure ſhed
One feeble ray acroſs dejection's gloom;
And tho' my hopes of happineſs are fled,
A ſigh from thee will mitigate my doom.

Farewell! thou beſt and faireſt of thy kind!
On thee my wiſhes and my prayers attend —
The name of lover muſt be now reſign'd;
I change it for the character — of friend;

But like the ſunflower, (tho' at diſtance thrown
From the bright beams I ever muſt adore,)
Still will my homage point to thee alone,
Till love, — and life, — and Strephon is no more.

ALINDOR AND LUBIN.

A Story taken from an accident which happen'd at Tunbridge Wells in September, 1784.

ALINDOR lived in yonder grove,
Where elms their ancient boughs extend,
Brown Marianna was his love,
And Lubin was his deareſt friend.

The boys from home one morning ſtray'd,
And jocund on the hills were ſeen,
Each in a ſhepherd's frock array'd,
Each tripping lightly o'er the green.

In queſt of birds, with haſty feet
They paſs'd along the verdant plain,
And Lubin ſang his carols ſweet,
Regardleſs of the falling rain.

The cruel inſtrument of death
Beneath his frock Alindor bore,
And as he rambled o'er the heath,
His young companion ran before.

Towards a ſhady copſe they drew,
In eager hopes of feather'd gain,
When from the buſh a ſparrow flew,
And wing'd its way acroſs the plain.

To diſentangle from his dreſs
The fatal gun, Alindor try'd,
But who his feelings can expreſs,
The bird eſcaped, — and Lubin died.

Yes! by the friend he loved ſo well,
The hapleſs boy receiv'd his doom,
And like a tender bloſſom fell,
Cut off in youth and beauty's bloom.

Methinks Alindor's cries I hear,
I ſee him beat his throbbing breaſt,
This mournful language meets my ear,
To Lubin's palid corſe addreſs'd:

" O Lubin! dear departed boy!
" Have I perform'd this murd'rous deed?
" Cou'd I ſo ill my gun employ,
" And cauſe thee, gentle friend! to bleed?

" Lov'd victim of an erring blow!
" My fate is more ſevere than thine;
" For thou no more canſt ſorrow know,
" Whilſt agonies of grief are mine.

" 'Tis my hard fate to ſee thee lie
" Thus pale and bleeding on the ground,
" Whilſt I have not the power to die,
" Tho' I have giv'n my friend his wound.

" For thee no more the tuneful thruſh
" Will thro' its wirey priſon ſing,
" No more wilt thou explore the buſh,
" Or ſee the partridge ſpread her wing.

" No more wilt thou, at early morn,
" Among the ferny woodlands rove,
" Or pluck the blue bells from the corn,
" Or ſearch for filberds in the grove.

" No more wilt thou, my Lubin! place
" A chaplet gay on Marian's hair,
" No more the village circles grace,
" Or play thy gambols at the fair.

" Sweet was thy ſong! — thy temper kind!
" Serene, and deſtitute of guile!
" True innocence was in thy mind,
" And gay good-humour in thy ſmile.

" Arreſted by the hand of death,
" Thy roundelay no more I hear, —
" 'Tis I have ſtopp'd thy tuneful breath;
" 'Tis I muſt lay thee on thy bier.

" And when that painful taſk is o'er,
" What more have I with life to do?
" My comfort time can ne'er reſtore,
" Since hope is vaniſh'd from my view.

" Incapable of calm repoſe,
" How ſhall I cloſe my weary eyes?
" My only thought will be my woes,
" And all my language be my ſighs."

Yet, thoſe ſenſations which I feel,
Of ſad ſurprize, and deep diſtreſs,
Are more than tears can e'er reveal,
Are more than ſighs can e'er expreſs.

Lo! from the earth the ſkylark flies,
And flutters far above the lawn,
I ſee her mount (with envious eyes,)
Towards the heaven where thou art gone.

Ye powers above! I aſk but this, —
In Lubin's grave to let me lie!
With him to live, I thought it bliſs;
Bereft of him, — I wiſh to die.

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

A Robin Redbreaſt, born and bred
Within a ſhady grove,
Had long beheld a gentle bird
With eyes of partial love.

For her he cull'd the choiceſt food,
For her he ſpread his wing,
For her he perch'd upon a bough,
And thus was heard to ſing:

" Thy Robin has to offer thee
" An honeſt heart alone;
(" For Fortune, family, and fame,
" Are things I cannot own.)

" Yet, faireſt of the feather'd kind!
" My love, my friendſhip try;
" Thy faithful mate I'll ever live,
" Thy faithful mate I'll die.

" Nor will I ſwear, as men have done,
" By the immortal powers!
" By chearful morn! by duſky eve!
" By fountains! groves! or bowers!

" My ſoul is not by nature fram'd
" To act a treacherous part,—
" Ah truſt, then, to my conſtancy,
" And bleſs me with thy heart."

The bird belov'd was pleas'd to hear
The burthen of his ſong,
And promiſed ſhe wou'd be his mate
Thoſe happy ſhades among.

The bliſsful pair together liv'd,
Till autumn's mellow hand
Embrown'd the graſs, and ſcatter'd leaves
Along the barren land.

No more the bud, or bloſſom gay,
Or opening roſe was ſeen,
Nor fruits diſclos'd a ruddy hue
Amid a foliage green.

No more the farmers' fields appear'd
Enrich'd with golden grain;
The mower caſt his ſcythe away;
The reaper left the plain.

Swift o'er the hills the huntſmen came,
And blew their merry horn;
No more retarded in their courſe
By fields of waving corn.

Keen from the north the wind aroſe,
And whiſtled thro' the glade,
Whilſt ſhelter'd in their peaceful grove,
The birds contented ſtay'd.

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Then thus the Robin ſweetly ſang,
Ere he retired to reſt,
" Ah let no anxious cares, my love!
" Diſturb thy little breaſt.

" Tho' winter with a meagre face
" And frozen hand is near,
" Tho' famine oft his ſtep purſues,
" Yet wherefore ſhou'dſt thou fear?

" The Lord, beneficent to all!
" Sufficiency will give,
" Tho' winter ſcarcity creates,
" To let a Robin live.

" To ev'ry hedge, to ev'ry ſhaw,
" And glen, will I repair,
" With berries daily I'll return,
" My only love to cheer.

" Thy tender frame wou'd ill endure
" The rain and piercing wind;
" To me, with greater ſtrength endued,
" The taſk muſt be aſſign'd."

So ſang the bird, whoſe heart was warm'd
With virtue, truth, and love,
Whoſe faithfulneſs and conſtancy
Might well become a dove.

His gentle mate approv'd his lay,
Her ſong reſponſive told,
That whilſt he tarried by her ſide,
She fear'd nor ſtorms nor cold.

But ſoon, alas! the wintry wind
Was louder heard to riſe,
It ſwept the leaves from ev'ry tree,
And clouds deform'd the ſkies.

Yet did the little Redbreaſts bear
The rudeneſs of the blaſt,
They ſhook their pinions, wet with rain,
And ſaw the ſtorm was paſt.

Then forth the jocund Robin flew,
And from a neighb'ring grove
A bunch of berries quickly brought,
To cheer his drooping love.

Some leaves that yet were dry he found,
And form'd them like a neſt,
There chirp'd the notes of artleſs love,
And woo'd his mate to reſt.

To ſleep they went; but ſoon again
The wind was heard to blow;
Inclement grew the freezing air,
And heavy fell the ſnow.

On ev'ry twig, on ev'ry thorn,
The ice in cluſters hung,
On ev'ry blade of graſs was ſeen,
To ev'ry berry clung.

A univerſal robe of white
Was o'er the meadows caſt;
Nor hip nor haw remain'd to give
The birds one ſlight repaſt.

Shiv'ring with cold, with hunger faint,
His love the Robin view'd;
He ſtole in ſilence from her ſide,
And went in queſt of food.

Tho' almoſt famiſh'd, for himſelf
He felt no ſenſe of fear;
The bird whom more than life he loved,
Was now his only care.

Pale grew the feathers at his breaſt,
And languid was his eye,
His drooping wings were numb'd with cold,
He ſcarce had ſtrength to fly.

While with diſpairing looks he caſt
His anxious eyes around,
A charitable crumb of bread
He ſpy'd upon the ground.

His little heart then beat with joy;
He ſeized the gift of fate:
" Ah! give me ſtrength, kind powers!" he cry'd
" To bear it to my mate."

He reach'd the grove; he call'd his mate;
His feeble mate reply'd;
He laid the offering at her feet, —
Dropp'd from the tree, and died.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND DOVE.

A Nightingale, by grief oppreſs'd,
Was perch'd upon a tree,
From whence ſhe made the groves reſound
With vocal harmony.

" Alas!" ſhe ſaid, " whilſt I complain,
" My lover turns away,
" And other birds, in beauty bright,
" Inſpire his amorous lay.

" 'Tis true, my plumage cannot vie
" With birds of painted wing,
" Nor do I ſoar aloft in air,
" Like ſky-larks when they ſing,

" No vivid tints adorn my tail,
" Nor flame upon my breaſt,
" Nor, like the heron, can I diſplay
" A proud imperial creſt.

" Yet, tho' a thouſand other birds
" More beautiful may be,
" Not one among a thouſand birds
" Can love ſo well as me."

She ſaid; when from a pendent bough
A gentle Dove reply'd,
" Ah! do not yield to fancy'd griefs;
" Let patience be your guide:

" Let Hope her ſilver wings diſplay,
" Bright as th' heſperian ſtar,
" (The radiant meſſenger of day,
" Who leads Aurora's car.)

" When you have heard the hiſtory
" Of birds that lov'd like you,
" Compariſon will make your cares
" Seem frivolous, and few.—

" Once, in theſe calm, ſequeſter'd woods,
" A faithful, gentle Doye,
" Was wont to woo me, with the voice
" Of unaffected love.

" The Halycon's wing is not more blue
" Than was my lover's eye,
" His wings were of a ſilver gray,
" His breaſt a purple dye.

" My boſom glow'd with equal love;
" Eternal truth we ſwore;
" For me he ſcorn'd all other Doves,
" And vow'd to rove no more.

" But ah! one cruel, fatal morn,
" To gain his offspring food,
" At early dawn my gentle mate
" In haſte forſook the wood.

" Anxious to ſee my love return,
" I ſought a lofty tree,
" From whence the track he us'd to take
" My watchful eyes might ſee.

" I ſaw my Dove, — I ſaw him fly
" Toward his native home;
" I ſaw, — oh heaven! I flew to ſhare,
" Or to avert, his doom.

" A tyrant Kite, on rapid wings,
" Purſu'd the fluttering Dove —
" Ah! let my tears the reſt explain; —
" I loſt my faithful love.

" Ceaſe, then, to think thyſelf decreed
" To feel more poignant woe,
" More fond regret, more deep diſpair,
" Than that which others know.

" Thy Nightingale, tho' apt to rove
" From home, may yet return;
" His heart reclaim'd, ere long, by thee,
" With virtuous fires may burn.

" But ah! for me no hope remains!
" My mate, alas! is dead;
" And all the happineſs of life,
" With him I mourn, is fled.

" Whilſt I in ſilence long have wept
" Among theſe gloomy trees,
" And, with a breaking heart, have bow'd
" To heaven's ſupreme decrees.

" Thy griefs, inferior far to mine,
" Have urged thy frequent ſtrain ;
" At early morn, at dewy eve,
" I heard thy voice complain.

" Ah, Philomela ! think on me !
" Thy fate with mine compare !
" My deeper woes may leſſen thine,
" And ſave thee from diſpair.

" Judge by thine own afflicted heart,
" What agonies I prove,
" Who live to rear an infant brood,
" And mourn a murder'd love."

CONNAL AND CRIMORA.

CONNAL, (Son of Diaran) a famous Chief in Fingal's Army.
DARGO, A Britiſh Chief.
CRIMORA, Daughter of Rinval.
ULLIN, The Bard.

Scene, a Heath near the River Lotha.

N. B. THIS Poem is taken from the book of Carricthura in Oſſian's Fingal, where Ullin, the Bard, is ſuppos'd to relate the ſtory, which he ends thus:

" Earth here encloſes the lovelieſt pair on the hill—
" the graſs grows between the ſtones of the tomb. I
" often ſit in the mournful ſhade. The wind ſighs
" thro' the graſs — their memory ruſhes on my mind.
" Undiſturb'd ye now ſleep together; in the tomb of
" the mountain ye reſt alone."

ULLIN.

THE hand of autumn, o'er the grove,
Haſt caſt a duſky ſhade;
Dark rolls the river thro' the vale,
And ſilent is the glade;

No bird of chearful note is here;
Gay miſts bedew the ground;
The whirlwind riſes on the heath,
And ſcatters leaves around.

Beneath the blaſt the alder bends,
The willows wave their boughs,
And o'er the ſtream the wan cold moon,
Her faint reflection throws.

Dire omens of impending death
Are hovering in the ſky;
Acroſs the wither'd fern I ſee
The ſparkling meteor fly!

Loud from the eaſt the tempeſt roars,
And howls along the moor;
The ſcreaming curlew leaves the ſea,
And reſts upon the ſhore.

Daſhing againſt the craggy cliffs,
The ſtormy waves I hear—
'Tis well the Britiſh fleet is moor'd,
And ſafe within the pier.

But who is ſhe, that from the hill
  Comes with diſorder'd pace?
And to the rude wind dares expoſe
  So ſoft, ſo fair a face?

Her feeble, melancholy voice,
  I hear acroſs the meads,
Like as the ſoft and balmy breeze,
  Among the ruſtling reeds.

And who is he that moves along
  In martial garb array'd?
And ſeems, by his attentive air,
  To ſooth the weeping maid?

Lo! there they pauſe, I ſee her robe
  White in the lunar beam,
I ſee them earneſtly diſcourſe,
  By Lotha's mighty ſtream.

To thoſe thick willows I'll repair,
  Which by the river grow,
Where undiſcover'd I may learn,
  The ſtory of their woe.

CONNAL AND CRIMORA.

CRIMORA.

STILL will I follow thee, my valiant friend!
Still will I follow thee acroſs the plain!
Ah let me, Connal! on thy ſteps attend;
I heed nor howling blaſts, nor drizzling rain.

Whate'er the ſecret cauſe, my love! may be,
That makes thee haſten o'er the dreary moor,
Crimora faithfully ſhall wait on thee,
Tho' thou ſhou'dſt brave the ſtorm, and leave the ſhore.

If to ſome deſert iſle my Connal ſteers,
Or mountains crown'd with everlaſting ſnow,
Or where the armies lift ten thouſand ſpears,
Without a murmur I with thee will go.

CONNAL.

Far be the thought from thee, fair maid, removed,
Leſt calumny ſhou'd ſtain thy ſpotleſs name;
Ne'er be it ſaid, that with a youth belov'd
Crimora fled, — and ſacrific'd her fame.

Can Rinval's daughter leave the ſplendid hall,
Where Selma's maids, like ſtars, in glory ſhine?
Canſt thou from thy exalted ſtation fall,
To ſhare in fortunes deſperate as mine?

Shall that fair face, ſhall that engaging form,
Encounter danger, and deſpiſe alarms?
Endure the ſhock of the impending ſtorm,
Or bear the loud diſcordant ſound of arms?

If to the ſea I ſhou'd reſolve to go,
Where the tempeſtuous waves in mountains riſe,
How cou'dſt thou bear the hurricanes that blow,
The fierce tornadoes, and the ſailors' cries?

CRIMORA.

If the tall bark my Connal will aſcend,
The ſeas and diſtant countries to explore,
With his, my future deſtiny I'll blend,
With him, I'll bid adieu to Selma's ſhore:

And when the ſtormy waves in mountains riſe,
When thro' the hemiſphere pale lightnings glare,
Confiding in that power who rules the ſkies,
To great Jehovah I'll addreſs my prayer.

Nor will I mind the world's contemptuous ſneer,
Nor heed the tales Crimora's foes may raiſe;
My conſcience from the ſenſe of guilt is clear;
I ſcorn their cenſure, nor require their praiſe.

CONNAL.

Thou generous maid! my grateful heart allows
The wond'rous worth of thy exalted mind;
Amazed I learn, what matchleſs courage glows
Within a heart ſo amiable and kind.

Yet, ah forgive me! if I ſtill decline
Thy proffer'd goodneſs; — little doſt thou know
What hardſhips may attend a life like mine,
What ſharp diſtreſs from poverty may flow.

If, exiled from my native ſhore, I rove
To ſome inhoſpitable, cheerleſs coaſt,
Canſt thou reſolve adverſity to prove,
Nor e'er regret the bleſſings thou haſt loſt?

Canſt thou thro' pathleſs wilds and foreſts roam,
Where ſavage beaſts in ſecret caverns dwell?
And change the ſplendour of thy princely home,
For a ſequeſter'd, melancholy cell?

CRIMORA.

If to the foreſt thou ſhou'dſt bend thy way,
Which beaſts of prey have made their fav'rite haunt,
Tho' the fierce pard among the buſhes lay,
His rage wou'd fail my ſteady ſoul to daunt.

Lo in the quiver by my ſide I bear
Theſe darts, the feather'd meſſengers of death;
Sent from my bow, they ſhou'd divide the air,
Pierce the huge monſters, and impede his breath.

Oft from the moſſy cave, whoſe friendly gloom
To Connal may a kind aſylum yield,
I'll wander to the banks, where roſes bloom,
And ſearch for fragrant herbs in ev'ry field.

Oft from the vineyard's ripen'd fruits I'll bring,
In ſearch of filberds wander thro' the grove,
Draw the cool beverage from the chryſtal ſpring,
Or ſhoot the mallard, as it ſoars above.

Reſponſive to my Connal's oaten reed,
Some Bard perchance may ſtrike the vocal ſhell;
Among the fern our fleecy flock ſhall feed,
Or bees ſhall murmur round their ſtrawy cell;

And oft, ſequeſter'd from obſerving eyes,
  Thy hounds at early morn ſhall chace the boar,
His ſhaggy ſkin ſhall be my hunter's prize,
  And the proud trophy hang upon our door.

The pheaſant ſhall his painted plumes diſplay
  To the bright beams that pierce the checquer'd grove;
The nightingale ſhall warble from the ſpray,
  In notes of rapture, harmony, and love.

Let poverty, with all her woes, appear! —
  The meagre form ſhall not appal my mind;
Her utmoſt rigours I'll ſubmit to bear;
  To ev'ry ill, but loſing thee, reſign'd.

Dear youth! with thee I through the world will ſtray,
  Deſpiſing all that grandeur can beſtow;—
Then ſay, my friend! my gentle Connal! ſay,
  Why hangs that cloud upon thy lovely brow?

CONNAL.

Ah! wherefore doſt thou ſeek the cauſe to learn,
  That calls thy Connal o'er the duſky heath? —
Crimora! to thy father's houſe return, —
  For know thy feet are on the paths of death.

Since thou the ſtrange myſterious cauſe will hear,
  Which bids me from the walls of Selma fly,
Teach thy ſoft eyelids to repreſs the tear,
  And ſteel thy breaſt againſt compaſſion's ſigh:

Let no vain murmur of a timid heart
  Diſturb the ſettled purpoſe of my mind, —
Prepare thyſelf to act a heroine's part, —
  For Connal here, his deadly foe muſt find.

Yes! I have promiſed by the moon's pale beam —
(Nay ſtart not thus! nor tremble with thy fear!)
By yon pale moon, that ſhines on Lotha's ſtream,
To meet my foe, imperious Dargo! here.

At this ſtill, ſolemn hour, the Briton ſwore
To leave his ſhip, and meet me on the field;
Our enmity, our ſtrife, ſhall be no more,
For one on Lotha's plain his life muſt yield.

If ſuch, Crimora, is thy lover's doom,
Rend not the air with unavailing cries,
Live to encloſe my aſhes in their tomb,
And ſooth my ſhade with funeral obſequies.

Why doſt thou gaze with wild diſtracted mien?
Retire, my love! I charge thee, from the fight,
Nor dare with frantic zeal to ruſh between
Our lifted ſwords, and to retard the fight.

Tho' graceful beauty dwells upon thy face,
Tho' ſoothing accents to thy voice belong,
Yet think not one of brave Diaran's race
Can be perſuaded to forget a wrong.

See! where the airy meſſengers of rain,
The winged clouds, float lightly in the ſky;
Haſte thee, Crimora, from the dewy plain,
From the impending ſtorm, to Selma fly.

Gray evening yields her place to ſable night,
Soon will the moon, involv'd in clouds, retire,
Ah! take advantage of her preſent light; —
May guardian angels lead thee to thy ſire!

Beneath his hoſpitable roof remain, —
There, my Crimora! thou wilt hear my doom,
See me return victorious from the plain,
Or deck with wreaths my honourable tomb.

CRIMORA.

Immortal powers! avert the threaten'd blow! —
In vain I call, the fates refuſe to hear;
Soon ſhall I ſee thy proud impetuous foe,
Soon ſhall I ſee his elevated ſpear.

Rather than urge me from thy ſight to go,
Plunge me, dear youth! in Lotha's ſtormy wave,
Where I (eſcaping from a life of woe)
May cloſe my eyes, and find a watry grave.

Compel me not, in this eventful hour,
To wait, in ſad ſuſpence, at Selma's hall; —
To leave thee is not in Crimora's power;
I know thy valour, — I foreſee thy fall.

Bereft of hope, devoted to diſpair,
While life remains, t'will be my wretched doom
To beat my throbbing breaſt, to rend my hair,
And ſit beneath the tree that ſhades thy tomb.

Oft as the hunter paſſes o'er the heath,
Oft as the ſhepherd hears me cry aloud,
They ſhall obſerve the mournful houſe of death,
And view thy ſpirit ſailing on a cloud.

Sad will the bards in Selma's hall appear,
  Whene'er they tune their harps in praiſe of thee,
And ſweet Minona * oft ſhall drop a tear,
  When in a plaintive tone ſhe ſings of me.

Lo! while Crimora ſpake, the chief
  Fierce on the plain was ſeen,
And Connal haſten'd to his foe,
  With an intrepid mien.

As when, impatient for revenge,
  Two mighty bulls engage,
So did the chiefs begin the fight,
  With wild impetuous rage.

Crimora trembling for her love,
  Then from her quiver drew
A barbed dart, which from her bow
  With fatal ſwiftneſs flew;

At Dargo's breaſt ſhe aim'd the wound—
  But lo! the erring dart
To Connal's manly boſom flew,
  And pierced his generous heart.

The wretched maid perceiv'd too late
  The miſchief ſhe had done;
Frantic ſhe haſten'd to the place,
  And mourn'd Diaran's ſon.

* The minſtrel.

There, like a ſtatue fix'd, ſhe ſtood,
Nor ſhed one tender tear,
The cold winds whiſtled round her head,
And blew her golden hair.

Dull were her eyes, like fleeting ſtars,
And palid was her cheek;
Trembling ſhe gazed upon the corpſe,
And ſtrove in vain to ſpeak.

With folded arms, with downcaſt eyes,
She there reſolv'd to ſtay,
Till, in contemplating his wound,
She ſigh'd her ſoul away.

Here by this ſolitary tree,
Which near the river grows,
And underneath this moſſy ground,
The lovers ſhall repoſe.

Here will I raiſe their ruſtic tomb,
Here ſtrew the ſweeteſt flowers,
Here oft I'll ſtrike the vocal ſhell,
Here paſs my evening hours.

The mountain bee ſhall hum around,
The roe ſhall bound along,
The breeze ſhall ſigh upon the graſs,
While ſorrow rules my ſong.

Ye maids of Selma, hither come!
The lovers' fate deplore;
Soft be your reſt, ye hapleſs pair!
Who ſleep, to wake no more.

Give me the harp! — with ſounds of woe
I'll fill the echoing grove,
And carve upon this bending tree,
The mournful tale of love.

OLIVIA.

TREAD gently o'er this hallow'd turf!
Approach with awe profound!
And with a pious tear embalm
The conſecrated ground.

For here Olivia is interr'd—
In peaceful duſt ſhe ſleeps—
Around her tomb the graces mourn,
And ſoft-eyed pity weeps.

Poor hapleſs maid! by death's cold hand
Cut off in beauty's bloom,
Each mind that knows the power of love
Shall venerate thy tomb.

The penſive lover here ſhall come,
His oriſons to pay,
And village maidens ſtrew around
The blooming ſweets of May.

Hither the palid primroſe bring,
The violet ever blue,
As conſtant to its native tint,
As ſhe to love was true.

The primroſe leaf was not more ſoft,
More tender, than her heart,
Which cou'd not bear misfortune's blaſt,
Nor love's envenom'd dart.

She liv'd within an humble vale,
Near Severn's ſilver ſtream,
Where fair Olivia's peerleſs charms
Was ev'ry ſhepherd's theme.

Among the train of youthful ſwains,
Who vow'd eternal love,
Young Ferdinand alone had power
Her virgin heart to move.

So oft he ſwore, ſo ſweet he ſmil'd,
She dar'd believe him true;
She thought his heart was like her own,
Which falſhood never knew.

('Tis women's nature to believe
What artful men may ſay;
'Tis theirs, with ſoftneſs, to perſuade,
And baſely to betray.)

This truth the loſt Olivia found;
Her lover proved untrue;
Allur'd by the deſire of change,
To other nymphs he flew.

Left her to pine and waſte away,
Unpitied to complain,
To drop the unavailing tear,
And heave the ſigh in vain.

Oft at the ſolemn midnight hour,
When the moon brightly ſhone,
The mourner wou'd deſert her bed,
And wander forth alone.

To the clear Severn ſhe repair'd,
And o'er the river hung,
While ſweet, but melancholy, words
Flow'd from her feeble tongue.

At early dawn, one ſummer day,
A ploughboy led his team
Along a path that winds its way
By Severn's ſilver ſtream.

There did he ſee the hapleſs maid
Float down the rapid tide;
He ſnatch'd her from a WATRY grave;
She breath'd a ſigh,—and died.

ZELIMA:

AN ELEGY.

" WHY hangs a cloud upon thy lovely brow?
" Where are thy ſmiles, thy youthful graces gone?
" Doſt thou, dear maid! a ſecret ſorrow know,
" A ſorrow which thy tongue declines to own?

" Languid and mournful are thoſe beauteous eyes,
" That us'd to ſparkle with a magic fire;
" I hear, with ſorrow, thy repeated ſighs;
" I ſee the roſes from thy cheeks retire.

" Say, has ſome friend been faithleſs to her truſt?
" Haſt thou the fickleneſs of fortune proved?
" Are thy relations to thy worth unjuſt?
" Or art thou ſlighted by ſome youth beloved?

" Wherefore, when others join the ſportive throng,
" (Who at the ſhrine of mirth diverſion ſeek,)
" Do mournful accents falter on thy tongue,
" And the big tear hang trembling on thy cheek?

" In vain does pleaſure various arts employ,
" From ſcenes of gayety I ſee thee turn,
" As if thy heart had loſt the ſenſe of joy,
" And all thy occupation was to mourn.

" To me the troubles of thy breaſt confide,
" To me thy melancholy thoughts impart;
" Let my fidelity, my truth, be try'd,
" And I will lock thy ſecret in my heart."

To fair Zelima I my words addreſs'd;
With kind complacency ſhe deign'd to hear;
Then thus divulged the ſorrows of her breaſt,
And from her eyelid wiped the ſtarting tear.

" If ſilent you have often ſeen me mourn,
" And hide the reaſon of my ſecret pain,
" It was, becauſe my wretched heart was torn
" With feelings, which I dared not to explain.

" When you have ſeen me leave the buſy throng,
" And ſteal towards the ſhelter of the grove,
" Know that I fled thoſe gloomy ſhades among,
" Wounded by anguiſh, and oppreſs'd by love.

" The fatal ſecret I will now reveal —
" Confeſs my folly, and expoſe my ſhame,
" And try if language can have power to tell
" How deep my ſorrows are — how ſtrong my flame.

" I lov'd a youth, of ev'ry charm poſſeſs'd,
" A youth of noble, unaffected mien;
" His form was by the loves and graces dreſs'd,
" And perfect beauty in his face was ſeen.

" On his mild accents ſoft perſuaſion hung,
" In his bright eyes a tender paſſion ſhone,
" Learning and ſenſe flow'd ſweetly from his tongue,
" And all the powers of pleaſing were his own.

" Yet, why ſhou'd I on his deſcription dwell?
" Why give my praiſes to ſo fair a frame?
" My ſtory will his dangerous beauty tell,
" My errors will his conquering power proclaim.

" Oſmyn was born to be Zelima's bane! —
" He ſpake of honour, and unfading love,
" Whilſt reaſon urg'd her auguments in vain,
" And bade me of his vows diſtruſtful prove.

" His haughty parents on our paſſion frown'd,
" Mean was my birth, — exalted his eſtate, —
" He ſacrific'd me to an empty ſound,
" Pride ſpake the ſentence, and decreed my fate.

" (Ah! what is pride? and what the glittering ſhew
" That marks the titled minion's ſplendid car?
" With artificial joy the heart may glow,
" Whilſt REAL happineſs is diſtant far.

" What is the idle pageantry of ſtate?
" What comforts can the gilded dome impart?
" The tinſel pomps that wait upon the great,
" Amuſe the eye, — but cannot reach the heart.

" Say, ye ſuperb ones! who with wanton pride
" Baſk in the ſunbeam fortune has beſtow'd,
" Say, does content within your gates reſide?
" Are all your proſperous paths with roſes ſtrew'd?

" Your lofty canopies, your painted domes,
" Your towers, are found acceſſible to care?
" Tho' at your door the verdant myrtle blooms,
" Yet deadly aconite is alſo there.)

" To Oſmyn's pride my miſery I owe, —
" Unequal marriage ſeem'd to him diſgrace,
" Nor cou'd my anceſtor one charter ſhew,
" One mark heraldic of a noble race.

" Yet he, (whoſe honour ſenſitive, and high,
" Scorn'd an alliance with an humble name,)
" Cou'd ſtoop to arts of an ignoble die
" To mar my comfort, and deſtroy my fame. —

" And now behold me, wretched and forlorn,
" Deſerted by the perjur'd youth I love,
" From all life's ſmiling expectations torn,
" And doom'd the pangs of penitence to prove.

" Neglected by the perſon I ador'd,
" Bereft of honour, ſtigmatiz'd by ſhame,
" To me, what pleaſures can the world afford?
" What compenſation for the loſs of fame?

" In vain this fatal form continues fair,
" In vain does youth the tide of grief oppoſe,
" I feel the inward poiſon of diſpair
" Feed at my heart, and rob me of repoſe.

" Ye glim'ring tapers! by whoſe waſting flame,
" I oft ſo ſadly have conſum'd the night,
" Say, have I not with bitter tears of ſhame
" Beheld the dawning of returning light?

" Have I not bluſh'd to ſee the face of day?
" Fled from the multitude that round me preſs'd,
" And to the pathleſs foreſt bent my way,
" To hide the anguiſh of a tortur'd breaſt?

" But ſoon this conflict of the mind will end—
" The hand of ſorrow ſigns my early doom,
" Towards the grave my weary ſteps I bend,
" And crave the ſhelter of a peaceful tomb.

" When in the boſom of the earth I'm laid,
" Relate my ſtory to the gay, and young;
" Inform them how Zelima was betray'd,
" And ſpeak the dying dictates of my tongue.

" Warn them (from my unhappy fate,) to turn
" From flow'ry paths, where lawleſs love prevails;—
" Bid them from me this uſeful leſſon learn,
" That happineſs expires when virtue fails."

THE

DRUID;

OR,

HUBERT AND ALFRIDA.

" WHAT cell, my ſhepherd boy! appears
" Thoſe maple trees among?
" Methought as whilome paſſing by,
" I heard a human tongue;
" Methought I heard a heavy ſigh,
" The dubious ſound prolong.

" The gathering clouds portend a ſtorm;—
" I know not where to go;
" Perhaps whoever there reſides
" A lodging may beſtow;
" Perhaps his charity provides
" For indigence and woe."

ANSWER.

The owner is an ancient man,
A Druid they him call;
And ſure he noble deeds wou'd do,
But that his power is ſmall:

For goodneſs on his brow appears,
And wiſdom tunes his tongue,
He cheers our old men with his harp,
He counſels well the young.

To others, comfort he beſtows;
They ne'er can aſk in vain;
But ſorrow on his quiet preys,
And wrings that heart humane.

Oft by the pale moon's glimmering light,
Theſe chequer'd ſhades among,
I've ſeen the meditating ſage
Steal penſively along.

Keen anguiſh ſeem'd to pain his breaſt,
And tears to fill his eyes,
While oft he raiſed his hoary head,
Appealing to the ſkies.

This day, when whiſtling winds aroſe
And drove him to his cell,
A ſcroll I found upon the way,
Which doth his ſorrows tell.

Thus it begins: "Tho' Hope is gone,
"I ſtill muſt fondly trace,
"The manners of the child I lov'd,
"The beauties of her face.

" Lamented be the fatal hour,
" When firſt ſhe ſaw the light!
" Yet more the day, when Hubert came
" And charm'd my daughter's ſight!

" Deluded maid! with him ſhe fled,
" Fled from parental care,
" Fled with the author of her ſhame,
" And left me to diſpair.

" For this, to lonely wilds I fly,
" Where fraud is yet unknown,
" Where hid from thoſe who know my wrongs,
" I brood on grief alone.

" Soon will the fickle paramour,
" For whom ſhe left her ſire,
" Forget his vows of endleſs love,
" And all his guilty fire;

" Then loſt, abandon'd, and forlorn,
" Her heart may turn to me,
" And turn in vain — for I that hour
" Shall never live to ſee.

" I droop, I die, beneath my woes —
" I ſink into the grave! —
" From thoſe who may this paper find,
" One friendly act I crave:

" When I am cold, with cypreſs boughs
" My ruſtic bier adorn,
" And to the ſpoiler, Hubert's gate,
" Let my remains be borne:

" Then may the guilty lovers ſee
" The miſchief they have done,
" My child perceive I liv'd for her,
" And died, when ſhe was gone."

No farther cou'd the ſhepherd read,
For lo! with diſmal cry,
The ſtranger ſunk upon the ground,
And ſenſeleſs ſeem'd to lie.

In ſearch of aid the frighted youth
Flew to the Druid's door, —
The Druid on his ſtrawy couch,
Cou'd give relief no more.

Clos'd was the eye that us'd to ſhed
Benignant rays around;
Mute was the tongue that once cou'd yield
The ſofteſt, ſweeteſt ſound.

His harp, (whoſe ſilver tones were known
With magic to ſurprize,)
Now uſeleſs hung, no friend was there
To chaunt his obſequies.

His lamp a feeble light diffus'd,
His hour glaſs empty ſtood,
And on a rudely-faſhion'd bier,
Some cypreſs boughs were ſtrew'd.

Aghaſt the mournful peaſant ſtood,
While, waking from her ſwoon,
The damſel to the threſhold came,
And ſaw what death had done.

" Ah, father dear!" ſhe, weeping, cry'd,
" Theſe cypreſs wreathes are vain —
" The bier need not be brought to me,
" For here will end my pain.

" Deſerted by the cruel youth
" Who led my ſteps aſtray,
" Who from thy kind protecting wing,
" Firſt lur'd my heart away.

" I heard towards this foreſt's ſide
" Thy ſteps were ſeen to move,
" I follow'd; reſolute to die,
" Or to regain thy love.

" That love no more can I regain,
" Nor yet thy pardon crave ——
" Die then, Alfrida! — learn to die!
" And ſleep within his grave." —

She ſaid, and, frantick with diſpair,
A ſecret poniard drew,
Sheath'd it within her ſnowy breaſt,
And bade the world adieu.

THE CONFESSOR.

" WHY doſt thou weep, my gentle maid?
" What means that downcaſt eye?
" Wherefore this tremor in thy frame?
" And whence that heavy ſigh?

" Are wayward thoughts, that fear the light,
" The tenants of thy breaſt?
" Does conſcience, with envenom'd ſting,
" Deprive thy ſoul of reſt?

" Haſt thou, by diſobedient deeds,
" Thy aged parents grieved?
" Art thou deſerted by thy love?
" Or of thy friends bereaved?

" Of frailty does thy ſoul repent?
" Has illneſs ſhook thy frame?
" Is ſharp adverſity thy lot?
" Or is thy portion ſhame?"

With eyes averted, thus reply'd
The melancholy fair,
" My ſorrows flow from hopeleſs love;
" My portion is, diſpair.

" Devoid of guilt my life has been,
" My conduct free from blame;
" No ſhade of vice, no lawleſs deed,
" Has ever mark'd my name.

" Hear my confeſſion, and forgive
" The tears that ſtill muſt flow,
" And oh! thou delegate of heaven,
" Like heaven, compaſſion ſhew.

" My father was a Baron bold,
" Of wealth and high renown;
" In infancy my brethren died,
" And I was left alone:

" Alone was left, to be the heir
" Of all his large eſtate,
" To be the ſlave of dignity,
" And miſerably great.

" Among the rival train, who made
" Profeſſions of their love,
" Young Almeric alone had power
" My guileleſs heart to move.

" His eyes cou'd all his thoughts expreſs;—
" Thoſe ſparkling eyes cou'd tell,
" That none among th' obſequious throng
" Lov'd Emmeline ſo well.

" His charms, his worth, his honeſt love,
" To win my choice combin'd;
Nor was romantic paſſion mine,
" 'Twas love with reaſon join'd.

" But Almeric alas! was poor,
" My ſire his ſuit diſdain'd,
" And I, by ſenſe of duty aw'd,
" To own my love refrain'd.

" I never told the generous youth,
" My heart was like his own,
" But patient dropp'd the ſilent tear,
" Nor made my ſtory known.

" Ah fatal ſilence! ſad reſerve!
" This conduct was my bane,
" I now am doom'd to mourn my fate,
" And ſpeak of love in vain.

" The youth miſtook reſerve for pride;
" Diſpairing, he retired;
" Fled to ſome unfrequented place,
" And there unknown expired."

" Expired?" the Confeſſor exclaim'd:
" Alas!" the fair reply'd,
" No doubt in ſome obſcure retreat,
" My hapleſs lover died:

" For ſince the hour that he withdrew,
(" With looks that ſpake diſpair,)
" No tidings of his deſtiny
" Have ever reach'd my ear.

" When he was gone, in frantick mood
" His abſence I bewail'd,
" Diſcretion vaniſh'd from my mind,
" And love alone prevail'd.

" That love I publickly reveal'd,
" And made a ſolemn vow,
" That, if bereft of him, I ne'er
" At Hymen's fane wou'd bow.

" Not long my father liv'd, to mourn
" My obſtinate decree,
" His wealth was my inheritance;
" But what was wealth to me?

" Ah! do not chide my deep regret,
" Nor my diſpair reprove,
" But tell me how to live reſign'd,
" Deprived of him I love?" —

She ſpake, and, with a falt'ring tongue,
The Friar thus reply'd:
" Far be it from my pitying breaſt
" Thy conſtancy to chide.

" I rather wou'd reward thy love,
" And baniſh ev'ry care —
" Ah! deign to gaze upon theſe eyes,
" And read my meſſage there."

She wildly gazed upon his face,
She ſaw him ſhed a tear;
She fell into the Friar's arms,
And found her lover there.

" Yes!" he exclaim'd, " my gentle love,
" Beneath this garb ſurvey,
" That Almeric whoſe faithful heart
" From thee cou'd never ſtray.

" In this diſguiſe array'd, I came,
" My ſentence to receive,
" To hear thy tongue pronounce my death,
" Or bid me hope, and live.

" Bleſt be the hour when from thy lips
" The ſoft confeſſion came,
" When firſt I heard thy tuneful voice
" Atteſt ſo true a flame!

" Thus kneeling, Emmeline! to thee
" Eternal faith I ſwear,
" Thy love ſhall ever be my pride,
" Thy happineſs my care."

THE CONVICT.

TWICE hath the moon with waining luſtre ſhone,
Since theſe ſad eyes my native land ſurvey'd,
Since, by the violence of love undone,
My wretched frame to ſlav'ry was betray'd.

From that dire moment o'er my woes I brood,
Nor day nor night can miniſter relief;
Yet the hoarſe murmurs of the turbid flood
Seem to reprove my vehemence of grief.

Pardon, ye elements! whom oft my cries
Diſturb with accents of a wild diſpair,
And if ye wonder at my frequent ſighs,
Ah! ſeek my love, and read the reaſon there.

Her eyes, where gentleneſs and candour reign,
Her lips, to which perſuaſive power is given,
Theſe will the cauſe of my regret explain,
And tell why peace is from my boſom driven.

Bewitching ſoftneſs, intereſting grace,
Secured the conqueſts that her beauty made,
Hers were the charms which time can ne'er efface,
Manners that pleaſe, and reaſons that perſuade.

Gentle as generous, amiable as fair,
From pride, from guile, from affectation free,
Camilla liſten'd to my ardent prayer,
And gave her heart to poverty and me.

Yes! ſhe for me incurr'd a parent's blame,
For me, refuſed th' advantage wealth might give,
Reſolved to recompenſe my honeſt flame,
And fondly vow'd with Theodore to live.

Awhile we baniſh'd ev'ry thought of care,
My induſtry our little wants ſupply'd,
The Syren hope repeated in my ear,
That time might give, what fortune had denied.

But falſe her words, and fruitleſs were my pains,
(Tho' long I toil'd, and combated with fate,)
Whilſt my Camilla's penitential lines
In vain were offer'd at her father's gate.

In vain ſhe ſued for pardon, and for bread,
The cruel Edgar was not to be moved,
Since from his roof clandeſtinely ſhe fled,
He ſcorn'd the daughter, whom he once had loved.

At length misfortune by a ſudden blow,
Deſtroy'd the ſlender comfort we poſſeſs'd,
Forbade Camilla's heart with hope to glow,
And planted anguiſh in her lover's breaſt.

Worn with my day's fatigue, and wet with rain,
One night I haſten'd to my lowly bed,
There felt thro' all my limbs encreaſing pain,
And burning fever raging in my head.

Long did I ſtruggle with the fierce diſeaſe,
  Till youth reſtored me to a life of woe,
Till reaſon gain'd her empire by degrees,
  And taught me trials more ſevere to know.

I ſaw Camilla watching o'er my bed ; —
  Her anxious looks, her intereſting voice,
Encouraged me to raiſe my aching head,
  And in her kind attentions to rejoice.

But ere my ſtrength enabled me to ſeek
  The means of life, I heard Camilla ſigh,
Saw the faint roſe grow paler on her cheek,
  And languor threat'ning in her heavy eye.

Ah! what avail'd my energy of prayer!
  Each hour the malady more ſerious grew ;
Pain, grief, deſpondence, our companions were,
  While poverty and famine join'd the crew.

Our all was gone ; — Camilla, for my ſake,
  Had robb'd herſelf of neceſſary food,
Made me in illneſs the laſt morſel take,
  Tho' ſhe with want and watching was ſubdued.

But nature cou'd not keep the ſecret long ;
  Her reſolution with her ſtrength decay'd ;
The ſuffering angel now, with falt'ring tongue,
  And eager look, petition'd me for bread.

" Yet ſtay!" ſhe cry'd. " My ſufferings I deſerve!
  " The momentary aid will uſeleſs prove—
" When diſobedient minds from duty ſwerve,
  " A curſe attends upon the name of love.

" My father's anger will at length ſubſide,
" When he is told the rigour of my doom,
" Is told, for thy dear ſake content I died,
" To live with whom I left my native home.

" Adieu, dear object of my early vows!
" Friend of my boſom! do not grieve for me;—
" The ſtrongeſt pang thy dying partner knows,
" Believe me, Theodore! is leaving thee."—

I ſaw her faint, I heard her feeble groan,—
The ſcene was more than mortal could endure;
Her life I priz'd far dearer than my own;
The ill was preſſing—deſperate the cure.

Arm'd with a piſtol, to the door I flew,
Heedleſs of danger, to reflexion loſt,
To ſave my love I dar'd a crime to do,
For which I'm exil'd to a ſavage coaſt.

Camilla's danger nerv'd my feeble hand;
With ruffian rage a ſtranger I addreſs'd;
I made his purſe my inſolent demand,
And held the piſtol to his trembling breaſt.

My aim was to retard Camilla's doom,
To purchaſe food, and ſave a ſtarving wife,
But him I robb'd, ſoon trac'd me to my home,
And with revengeful ire, purſued my life.

While in a priſon's lotheſome walls I laid,
The dreadful ſtory came to Edgar's ear,
He to Camilla due aſſiſtance paid,
But when ſhe ſpake for me, refuſed her prayer.

The judge with juſt, but harſh ſeverity,
Pronounced my ſentence with an awful voice;
Nor made allowance, tho' Neceſſity
Plac'd me with felons who had robb'd from Choice.

Yes amongſt men accuſtom'd to aggrieve,
Inured to falſhood, and to miſchief prone,
They ſentenced me in foreign lands to live,
And, by my ſufferings, for my fault atone.

While my Camilla's weak and wretched ſtate
Doom'd her to linger on the bed of pain,
They dragg'd me forth, to my ignoble fate,
And launch'd the deſtin'd veſſel on the main.

Condemn'd to baniſhment, of hope bereft,
My name degraded, and Camilla loſt,
In ſullen ſilence I the priſon left,
My thoughts by ſhame, and deep deſpair, engroſs'd;

But when the breeze to fill the ſails began,
When Albion's dear lov'd cliffs were left behind,
Thro' my wild brain, keen recollection ran,
And rouzed each dormant paſſion of the mind.

Then did a thouſand tender thoughts ariſe,
So late ſubdued by ſhame, and ſtrange amaze,
Towards the leſs'ning ſhore, I turn'd my eyes,
(Ting'd by the ſetting ſun's departing rays.)

With eager ken, and with diſorder'd mien,
I ſtrain'd my ſight, yet to behold the place,
Till in th' horizon like a ſpeck 'twas ſeen,
Then fading quite away, was loſt in ſpace.

Since that ſad moment o'er my woes I brood,
Nor day nor night can miniſter relief;
Yet the hoarſe murmurs of the turbid flood
Seem to reprove my vehemence of grief.

For ſure my crime may in the ſight of Heaven,
Find mercy, when Camilla was the cauſe,
My firſt, my only crime, be THERE forgiven,
Tho' doom'd to puniſhment by human laws.

When I from far the ſcreaming curlew hear,
Rouzed by the ſound, in frantick mood I rave,
Methinks Camilla's voice aſſails my ear.
Breathes in each blaſt, and ſwells in ev'ry wave.

Awhile I catch the faſcinating ſound,
By phrenzied fancy into error led,—
Then caſt my looks diſconſolate around,
And long to join the ſpirits of the dead.

Religion bids me hated life endure;—
I yield obedient to the high beheſt,
Tho' death invites me to accept a cure,
For all the woes that rankle in my breaſt.

Oft when the moon her ſilver beam haſt caſt
Along the boſom of the ſlumbering deep,
When the furl'd ſail hangs idle on the maſt,
And all but Me have loſt their cares in ſleep,

Penſive I ſit, the victim of deſpair,
Condemn'd to bonds, tho' ſervitude I ſcorn.
Without a friend my drooping ſoul to cheer—
A ruin'd wretch, unpitied, and forlorn.

When the winds blow, and diſtant breakers riſe,
Careleſs I hear the deep prophetic roar,
And tho' pale lightning ſhoots along the ſkies,
Shun not the terrors of the awful hour.

My comrades tremble at th' encreaſing wave,
And read deſtruction in the lab'ring ſky,
Whilſt hanging o'er the ſhrouds, the ſtorm I brave, —
Grown prodigal of life, and glad to die.

Yet rather wou'd I meet my country's foes,
Than drop unnoticed in a watry grave,
Rather my life in ſuch a cauſe expoſe,
And fall amid the plaudits of the brave!

So might my actions dignify my name,
And prove I mourn not from a coward's fears;
So might my death be regiſter'd by fame,
And deem'd deſerving of Camilla's tears!

That ſoothing thought brings comfort to my breaſt,
Arreſts the tear of woe, the bluſh of ſhame;
My injuries muſt ſtill be unredreſt,
Yet my diſgrace may be repair'd by fame.

Oh thou! to whom this breaking heart adheres,
Pride of my life! and object of my love!
Ne'er mayſt thou know the agonizing cares,
Thy hapleſs Theodore is doom'd to prove.

Unheard by thee, for liberty I ſigh;
Unſeen by thee, I drop th' unmanly tear;
Loath to exiſt — and yet forbid to die,
Tho' life preſents no charm, and death no fear.

In dreams alone I can forget my woe,
  In dreams alone behold Camilla live,
See that ſoft cheek with blooming beauty glow,
  And words of comfort from thoſe lips receive.

Come then, ſweet ſleep! and cloſe my aching eyes,
  Nor let me ſtill invoke thine aid in vain;
Thy viſions oft the want of peace ſupplies,
  Come then, ſweet ſleep! and mitigate my pain.

Let fancy hover o'er this weary head,
  My frantick rage, my deep deſpair, controul,
Baniſh the horrors that ſurround my bed,
  And in Camilla's voice compoſe my ſoul.

On the EARL *of* MANSFIELD *falling with Lady* EDWARD BENTINCK *from a bench in the Ball Room at Tunbridge Wells, (occaſion'd by a kettle being overſet on the table where they were drinking tea,) in which fall the* EARL *loſt his wig.*

WHO wou'd not think it perfect bliſs,
In ſuch a gallant cauſe as this,
With ſuch a fair to fall?
How cou'd a courtier be afraid!
When youth and beauty claim'd his aid,
The ſacrifice was ſmall.

Fair nymph! for thee the ruſtic ſquire
Wou'd leave his hounds, the bard his lyre,
His quill, and laurel crown;
The monk wou'd ceaſe to count his beads,
The pilgrim throw aſide his weeds,
The ſenator his gown.

Mourn not, ye JUDGES! when we tell
How from the BENCH Earl Mansfield fell,
For JUSTICE thus replys:
" Without a wig, — without a gown,
" He ſtill muſt equally be known,
" Pre-eminently wiſe.

" Not unto outward forms confin'd,
" His bright, his comprehenſive mind,
" In ev'ry dreſs the ſame,
" Diffuſes o'er the world its ray,
" And keeping death and time at bay,
" Glows with one ſteady flame."

An invocation to the Nymph of the Spring at Tunbridge Wells, on LORD MANSFIELD *having expreſs'd an intention of leaving the place.*

ARISE, fair Naiad, from thy well,
Ariſe and tune the vocal ſhell;
Try ev'ry ſoft bewitching art,
To charm the ear, and pleaſe the heart,
Till Mansfield ſhall thy voice obey,
And near thy ſpring conſent to ſtay.

Sweetly warble in his ear,
" Health! and all her train are here;
" Health! whoſe liberal hand beſtows
" Nights of undiſturb'd repoſe,
" Hours of ſocial mirth and glee,
" Days of ſoft tranquillity."

Nymph! at thy pellucid ſpring
Ruddy health delights to dwell,
Fanning with her magic wing
The mineral ſparks that fill thy well,
And o'er the ſurface of the ſtream
Hope ſheds her faſcinating beam.

Bacchus! roſy god of wine,
Muſt to thee the palm reſign;
His ſweets nectareous may impart
A SHORT-LIVED banquet to the heart,
May diſſipate the gloom of care,
And ſhield the ſufferer from diſpair,

May bid the ſlave forget his chains,
The exiled wretch his native plains,
And, by a tranſient joy, ſuſpend
The anguiſh of an injured friend.

Yet long the viſion cannot laſt,
With Reaſon, ſorrow's force returns,
The dream of happineſs is paſt, —
The ſlave perceives his chain, and mourns:
Again the lover feels his pains,
Again the injur'd friend complains;
The artificial ſpirits ceaſe to blaze,
And weaken'd nature rapidly decays.

But thou, O nymph! canſt cheer mankind,
Invigorate the drooping mind,
Bid faded beauty reaſſume
Her ſprightly grace, her roſeate bloom,
Give ſpirit to the languid eye,
And baniſh from the breaſt Dejection's ſigh.

Whilſt o'er thy ſparkling fountain bends
The wiſeſt judge, the beſt of friends,
Nymph of the ſtream! indulgent heaven
The grateful taſk to thee has given
To bid him from thy well receive
The renovating draught — and live:
Thy power has made thoſe eyes benign
With all their former luſtre ſhine;
Science, and art, no longer mourn,
Again they ſee his health return,
And hear his tuneful lips diſpenſe
The words of pureſt eloquence.

On a Robin Redbreaſt being in one of the windows in the Drawing Room at St. James's, on New-Years Day, 1784.

SAY, idle flutterer! why art thou
Come hither with the motley crowd?
Who promiſe, flatter, cringe, and bow,
Each of his own importance proud!
Poor bird! unnotic'd thou wilt wait,
A trifler, loſt among the great.

Why, Robin, didſt thou venture here?
Did Royal Charlotte's gentle mien
Encourage thee to come ſo near,
Attracted by her look ſerene?
Say, didſt thou leave the peaceful grove,
To hear her ſpeak, to ſee her move?

Or wert thou won by Townſhend's ſmile?—
Did Jerſey's charms thy heart enſnare?
Did Stormont's eyes thy ſteps beguile?
Or Buckingham's majeſtic air?
Or Devonſhire's bewitching face
Entice thee to this buſy place?

Or, ſay! did Rutland's form divine,
And graceful air, attract thy ſight?
Did Melbourn's contenance benign,
Thee, rambler! to the Court invite?
The riſque of accidents to brave,
At beſt, a voluntary ſlave!

Whate'er the real cauſe may be
That brought thee, ſilly creature! here,
May none, with eyes malicious, ſee
The Redbreaſt as he hovers near,
Ah! may no hand profane preſume
To bear thee from the Royal Room:

For thou haſt merit few poſſeſs,
Who here their frequent homage pay;
They often hate whom they careſs,
And flatter only to betray;
Whilſt thou, who ne'er deceit haſt known,
Art worthier to approach the throne.

The ROBIN'*s Anſwer.*

POOR tho' I am, of humble feather,
And almoſt frozen with the weather,
Yet queſtion'd thus, I, by your leave,
An anſwer to your words will give;
For ſince the day of odes is come,
I chuſe to feel myſelf at home.

Firſt, you are pleas'd to aſk the reaſon,
Why I am here! — pray, is it treaſon,
That honeſty, tho' not preſented,
Shou'd gain acceſs? Am I prevented
From coming in with Faſhion's herd,
Becauſe MY father was a bird?

Some here may have more cauſe than me
For bluſhing at their pedigree.
Yet no ambition brings me hither,
It is neceſſity, and weather;
Benumb'd, and almoſt famiſh'd too,
In at the Palace gate I flew:
But tho' the ſnow and pinching cold
Made me ſo deſperately bold,
Yet, awed, and fearful of a frown,
I keep at diſtance from the throne,
Nor with aſſurance flutter near
Thoſe Royal Perſons I revere.
Permit me, then, to plead my cauſe,
Tho' not *au fait* in human laws,
Tho' not, like Erſkine, bleſs'd with ſenſe,
And all the charms of eloquence.
Whilſt the fair ſex like magpies chatter,
Whilſt petit maitres vow and flatter,
I, who can neither lye nor prate,
In ſimple lays my tale relate,
And ſpeak the language of a heart
Unpractis'd in the rules of art.
Perhaps I'm reckon'd unpolite,
Becauſe my dreſs may not be right;
No ſword, nor buckles, can I wear,
Nor in a velvet coat appear;
Th' embroider'd paramant, and veſt,
The *chapeau bras*, with feathers dreſs'd,
The ſilken bag, the powder'd pate,
Are things I cannot imitate;
Yet I have known ſome pretty beaux,
Men of the tôn, renown'd for clothes,
Who in their waiſtcoats * copy me,
And wear my flaming livery.

* Alluding to the ſcarlet waiſtcoats worn at that time.

Then why ſhou'd I their ſight offend,
If on a beauty I attend,
Enamour'd, gaze on Rutland's face,
And doat on her ſuperior grace,
Her ruby lip, her radiant eyes,
(Where dignity and ſweetneſs lies,)
Her form ſo elegant and fair,
Her taſte in dreſs, her matchleſs air.
But if ſome fop ſhou'd drive me thence,
And curſe me for my impudence,
To Thurlow's copious wig I'd fly,
And there, ſecure from inſult, lie;
His noble heart with honour glows,
He ſure wou'd guard me from my foes,
Nor ſhake poor Robin from a wig
So comfortably warm, and big,
But if he ſhou'd not think me fit
To tarry there, I'd fly to Pitt;
Then, above garters, ſtars, and all
Who low at Fortune's altar fall;
I ſhou'd look down, with pride elate,
On the mean followers of ſtate,
Whilſt he, to whom indulgent heaven
Perſuaſive eloquence has given,
Wou'd plead my cauſe, without remiſſion,
Till the Queen granted this petition:

ROBIN'S *Petition to* HER MAJESTY.

DEIGN, Royal CHARLOTTE! deign to hear,
An humble, artleſs creature's prayer:
Allow me freely here to rove,
Attendant on the QUEEN I love;

Protected from th' inclement air,
Ah! let me hop, or flutter here,
Thro' the apartments dayly go,
Now ſing above, now chirp below,
And pick, whenever I am able,
The crumbs beneath the Chaplain's table.

AN ADDRESS TO KENWOOD.

YE happy ſcenes! by taſte improved,
By all the friends of virtue lov'd,
  Who reverence Mansfield's name:
Whilſt wiſdom, learning, worth, receives
That praiſe the mind diſcerning gives,
  Thy groves will merit fame.

For oft by yon pellucid ſtream,
The great inſpirer of my theme
  Has been obſerv'd to ſtray.
There pour'd inſtruction on the ear,
Or mourn'd with thoſe who penſive were,
  Or laugh'd among the gay.

His brow was never ſeen to frown,
Save when ſuch glaring deeds were known,
  As wore a fraudful dye.
Then did the wretch, appal'd with fear,
Behold him as a Judge ſevere,
  And dread his piercing eye.

He temper'd dignity with eaſe,
Knew how to awe, and how to pleaſe,
  How blend reſpect with love;
He cheer'd the timid with a ſmile,
The ſad could of their cares beguile,
  The guilty wou'd reprove.

Again he ſeeks your tranquil ſhades—
Ah haſten, ye Aönian maids!
And tune the lyric ſtring,
With ſounds harmonious ſooth his ear;—
Ye flowers! with gayer tints appear,
Ye birds more ſweetly ſing!

Yet vain is all the bloom of ſpring,
In vain the choral warblers ſing
To thoſe with pain oppreſt.
Hear then, oh! hear the muſe's prayer!
Hygeia! haſte to meet him there,
And long remain his gueſt.

On the EARL *of* MANSFIELD'S *Portrait painted by Sir* JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE artiſt well has drawn each graceful line,
And from his animating pencil thrown
Thoſe traits of wiſdom which conſpicuous ſhine,
To mark a ſpirit deſtin'd for renown.

Deep learning, thought profound, and judgement ſtrong,
Temper'd with mild ſerenity, is there,
A ſweet expreſſion to thoſe eyes belong,
Unlike the ſcornful glance, the look ſevere.

Each ſoft affection gives a nameleſs grace;—
There candour ſpeaks, and amity benign,
Thoſe ſocial virtues beaming from the face,
Reynolds! thy pencil only cou'd deſign.

While memory laſts, this matchleſs proof of ſkill
Another trophy to thy fame will raiſe;
Thy works of fancy muſt enchant us ſtill,
But this demands our more immediate praiſe.

Long may the wiſe original appear
The boaſt and wonder of a grateful age!
An age that muſt the character revere
Which forms an able judge, a virtuous ſage.

ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

" SWEET ſenſibility! thou power
" To ſocial intercourſe ſo dear,
" Thou ſtar philoſophers adore,
" Oh! ſparkle any where but here.

" This boſom dares contend with thee,
" Whoſe ſway it has too long obey'd;
" I pant, I languiſh, to be free,
" To break the bonds which thou haſt made.

" 'Tis true, thy influence recommends
" The minds wherein it does reſide;
" It turns acquaintance into friends;
" It bleſſes thoſe whom ſeas divide;

" It lends ſociety delights,
" Unknown to ſouls of duller ſenſe;
" To noble ſentiments incites,
" And frowns upon indifference.

" Inſpir'd by ſenſibility,
" The tear of generous pity flows;
" Love cannot live, unleſs with thee,
" To whom his conſequence he owes.

" As to the leaf, at early morn
" The lucid dewdrop freſhneſs gives,
" Where'er thy rays the mind adorn,
" That mind, the power to pleaſe, receives.

" The tear, the ſigh, that may be given
" By thee, when but a ſparrow dies,
" Are purer, in the ſight of heaven,
" Than all the language pomp ſupplies.

" By thee, 'tis true, thou power divine!
" Our pleaſures double force acquire,
" Our thoughts thy influence can refine,
" With bright enthuſiaſtic fire:

" Yet do thy votaries alſo prove
" Thoſe pangs indifference cannot feel,
" Thoſe dire extremes of grief and love,
" Beyond what language can reveal.

" A thouſaud anxious thought and cares,
" Which dull indifference does not know,
" A thouſand jealouſies and fears,
" Beneath thy patronage may grow.

" Oh! then, ſince for a taſte of ſweet,
" A draught of bitter thou mayſt give,
" With dreams of joy forbear to cheat,
" And let me with indifference live:

" So ſhall my dull, inactive mind
" No violence of paſſions prove;
" My thoughts, inſipid and confin'd,
" Will neither tend to hate nor love.

" Then will impatience, ſorrow, rage,
" Each wild emotion, be ſuppreſs'd;
" My heart, at peace within its cage,
" No more will diſcompoſe my breaſt.

" Keen Diſappointment's cruel dart
" Will ceaſe to give a moment's pain;
" Ingratitude to ſting the heart,
" Anxiety to rack the brain."

Thus Flavia ſpake: when at her ſide
A light, fantaſtic form was ſeen;
His wings with various tints were dy'd,
And youthful grace adorn'd his mien.

The phantom was of fairy ſize,
And gentle as the breath of May,
Expreſſion ſparkled in his eyes,
Whilſt thus he ſaid, (or ſeem'd to ſay:)

" To check the fervor of thy prayer,
" To mortal ſight I'm thus reveal'd;—
" Behold thy Guardian Angel here,
" Thy faithful Sylph, till now conceal'd.

" Long have I watch'd, by day, by night,
" On thee, with unremitting zeal;
" Inviſible to Laura's ſight,
" I've known each pang her heart could feel.

" Whene'er thy pulſe with rapid pace
" The heart's emotion doth betray,
" I read diſturbance in thy face,
" I haſte to chaſe the ſtorm away.

" And if a thought of angry kind
" E'er gains dominion o'er the reſt,
" I drive the rebel from your mind,
" I bring compoſure to your breaſt.

" Thy joys, thy griefs, cou'd never ſpring
" But that their ſource to me was known;
" I've exercis'd this magic wing,
" To make felicity thine own.

" The other an employment bears
" Of equal conſequence I ween,
" It baniſhes ideal cares,
" And gives eclât to ev'ry ſcene.

" But know, ſhort-ſighted creature! know,
" I ſenſibility revere,
" To whom the race of mortals owe
" The greateſt bliſs that waits them here.

" Depriv'd of her inſpiring aid,
" Your life inſipid you wou'd find,
" Pleaſure, and joy, and mirth, wou'd fade,
" And leave a ſullen gloom behind.

" Friendſhip no longer cou'd impart
" Thoſe ſweets that virtue does approve,
" Loſt to your metamorphos'd heart,
" Wou'd be compaſſion, hope, and love.

" No ſympathy wou'd thee incline,
" To ſhare the intereſt of a friend,
" No ſentimental thought be thine,
" Nor wou'd the muſe thy call attend.

" Be then contented to retain
" That ſenſibility you mourn ;
" Your heart reſiſts its power in vain ;
" With your exiſtence it was born.

" By fate implanted in your breaſt,
" It never will be baniſh'd thence,
" Till Laura in the grave ſhall reſt,
" And there obtain indifference."

THE SYLPH.

WHERE woodbines wave among the checquer'd ſhade,
Beneath an elm, was Amaryllis laid;
Acroſs the grove ſhe caſt an anxious look,
Then ſighing ſoft, this tender language ſpoke:

" The heavy hours are almoſt paſt,
" That part my love and me:
" My longing eyes may hope at laſt,
" Their only wiſh to ſee."

But lo! a Sylph emerging from the ſhade,
Refulgent ſhone before the wond'ring maid,
Like Maia's ſon replete with youthful grace,
Airy his form, intelligent his face,
His wings emblazon'd like the peacock's tail,
His breath balſamic as the ſouthern gale,
His eyes expreſſive of a ſoul within,
Alive to pleaſure, yet averſe to ſin.

" Ariſe," he cry'd; " forſake this gloomy grove,
" Haunted by evil ſprights, and foes to love;
" Here baleful doubt beneath the nightſhade grows,
" Empoiſons hope, and baniſhes repoſe.

" Ariſe, fair maid! and join the feſtive throng,
" Who in yon princely dome unite in ſong.
" The choral lay requires thy tuneful voice:
" At thy approach the minſtrels will rejoice;
" The lyre, ſo long unſtrung, attun'd by thee,
" Shall yield the ſofteſt ſounds of melody.
" The banquet yet for Amaryllis waits,
" The gay proceſſion lingers in the gates."

AMARYLLIS.

" In vain you court me: to a mind diſeas'd,
" Thoſe things no longer charm that lately pleas'd;
" Loſt is for me the harmony of ſong,
" And vain the mirth of the convivial throng.
" I ſtay, leſt Damon ſhou'd perchance be ſeen,
" (For Damon oft has wander'd o'er the green,)
" The ſight of him is dearer far to me,
" Than all your boaſted charms of revelry."

SYLPH.

" Ah, Nymph! how often have I ſeen thee move,
" Graceful, and gay, acroſs yon citron grove,
" Eager to dance among the village maids,
" Whoſe ſtep enlivens, and whoſe tongue perſuades.
" In that ſame grove thoſe jocund virgins meet
" The rebec's ſound, the merry tabor's beat.
" Thou, only thou, alas! art wanting there,
" To charm the ſwains, and to direct the fair.
" To win thoſe praiſes which to thee belong,
" And reign the favourite of the feſtal ſong.
" Lo! pleaſure calls thee to her wanton court,
" Where faſhion triumphs, and the graces ſport,

" Where pride is gratify'd, where joy is ſeen,
" And pomp of dreſs, that might befit a Queen;
" Embroider'd ſandals, dazzling to the view,
" And robes of tyrian purple, are thy due;
" For thee a garland is already made;
" For thee a zone, with coſtly gems inlaid.
" Ariſe, fair Nymph! adjuſt thy flowing hair,
" Move to the feſtival, and conquer there:
" Take the bright robe;—the zone, the garland claim,
" And taſte the tranſport of ſuperior fame."

AMARYLLIS.

" Forbear theſe flattering words! from one alone
" Thoſe flattering words wou'd wear a Syren's tone,
" Wou'd plead with ſoft inſinuating power,
" And make ME vain, who was not vain before.
" Let others dance, (altho' the dance I love,)
" Let them ſuperior praiſe, and preference prove,
" The dance I ſcorn if Damon is not there,
" Nor wiſh another ſwain ſhou'd think me fair;
" Soft Lydian airs, gay dances, jovial ſongs,
" To mirth and all her motley train belongs;
" My ſoul, an alien to ſuch joys as theſe,
" Prefers the gloom of theſe protecting trees.
" Or cou'd my mind be for a moment gay,
" To other ſcenes I ſhou'd direct my way,
" More uſeful ſports than what you praiſe are found—
" For deeds more glorious I have oft been crown'd."

SYLPH.

" Come then, with me, and haunt the ſavage boar;
" Let active wild purſuits, thy peace reſtore.

" Have I not ſeen thee buſkin'd for the chaſe,
" With eager tranſport ſparkling in thy face,
" Urging the Thracian hounds, to whoſe full cry
" The valleys echo'd ? — my approving eye
" Has ſeen thee with a train of archers ſtand,
" Aiming thine arrow with unerring hand ;
" And oft have I admir'd the agile grace
" With which fair Amaryllis won the race.
" Ah! let ambition ſtill thy boſom fire, —
" Again to victory and praiſe aſpire ;
" Thy hounds for freedom and employment pant,
" The lazy archers thy example want,
" The races languiſh, nature ſeems to mourn,
" And Zephyr whiſpers, ' Gentle maid, return!
" Return to ſcenes of innocent delight,
" Receive the praiſe which is ſo much your right."

Amaryllis.

" There was a time when ſports like theſe cou'd charm,
" And hopes of victory my boſom warm ;
" The chaſe with ardent zeal my ſpirits fir'd,
" The race I lov'd, and horſes I admir'd ;
" But Damon then among the huntſmen rode,
" Damon his ſkill among the archers ſhew'd,
" Damon was then the umpire of the race ;
" 'Twas his the crown of victory to place.
" He twin'd the garland round my flowing hair,
" (Type of the bondage I was doom'd to wear,)
" His ſmile encourag'd, and his voice approv'd ;
" I read his eyes, — and thought myſelf belov'd.
" I ſtruck my lyre to words that he had made,
" I ſang to pleaſe him in the myrtle ſhade ;

" But now he flies to ſolitary cells,
" (Where pale Dejection forms her cloudy ſpells,)
" Pines with ſome ſecret woe, ſome wayward care,
" Some thought, that Amaryllis muſt not ſhare:
" Pangs ſuch as mine perchance the ſhepherd's proves,
" Purſues a phantom — and deſponding loves.
" Aſk me not, then, to leave this calm retreat,
" Where reſignation meekly takes her ſeat,
" My heart is cold to ev'ry mirthful ſenſe,
" It aims alone to learn indifference.
" The ſports which once I lov'd, are priz'd no more,
" And all the joys of laughing eaſe are o'er."

SYLPH.

" Hence with diſguiſe! thou ſhalt no more repine —
" Thy truth, thy conſtancy, has made me thine:
" A flame ſo bright, a preference ſo ſtrong,
" Deſerves th' Hiſtorian's praiſe, the Poet's ſong;
" Compell'd by me, in ſecret Damon mourns,
" For thee he ſighs, for thee his boſom burns;
" Fearful leſt thou ſhou'dſt on his wiſhes frown,
" He ſhuns thy ſight, and dwells in woods alone;
" Doubts his own merits, magnifies thy charms,
" And fears THAT beauty, who his boſom warms.
" Ceaſe, then, fair Nymph! thy Damon to ſuſpect,
" Of roving fancies, or of cold neglect;
" My power this prize to Amaryllis gave,
" My power decided him to be thy ſlave;
" Nor will I let him wiſh from thee to rove,
" For know, fair Shepherdeſs! — that I am Love."

THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE.

" COULD all theſe happy hills and dales,
" Theſe ſhady groves, theſe verdant vales,
" To Nature owe their birth?
" Did not the hand of art combine,
" To form the excellent deſign,
" And decorate the earth?"

Thus as I ſpake, methought a breeze
Came whiſpering thro' the nodding trees,
And magic fill'd the air,
A nymph approach'd with heavenly mien,
In form, in dreſs, a Sylvan queen,
And thus began the fair:

" Has art ſeduc'd thee, to believe
" That ſhe muſt ſome refinement give,
" To make my ſcenes complete?
" Renouncing me, alas! for her,
" Can you thoſe modern works prefer,
" Where whim and faſhion meet?

" The vain pretender always claims
" A ſiſterſhip, and joins our names,
" In hopes we may agree;
" But ſtill, my influence ſhou'd be known,
" Futile is artifice alone,
" She only copies me.

" Who makes the foreſt, ev'ry year,
" In verdant livery appear?
" Who vegetates the earth?
" Who with luxuriant hand, affords
" The various fruits that crown your boards,
" And wine, for ſons of mirth?

" Who paints the butterfly's gay wing?
" Who, from the fertile lap of ſpring,
" A thouſand gifts beſtows?
" Who makes the peacock's plumage glow?
" Who bids the hyacinth to blow?
" And who perfumes the roſe?

" The ſweets that in MY garden bloom,
" Excel the bloſſoms Gallia's loom
" Ingeniouſly has wove;
" My flowrets, in the meaneſt field,
" Variety of colours yield,
" That art can ne'er improve.

" What tho' their charms in winter die,
" My hand in ſummer can ſupply
" An inexhauſted ſtore:
" In mines of marble I am found,
" In ſpars, in foſſils under ground,
" In gems, and golden ore.

" If greater works I muſt unfold,
" Go to the beach! and there behold
" The wonders of the ſea;
" Explore the ſhells that lie below,
" Gaze on the variegated ſhew,—
" Then turn, and follow me.

" My gifts are frank good-humour'd eaſe,
" A guileleſs thought, a wiſh to pleaſe,
" A tear for friends diſtreſs'd;
" A ſocial ſmile, a tranquil mind,
" Freedom by chaſtity refin'd,
" And love by reaſon dreſs'd.

" Far from ambition, noiſe, and ſtrife,
" I innocently paſs my life,
" Fond of my native groves;
" I ſmile on friendſhip's ſacred tie,
" I teach the ſhepherd's beaming eye
" To tell how much he loves.

" I laugh with thoſe who happy are,
" I frown with thoſe who frown at care,
" And mourn with thoſe that weep:
" With peace and liberty I ſtray;
" They my companions are by day,
" And watch me whilſt I ſleep.

" But tho' devoid of all offence,
" Tho' rich in ev'ry real ſenſe,
" Yet I deſerve compaſſion;
" That ſorcereſs! that deceiver, ART!
" Has poiſon'd many a Britiſh heart,
" And made me out of faſhion.

" She to excell my fame pretends,
" And wins away my former friends,
" To patronize her ſchemes;
" She gives their cheeks a deeper red,
" Her ſeeds of folly fill the head,
" And cauſe prepoſterous dreams.

" A thouſand ſtrange ideas riſe;
" Dull vulgar Nature they deſpiſe,
" Eccentrical they rove;
" By affectation think to pleaſe,
" Miſtake effrontery for eaſe,
" And intereſt for love.

" Art does their real thoughts conceal;
" What they profeſs, they never feel,
" Their ſmiles diſguiſe averſion;
" Employing faſhion for a ſkreen,
" They promiſe what they cannot mean,
" And cheat you for diverſion.

" When taught by me, the birds begin
" Their tuneful deſcants to the ſpring,
" Italians dare to vye,
" And partial men wou'd rather hear
" Sounds ſo diſcordant to MY ear,
" Than native harmony.

" Yes! till the period ſhall prevail,
" When youth, or mirthful ſpirits fail,
" Art will in faſhion be,
" But, there may come a heavy hour,
" When thoſe who now abjure my power,
" Shall pay their court to ME.

" When love, that tyrant of the mind!
" Exerts his ſway, my hand muſt bind
" The links that form his chain;
" When ſorrow comes my power is known,
" I ſhed the tear, I force the groan,
" And bid the wretch complain.

" When the ſad hour of pain is come,
" And age looks trembling tow'rds the tomb,
" The ſoul deſpiſes art,
" And from the ſick man's lips are heard,
" In ev'ry melancholy word,
" The language of his heart."

THE NUN.

ALBERT! oh tell me, can thy ſoul divine
The ſecret, fraught with woe, which tortures mine?
Albert! — but never can thy mind preſage,
The fatal purport of Cornelia's page:
In vain I aſk! in vain ſhalt thou reply!
For ere thine anſwer can arrive — ah why?
Why muſt I tell thee? I ſhall ſurely die.
Not death appals me, but more potent fears
Aſſail my heart, and fill mine eyes with tears;
Far worſe than death is what Cornelia feels,
Far worſe than death the ſecret ſhe reveals.
Alas! for thee a thouſand fears I prove,
I dread thy rage, thy diſappointed love;
As faſt as words can flow my tears deſcend,
And ſtrive to blot the fatal news I ſend;
Yet muſt my hand the cruel ſhock impart,
And plant a dagger in my Albert's heart.

Myſterious thus I write, with tender care,
Leſt ſudden grief ſhou'd drive thee to diſpair;
For oh! I know thy wiſh to make me thine,
My heart was Albert's, and his heart was mine.
But grief moſt poignant, tho' thy fancy trac'd
A plan of life with ev'ry comfort grac'd;

Thy hopes, like bloſſoms blighted by a froſt,
Muſt fall at once, and in diſpair be loſt.
In vain with generous ſpeed thou doſt prepare
Thoſe ornaments Cornelia muſt not wear!
In vain I'm courted to a bridal bed!
Within a grave will reſt my weary head;
A ſhroud muſt be my garb, and death the ſpouſe I wed.

'Tis voluntary all! — the deed is done!
The vow is paſt! — Cornelia is a Nun.
Enthuſiaſtic paſſion fir'd my breaſt,
And told me earthly love ſhou'd be ſuppreſt;
Reprov'd my guilty preference of one
Whoſe principles were adverſe to my own,
And urg'd me at yon ſacred ſhrine to bow,
Reſign my Albert, — and pronounce my vow.

Yes, Albert, yes! I have relinquiſh'd thee
And all the charms that wait on liberty;
Inſtead of thy harmonious voice, I hear
The awful bell that ſummons me to prayer;
Inſtead of revelry and ſcenes of joy,
Hard penance doth my midnight hours employ;
No change of proſpect can theſe walls allow —
Yet theſe are all the world I live in now:
No different objects can amuſe my ſight,
I view the ſame with the returning light;
Each day the melancholy Nuns I ſee,
(At leaſt they melancholy ſeem to me;)
The ſame ſolemnities each eve return,
The organ breathes, the golden cenſers burn:
Yet oft my conſcience feels a pious joy,
When heavenly ſubjects doth my thoughts employ;

The holy crucifix — the ſculptur'd ſaint —
But why ſhou'd I theſe ſacred ſubjects paint?
The heart of Albert does not feel their power,
It reprobates that faith which I adore!
Let me in ſilence then conceal the reſt,
Let me fulfil my duty, and be bleſt.
Still by yon lamp that ſheds a gleam of light,
Devoutly kneeling I will paſs the night,
Still near yon altar fragrant incenſe fling,
Count o'er my beads, and Hallelujah's ſing,
Till conſcience ſatisfied may bring in peace,
And even love oppos'd to heaven, ſhall ceaſe.

Ah! but methinks I hear my Albert ſay,
" Is it ſo very eaſy to obey?
" Does change of habit make the mind auſtere?
" Preclude the ſigh? arreſt the ſtruggling tear?
" Such tenets cold indifference may commend,
" Religious doctrine may their uſe defend,
" But to the ſoul of pity, they muſt prove
" Too rigid far, and too remote from love:
" Say, can the heart that has been mine ſo long,
" The ear that oft has liſten'd to my tongue,
" Forget my paſſion, and refuſe to hear
" The mournful accents of my deep deſpair?
" Wilt thou, Cornelia, ſo obdurate prove?
" Or rather tell me — didſt thou ever love?"

I anſwer thus — alas! I lov'd thee ſo,
That language ſeems to faint to tell thee how,
I wiſh'd to ſee thee own a faith like mine,
And bring one convert to the Romiſh ſhrine:
Affection labour'd to inſpire my tongue,
I even thought I prov'd thee in the wrong:

But ah! thy ſtubborn principles were plac'd
Firm on thy ſoul, and not to be eras'd.
The voice of love cou'd not acquire the art
To change thy judgement, tho' it warm'd thy heart,
My Albert liſten'd with a patient ear,
But wou'd not promiſe to accord my prayer;
His firm opinion was not to be mov'd,
Tho' contradicted by a voice belov'd.

But while you thus to prejudice adher'd
What ſoothing kindneſs in your looks appear'd!
What obligations did I hourly prove!
What ſoft attention! what reſpectful love!
Tho' ſprang from noble birth, you found me poor,
My parents dead, and want within my door;
But you, oh gen'rous youth! became to me
What parents, affluence, and friends cou'd be;
I lov'd beyond what common words expreſs —
'Twas gratitude combin'd with tenderneſs,
And wavering ſtill, uncertain to decide,
Had almoſt promis'd to become thy bride.
So far my feeble heart was led aſtray,
Another week — perhaps another day,
Had ſerv'd my leſſ'ning ſcruples to remove,
And made me wife to him whoſe faith I diſapprove.

But when religion veil'd her heav'nly ray,
And love and pleaſure led my heart aſtray,
When reſolution had her empire loſt,
Albert was ſummon'd to his native coaſt.
Then recollection re-aſſum'd her throne,
And reaſon in RELIGION'S mantle ſhone,
Forbade me e'er in nuptial bands to join
With him whoſe principles rejected mine:

The Prieſt, the Nuns, obſerv'd my dubious ſtate,
And urg'd my wavering genius to be great,
To riſe above the weakneſs of my kind,
Leave earthly things, and be to heaven reſign'd,
By one religious act deſerve applauſe,
And be courageous in a glorious cauſe:
I heard them argue on Devotion's ſide,
They ſcar'd my conſcience, and they piqu'd my pride,
Till the whole world receded from my view,
And more than all the world was loſt, in YOU.

Oh! arduous taſk to triumph over love!
And teach myſelf an hypocrite to prove.
Oh! cruel fate! which deſtins us to have
A lonely pilgrimage and ſeparate grave!
Too well my rigid zeal hath been obey'd, —
Too great hath been the ſacrifice I made.
Can I deceive myſelf? or can I feign
The ſmile of peace when I expire with pain?
Ah no! my Albert! I to thee muſt tell
The ſad regret, the anxious cares I feel,
Diſcloſe to thee, dear object of my love!
This once — laſt time — the agonies I prove;
Unveil a heart wherein thy image dwells,
And thoughts that rove beyond monaſtic cells.
Know then, I feel the horrors of deſpair,
Know thou art ever to Cornelia dear,
She loaths exiſtence, now depriv'd of thee,
And almoſt wiſhes — ſhe again was free.
But ah! what guilty thoughts my heart indites!
What guilty words the raſh Cornelia writes!
Alas! the flame I once was proud to own,
Shou'd in a veſtal ſtate remain unknown;

If earthly love contends with heavenly zeal,
Let me the weakneſs of my heart conceal:
If ſecret ſighs within my boſom riſe,
If tears involuntary fill mine eyes,
Yet will I not diſgrace the holy throng
Of ſiſter Nuns, whom I muſt live among:
Unknown to them my ſorrows muſt remain,
Nor ſhall my wiſhes their pure rites profane.
My cell alone is witneſs to my tears!
My cell alone the voice of ſorrow hears!
When morning dawns I wipe my tears away,
And baniſh Nature from the face of day,
Religion bids my fluttering heart be ſtill,
And learn monaſtic duties to fulfil,
I think it virtue to be falſe to thee,
And make a merit of inconſtancy;
Deceive the Abbeſs with a ſmile of peace,
Nay ev'n perſuade myſelf of love's decreaſe:
But when I to my gloomy cell retreat,
My ſpirits fail, and I perceive the cheat,
Remembrance ruſhes on my troubl'd mind,
I ſee thee, Albert! lovelieſt of thy kind,
I find thee true, but ever loſt to me,
Loſt to the heart that madly dotes on thee.
My unavailing plaint muſt finiſh here—
'Tis guilt to let theſe agonies appear!
My frailty (unto thee alone confeſs'd,)
Henceforth muſt be conceal'd within my breaſt.

(When ſmiling happineſs elates the mind,
Our thoughts to ſecrecy are not confin'd;
The bleſt poſſeſſor makes her tranſports known,
And ſpeaks of gratitude and joy in one.

But ſuffering virtue ſilent ſorrow wears,
And gives to ſolitude her ſecret cares,
To hide her ſorrows from the public tries,
Affects to ſmile — but breaks her heart, and dies.)

Within theſe cloiſter'd walls I thought to find
Self approbation, and a tranquil mind,
To think of Albert with a heart at eaſe,
Renounce the world and all that once cou'd pleaſe;
To ſacred ſubjects my attention turn,
And of the holy Nuns compoſure learn;
But vain the effort! tho' Devotion ſtrives
To rule a heart wherein thy image lives,
I find, when penance and when prayer is o'er,
Fond recollection claims the vacant hour;
Sick of remembrance, weary with my grief,
I try in ſleep to find a ſhort relief,
But vain the wiſh — my Albert triumphs there,
His lovely form purſues me ev'ry where.
In dreams I ſee him — raving with diſpair,
He beats his breaſt, and rends his flowing hair;
Or my deluſive fancy paints a ſtate
Of joy, of love, of happineſs compleat.
Methinks his wife I live on Albion's ſhore,
Bleſt with my Albert, and to part no more.
Sudden I wake, the fatal difference prove,
And bathe my ſtrawy couch with tears of love.

I ſeek relief from books, but ne'er ſucceed,
I turn the pages, yet forget to read:
Among the pious Nuns and Prieſts I go —
This laſt reſource can mitigate my woe;
When I behold them, love is aw'd by ſhame;
Their ſacred preſence interdicts my flame.

Religion tells me, in an awful tone,
I muſt not fully the great act I've done.
That admonition wakes my ſlumbering zeal —
Yes! I will conquer the regret I feel!
Since 'tis by Heaven's decree I pray and faſt,
I'll glory in my ſufferings to the laſt;
And ſure the ſacred cauſe that brought me here,
Will ſoon reward my faith and grant my prayer,
Waft me to heav'n — and make me happy there.

Yes! I perceive the languid lamp of life
Burns dim — I ſhall eſcape this mortal ſtrife!
The conflict in my breaſt is too ſevere,
Too hard for nature and for love to bear:
Soon will a ſhroud ſucceed the veſtal veil,
And love and life will with Cornelia fail;
Soon the laſt ſigh ſhall murmur from my breaſt,
Soon will the grave afford me welcome reſt,
This fading form will all its motion loſe,
And death's cold hand my aching eyelids cloſe.
Then will the ſiſter Nuns a requiem ſing
To my departed ſoul, and o'er me fling
The fragrant roſes, emblems of my doom,
Ordain'd to periſh in life's early bloom.
Yet, my lov'd Albert! do not thou repine,
Since if I live, I never can be thine:
May care and ſorrow from thy boſom fly, —
Why ſhou'dſt thou grieve, when 'tis my wiſh to die?
To thy fond hopes I am already dead,
And all the dreams of happineſs are fled.
Fool that I was! to fancy change of place
Wou'd give more ardour to celeſtial grace.
I ſee my error now — I find too late
Religion lives beyond this gloomy grate;

Too late I learn, Devotion is not made
More pure by penance or monaſtic ſhade,
'Tis to no place, no time, no ſtate confin'd —
Its only region is the human mind.

Yet what avails the ſad conviction now?
Cornelia ſhou'd have known it long ago.
Enthuſiaſtic zeal my ſteps betray'd,
And influenc'd the choice I raſhly made;
Sway'd by religious ſcruples, I withdrew
From the vain world, and bade my friends adieu;
Heav'n claim'd my ſervices — but love receives
The laſt regrets a broken ſpirit gives —
Grief fills my heart, and feeds upon my bloom;
Albert, farewell! — I haſten to my tomb!
When I am gone, be thou reſign'd to fate —
Tho' not contented, I at leaſt am great.
That ſoothing thought ſpeaks comfort to my woes,
And make amends for all my loſt repoſe.
The remnant of my days is almoſt ſpun,
My vow has been fulfill'd, my duty done,
My ſoul from voluntary guilt is free,
I gave myſelf to HEAVEN — but die for THEE.

A BALLAD IN THE ANCIENT STYLE,

ENTITLED

THE JUDGEMENT OF CUPID.

A Gentile Knyghte yfraught with wo,
Was wending o'er the playne,
Enduringe ſorrowe's cruel ſmarte
From Amabel's diſdayne.

The flouerie turfe was ſprent with dewe,
As duſkie nighte advaunc'd,
In circles on the velvet greene
The ELFIN people daunc'd:

But the ſadde Knyghte, immers'd in thoughte,
Perſu'd his way alone,
And queſtion'd his uncertaine mynde,
If there had e'er beene knowne,

A damozell devoide of arte,
Whoſe guileleſs harte wou'd prove,
In ſpighte of accident and time,
Trewe to its earlie love;

Who, proofe to ev'rie gawdie lure
That grandeure can diſplaie,
Rejects the counſels of the proude,
Th' enſample of the gaye.

" No! he exclaim'd, a nymph ſo trewe
" Has never yet beene found;
" Their conduct is devoide of ſenſe,
" Their love an empty ſound.

" Unconſtant Amabel! farewell.
" To cure a wounded harte
" My loneſome pilgrimage I take,
" Far from the ſcenes of arte.

" The ſkies which looke ſo bryghte at noon,
" Are blent with clouds at eve;
" So woman with precarious ſmyle
" Is faſhion'd to deceive.

" The gay roſiere, ſo freſh and trim,
" Which is in gardens founde,
" Whoſe fragraunce tempts the traveller,
" With thorns his honde will wounde.

" So woman's fair bewitchinge face
" Conceals a traitrous harte,
" She ſtrikes an arrowe in our breſte,
" But ſcorns to heal the ſmarte.

" Who then wou'd bende to beauty's power
" And weare ignoble chaynes?
" Sithe we no guerdon can expect,
" For all our cares and paines."

He ſayde — and by his grief beguiled
Far from his purpos'd road,
He found his wearie ſteed had ſtray'd
Amid a ſpacious woode.

No ruſtlinge leaf, or bendinge bough,
Or rippling ſtreame was heard ;
Nought ſtirr'd except the flitting bat,
And ſage Minerva's bird.

Bewilder'd there, this gentile Knyghte
Conſtrayned is to reſte :
The Hamadryads he invokes
To let him be their gueſte.

His poliſh'd helme, and blazon'd ſhielde,
He lays benethe a tree,
Whoſe ancient and capacious boughs
Form'd a greene canopie.

The God of ſleep with leaden wande
At length ſubdues his eyes,
And bids from Fancy's airy court
Fictitious ſcenes ariſe.

A wond'rous viſion then appear'd,
With ſtraunge aventures fraught ; —
To juſtify the female race,
A cryſtal ſhrine was broughte,

Thro' which diſtinctly was ſurvey'd
The types of Cupid's trade ;
Thence ſighs were heard, thence tears were ſhed,
There bleedinge hartes were layde.

Apparelled with flowers and leaves
A myrtle tree there ſtoode,
Benethe whoſe ſhade love's ſilken chaynes,
And poiſon'd darts were ſtrew'd.

A naked boy beſide it lay,
Yclad with purple wings.
Cupid his name! a power that rules
Both ſavages and kinges.

High o'er the ſhryne a lamp yſhone,
That mock'd the diamond's blaze,
The bryghte etherial flame therein
Shot forth PHEBEAN rays:

Nor wyndes nor raine cou'd ever damp
The luſtre of that flame,
'Twas guarded by an heavenlie nymph,
And Conſtancie her name:

Arraied in robes celeſtial blue,
She never mov'd her eyes
From the pure lampe, whoſe ſacred fire
The virtues authorize.

Plac'd on a throne of adamant,
Whoſe baſis none could move,
She triumph'd over everie foe,
That ſtrove to weaken love.

The ſon of Venus with a ſmyle
Addreſs'd th' attentive Knyghte:
"Prepare, Syr Elidure! prepare
"To ſee a wondrous ſighte.

" Champion of female worth, I come,
" Thy judgement to diſprove,
" And ſhewe thee by enſamples paſt,
" How well the ſex can love.

" For this, I from th' Elyſian fields
" Some love-ſicke ſhades invoke
" To riſe, and juſtifie their fame,
" Which ſuffer'd whilſt you ſpoke.

" Not erſt as Paris was ſeduc'd
" By Cytherea's eyes,
" Withe partial judgement to decree
" In beauty's ryghte the pryze,

" But to the fayre whom moſt I deeme
" Renown'd for generous love,
" I mean a recompence to give,
" My preferaunce to prove.

" Whoever hathe poſſeſs'd a harte
" Where Conſtancie has reign'd,
" Where pure diſintereſted LOVE
" His empire has maintain'd,

" Shall to Elyzium bear the mark
" Of juſt pre-heminence:
" With myrtle guirlond I'll reward
" Her love and excellence."

He ſayde — and ſoone a hollow ſounde
Came whiſpering thro' the grove,
A feeble lyghte yſpredde the trees,
And Nature aided Love.

Swift thro' the ſhaydes a ſpectre mov'd
  Withe a diſorder'd aire,
And rudely on her ſhoulders hung
  Her fayre diſhevel'd haire.

Her unſubſtantial dreary form
  Came glidinge to the fane,
And thus, with hollowe voyce, ſhe gan
  Moſt ſadlye to complaine.

" Wherefore ſhou'd other ghoſts aſcend,
  " To claime the pryze from thee?
" When none has beene the dupe of love,
  " So cruelly as me.

" For Theſeus I forſook my ſire,
  " O'er ſtormie ſeas to roam;
" Beguil'd by love, forgot renown,
  " And left my regal home.

" My flame was ardent and ſincere,
  " Beyonde what others prove;
" But perjur'd Theſeus me betray'd,
  " And onlye feign'd to love.

" Oh! thinke of Ariadne's griefe,
  " When on a foreigne ſhore
" She founde, too late, her raſh miſtake,
  " And ſawe her love no more!"

She ſpake, (concluding withe a ſyghe:)
  But Cupid frown'd ſevere,
For grapes and ivie on her brow
  He ſaw, and ſcorn'd her prayer.

Then Arria, withe exalted mien,
  Her bloody dagger ſhew'd,
And Sophoniſba brought a bowl
  In pois'nous juice embru'd.

Next hand in hand a troup appeer'd
  Of noble Roman dames,
Whoſe virtues the hiſtorian's pen
  And paynter's ſkill proclaymes.

Octavia, with a patient mynde,
  Who ſuffer'd cruel wronge,
Yet never let a harſh rebuke
  Be heard to paſs her tongue;

Cornelia, whoſe chaſte tenderneſſe
  Was by her conduct ſhewne,
Who rather Pompey's ills wou'd ſhare,
  Than live ſecure alone.

With theſe, the wild Horatia came,
  Whoſe hands a ſcarf diſplay'd,
Where Curiatii's noble name
  And virtues were pourtray'd.

Penelope her ſubtle webb
  Exhibited from farre,
And urg'd her rare fidelitie
  Throughout the ten yeeres warre.

Andromache in ſuble weeds,
  To Hector's memorie trewe,
With a majeſtic penſive ayre
  Toward the altar drewe.

But theſe perhaps were influenc'd
By ſenſe of noble pryde,
Which ever in the dayes of yore,
Hathe beene the matron's guide.

As the illuſtrious ſhades paſs'd bye,
Behind them one was ſeene,
Who neere approachinge, ſtoode confeſt
The lovely Spartan Queene.

She who prefer'd her paramoure
To dignitie and fame,
Tranſgreſs'd her vows — forſooke her Lord,
And ſcandaliz'd hys name.

Brighte were her beauteous eyes like ſtars
Enlumining her face;
Her ev'rie look reveal'd a charme,
Her ev'rie ſtep a grace.

" Immortal love! thou gentile power!"
She ſayde, " whome I adore,
" Let me an ever verdant wreathe
" Bear to the Stygian ſhore.

" To thee are Helen's merits knowne,
" Her crymes, and her diſgrace,
" The miſchiefs caus'd in tymes of yore
" By her enchanting face.

" There was a tyme when I believ'd
" All nature honour'd me,
" That ev'rie Knyghte to Helen's charmes
" Deſir'd to bend hys knee.

" I ſaw the Lacedemon dames
" With envye view'd my forme,
" And that the frozen hartes of age
" For me agayne grewe warme.

" No jealous fears diſturb'd my reſt,
" My conqueſt was ſupreme:
" The old, the young, my charmes ador'd,
" And Helen was their theme.

" For ME I thoughte the bluſhing roſe
" Bloom'd bryghter on the tree,
" And that eche herb at my approache,
" Diffus'd more fragrauncy.

" For me, I thoughte the jocund byrds
" More blyhte their carols ſang:
" I knew throughout the Grecian ſtates
" My peerleſſe prayſes rang.

" Thus vanitie poſſeſs'd my ſoule,
" And flatterie prov'd my bane;
" Devoyde of theſe, perhaps the youth
" I lov'd, had ſu'd in vaine.

" Alas! I broke my nuptial vow,
" For Priam's blooming ſon;
" By vanitie and lawleſs love
" Too eaſily undone.

" Yet, by my ruine, God of love!
" Thy triumph was diſplay'd,
" And Menelaüs' guiltie wife
" The ſource of war was made.

" Therein my conſequence was ſhewne,
" My fatal power was prov'd, —
" The Grecians had not conquer'd Troy
" If Helen had not lov'd.

" Votary profeſs'd, to thee I bow;
" I ſure deſerve thy care —
" And in returne for ſervice paſt,
" The myrtle crowne ſhou'd weare."

She ſayde — when Cleopatra came
In regal garments dreſt,
With perfecte beautie on her face,
The aſp upon her breaſte.

Her ſmyles were faſhion'd to enſnare
The moſt prudential harte —
Her looks, her geſtures, ſhe improv'd,
By all the wiles of arte.

A thouſande forms ſhe cou'd aſſume,
To win the wiſe, the brave;
She now an haughtye Empreſſe moves,
And now an abject ſlave.

On Her infatuation waites —
Ev'n at the Stygian ſtreame,
She glories in her life and deethe,
And Anthony's her theme.

To practiſe all her ſubtle artes
She haſtens to the ſhrine;
But ſeing CONSTANCIE, retires,
Aw'd by the power divine.

Behind her, with the voyce of wo
A meagre ſhade complain'd:
A dagger and a bloodye veil
Her tremblinge hande contain'd.

For Pyramus, her love! ſhe wail'd,
Half frantic with diſtreſſe;
And on her boſome ſhew'd a wounde,
The mark of love's exceſs.

A melancholie figure next
Came glidinge thro' the gloome,
Who dy'd the victim of diſpayre,
In youth and beauty's bloome.

A lampe, extinguiſh'd, in her hande
She bore, in ſolemn guiſe,
And as ſhe mov'd, addreſt it thus,
While teeres bedew'd her eyes.

" Oh lamp accurs'd! oh cruel cauſe
" Of my Leander's fate!
" Thou who wert once my comforter,
" I now muſt execrate.

" Moſt treacherous ſervant! tell me, pray,
" What had Leander done,
" That thou ſhou'dſt ceaſe to feed thy flame,
" When moſte it ſhou'd have ſhone?

" And wherefore did the winged houres
" Which broughte him to the ſea,
" Produce the morn for me to viewe
" His dolorous deſtinie?

" My ſoul, with dire preſages fill'd,
" Obſerv'd the riſing ſtorme —
" In vain I call'd to everie power
" To guard my love from harme.

" The Lemnian ſhore return'd my moan,
" Abydos heard the ſounde,
" Yet neither God nor Triton ſtirr'd,
" Tho' my Leander drown'd.

" Aurora riſing from the eaſte,
" The woful picture ſhew'd,
" And ſaw me, to rejoine my love,
" Leap in the raging floode."

She ſaid — when lo! a magic ſounde,
With tuneful numbers fill'd,
Was wafted on a Zephys winge,
And Sappho ſtood reveal'd.

Bright Phœbus, from Parnaſſas' heigth,
Applauded Sappho's name:
On Cupid's altar incenſe burnt,
In honour of the dame.

But (tho' the Nine her layes approv'd,)
She mourn'd, and ponder'd ſtill;
One hande a golden lyre diſplay'd,
The other helde a quill.

And oft ſhe paus'd, inſpir'd by love
Her ſorrowes to proclayme,
And often breath'd in poeſie
The ſtorie of her flame.

The Muſes, who her labours bleſte,
  Her deſtinie deplore,
And mourne the hour when Sappho fled
  To the Leucadian ſhore.

With diſmal grones behinde the fane
  A palid figure ſtoode,
And bore within an ivorie vaſe,
  A harte embru'd in blude.

" Oh God of love! ſhe loudly cry'd,
  " To me adjudge the prize!
" The hapleſſe SIGISMUNDA's clayme
  " Thou wilt not ſure diſpiſe.

" Within this ivorie vaſe I beare
  " My GUISCARD's faithful harte,
" Which ow'd misfortune, griefe, and pain,
  " To thy pernicious darte.

" He was affectionate and good,
  " His manners full of grace,
" The gentle tenor of his ſoule
  " Was pictur'd on his face.

" The Culver, faithful to its mate,
  " With him cou'd not compayre:
" To Sigiſmunda ever trewe,
  " He ſcorn'd each other faire.

" Poore in the gifts that Fortune ſends,
  " He mov'd in lowlie ſphere, —
" But Sigiſmunda mark'd his worthe,
  " And met his love ſincere.

" Yes! I forgot illuſtrious birthe,
" Diſgrac'd my royal name —
" I ſtoop'd to an ignoble choice,
" And ſacrific'd my fame.

" Had he beene born to high eſtate,
" Then many a haughtie fayre,
" Had kiſs'd the velvet of his cheeke,
" And comb'd his ſilken haire.

" No wealthe, no honours he requir'd,
" To make him deare to me;
" Love join'd our hearts — but tyrant pride
" Ywrought our tragedie."

She ended, juſt as Dido came,
Withe cypreſs in her hande,
The boughs of which, in frantic mood,
She ſcatter'd o'er the lande.

And eke ſhe ſhew'd her bleedinge ſyde,
And with a piercing cry
Deplor'd Eneas' fatal charmes,
And curs'd his perfidie.

Behynde a gentle figure came,
Withe ſlowe and tranquil pace,
And, loth her errand to proclayme,
A veil conceal'd her face.

Her hands were bounde with Cupid's chayne,
Which ofte to breake ſhe ſtrove,
And ſadly ſigh'd beneethe the pangs
Of her unlawful love.

Her name has frequentlie beene heard
Near Vancluſe ſilver ſtreame,
Her crueltie, and peerleſſe charmes,
Have beene the poet's theme.

Her name has often been inſcrib'd
On trees that are no more,
And Laura was the onlie fayre
Whom Petrarch cou'd adore.

Rare inſtance of trewe conſtancie
The Bard of Florence prov'd;
Yet cou'd not all his eloquence
Subdue the fayre he lov'd.

A ſenſe of honour check'd her flame;—
But while ſhe ſeem'd ſevere,
Cupid in ſecret was his friend,
And render'd Petrarch dear.

She paſs'd, with Charlotte by her ſide
Companion of her wo,
Doom'd by ſimilitude of fate
The force of love to know.

Sad Eloiſa then appeer'd—
With trembling ſteps ſhe came,
In ſable veſtal garb array'd,
And bluſhing oft for ſhame.

As nearer to the fane ſhe drew,
Her energie return'd,
The name of Abelard ſhe breath'd
And thus to Cupid mourn'd:

" Of everie ſcience that has e'er
" Beene taught a lover yet,
" Moſt difficult is ſurely that,
" Which bids us to forget.

" Unequal taſk! in vain I try
" My paſſione to reſigne;
" Unequal taſk! to hartes ſo touch'd,
" So pierc'd, ſo loſt as myne."

She more had ſaide, but thro' the trees
A lovely ſhade was ſeene,
Whoſe regal garb, and lofty ayre,
Beſpoke the Suſian Queene.

All other claimants yeeld to her;
Who, faithful to her Lord,
All conqueſts — honours — vows of love,
Depriv'd of him, abhorr'd.

Who in the prime of vernal youth,
In beauty's pryde and bloome,
Rather than live to mourne his loſſe,
Choſe to partake his tombe.

Arriving ſlowlie at the ſhrine,
She ſhew'd her wounded ſyde,
And pleaded her ſuperiour love
With a becominge pryde.

His ſciſſars then the God apply'd,
To cut the myrtle boughe;
But ſudden ſighes were heard to riſe,
And blude was ſeene to flowe.

The myrtle ſhooke — the groninge bark
Dividing, ſhew'd a ſighte
Whiche made the ſhades aſſemble round,
And much amaz'd the Knyghte.

Forth hurlen from the myrtle came
A ladie brighte and faire;
A golden crowne withe gems emboſs'd,
Adorn'd her auburn hayre.

Enwrought with gold, her purple robe
Fell o'er a veſt of lawn:
Her port was noble, and her face
As bloominge as the morn.

"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "am I ordayn'd
"My honours to foregoe?
"And ſee another win the pryze,
"Which is alone my due?

"My fame is faſhion'd to endure
"Like this immortal tree;—
"For I am Engliſh Edward's Queene,
"Renown'd for conſtancie.

"When my deere Lord receiv'd a wounde
"By an empoiſon'd dart,
"Affection led me to perform
"A fearleſſe heroine's part.

"I ſuck'd the venom it contain'd
"From droopinge Edward's ſyde,
"To ſave his life expos'd my own—
"And thus my love was try'd.

" The Britiſh ſquadrons in amaze
" My fortitude admir'd,
" And cry'd, " Some guardian ſaint, who watch'd
" His fate, the thoughte inſpir'd."

" No narrowe intereſted views
" Impell'd me to the deede —
" My anxious care for Edward's life
" Cou'd ſelfiſh fears exceed.

" Panthea died to join her love,
" Rather than live alone —
" But who like me, to ſave a life,
" Wou'd dare expoſe her own?"

She ſpake withe a majeſtic ayre,
And truth inſpir'd her eyes;
The God to her ſuperiour clayme
Decreed the myrtle pryze.

HIPPOLITO AND AURELIA.

FAR in a vale, remote from noiſe and ſtrife,
The blameleſs Albin paſs'd his happy life;
To vice unknown, to grandeur unally'd,
Content his wealth, integrity his guide,
No thought ambitious influenc'd his mind,
He liv'd in amity with all mankind;
Nor envy'd thoſe of a ſuperior ſtate,
The wealth and honours that attend the great.

One only daughter, by her tender cares
Became the prop of his declining years.
A daughter! ſuch as might a court adorn,
Had ſhe to an exalted ſtate been born.
Oft to thoſe walls, where pious minds delight
In prayers and pure thankſgivings to unite,
She led his feeble ſteps, there meekly bow'd
Her lovely head, and join'd th' adoring crowd.

One morn as from the ſacred porch they came,
A youth of noble family and fame,
Beheld the innocent Aurelia's face,
Her form, replete with unaffected grace,

Her modeſt bluſh, — her countenance ſerene,
And grew enamour'd of her artleſs mien.
Home he return'd, yet oft his walk renew'd,
Oft unperceiv'd the fair Aurelia view'd,
And as he fondly gaz'd, his heart was won
To think, perfection dwelt with her alone.

'Twas in the month of May, when Nature ſhowers
O'er hedge and mead her aromatic flowers,
Attendant on her ſire, the duteous maid
Along the verdant banks of Iſis ſtray'd;
In converſe loſt, they near a manſion drew,
Where proud magnificence allur'd their view;
Sudden the gathering clouds a ſtorm portend
Beneath the blaſt the pliant oziers bend,
The thunder rolls, and ſhowers of hail deſcend,
The forked lightnings dart along the ſkies,
Loud from the eaſt the whiſtling winds ariſe;
Yet for herſelf Aurelia's fears are leſs
Than for the object of her tenderneſs;
Her parent's ſafety is her only care,
All other riſques ſhe is content to bear.
But accident ordains their feet ſhou'd ſtray
Where the rich paſtures of Lucentio lay,
Whoſe only ſon (his happineſs and pride,)
In ſecret for the fair Aurelia ſigh'd.
A lover's eyes are keen — he ſaw them rove
Along the outſkirts of his father's grove;
Soon as the ſtorm began, he croſs'd the mead,
And flew to find them with a lover's ſpeed,
Rejoic'd to ſhield the hoary head from harm,
And ſnatch his dear Aurelia from the ſtorm.

The deed humane his parents cannot blame
When hoſpitality aſſerts her claim;
And therefore with a mild and courteous air,
They greet the father, and regard the fair.
Then to the beſt apartment lead the way,
Where art appears magnificently gay;
But the high portal, and the painted dome,
So far unlike the humble Albin's home,
The various works of art, the pomp, the ſtate,
Found in the lofty manſions of the great,
Are loſt on fair Aurelia, who alone
Can ſee the beauty of Lucentio's ſon.
Oft ſhe endeavours, (but in vain,) to gaze
On other objects, — trys in vain to praiſe
The ſplendid ſcene, — then bluſhes to perceive
Her own embarraſſment, nor can conceive
The reaſon why her heart no more is calm,
Unleſs 'tis the effect of paſt alarm.
Soon as the ſtorm ſubſides, they home repair,
But ſtill Aurelia ſighs, and muſes there;
Of young Hippolito ſhe oft had heard,
Remembrance cheriſhes each ſoothing word;
And whilſt her ſire commends his mild addreſs,
She feels her boſom glow with tenderneſs.

Oft did Hippolito ſteal down the vale,
Oft meet Aurelia, till the tender tale
Of honeſt love his tuneful lips expreſs'd,
And told her all th' emotions of his breaſt.
No lawleſs thought, no profligate deſire
To other views induc'd him to aſpire
Than thoſe, which hallow'd by the nuptial band,
Might, where his heart was plac'd, beſtow his hand.

But Albin there his counſel interpos'd —
Soon as the lover's ſecret was diſclos'd,
He charg'd his daughter never to forget,
Her lover's rank and her inferior ſtate ;
" Nor dare," ſaid he, " unleſs his friends ſhou'd join
" In the requeſt, to think he ſhall be thine.
" On diſobedient children ſorrow waits,
" Care marks their brow, and poverty their gates ;
" Unworthy of thy mind are deeds that ſhun
" The ſcrutinizing eye of yon bright ſun ;
" Clandeſtine actions honour ſhou'd deſpiſe,
" For virtue never can require diſguiſe.
" Forbid it Heaven ! that thou by ſuch a deed,
" Shou'd load with ſorrow my declining head."

Meantime Lucentio (whoſe imperious mind
To views of great alliance was inclin'd,)
Learn'd from his ſon, with anger and diſdain,
His ſtrong attachment, — anxious to reſtrain
The growing paſſion, 'twas his ſtern command,
Hippolito ſhou'd ſeek a foreign land : —

On thoſe rich banks where Tagus rolls his tide
Lucentio's father, Melianthus, died,
There ſtill his youngeſt ſon, with prudent views
The ſteady line of merchandize purſues,
Commercial knowledge had encreas'd his fame,
And Liſbon paid reſpect to Fabian's name :
To this good man, ſo ſenſible and juſt,
Lucentio cou'd his wayward ſon entruſt ;
In hopes that precept, and example too,
Might teach him other projects to purſue,
And by the aid of time, correct a heart
Where worldly wiſdom had ſo ſmall a part.

Griev'd at this news, the hapleſs lover flew
To tell Aurelia, and his vows renew.
With melancholy looks he croſs'd the grove,
And ſought the cottage of content and love,
To leſſen that content was now his doom,
And over ſcenes of joy to caſt a gloom.

The virtuous pair advanc'd from their retreat,
With eager ſteps their noble gueſt to meet,
But when Aurelia mark'd his downcaſt eye,
And ſaw his boſom labouring with a ſigh,
She fear'd to aſk what ſudden cauſe of woe
Had ſpread a cloud upon his lovely brow.
At length the youth myſterious ſilence broke,
Rais'd his ſad eyes, and ſighing as he ſpoke,
Accus'd his ſtars, that doom'd him to be great,
And to the weeping fair diſclos'd his fate;
The virtuous Albin charged him to be gone,
Bade him fulfill the duty of a ſon,
And whilſt he yet his prompt obedience preſs'd,
Hippolito the penſive maid addreſs'd.

" Urg'd by a father's harſh command, I go —
" But urg'd by love, to thee repeat my vow,
" That ever conſtant to the choice I make,
" My dear Aurelia! I will ne'er forſake.
" To check the intercourſe between our ſouls,
" In vain th' interminable ocean rolls,
" Nor time, nor abſence, ever ſhall impair
" A love like mine, ſo ſteady and ſincere.
" By perſecution let our faith be try'd —
" Nor ſeas, nor mountains, ſhall our hearts divide;
" 'Tis death alone the ſacred tie can rend,
" And make me leſs thy lover or thy friend. —

" I go, obedient to a parent's voice,
" But have irrevocably made my choice;
" Nor more can tyrant duty aſk of me,
" Than thus, thus exil'd, to depart from thee.
" Oft will I write, and to my love impart
" The genuine language of an honeſt heart;
" Then ceaſe to weep, and truſt the powers above
" To end our ſufferings, and reward our love."

He ſaid — in ſilent grief Aurelia hears,
And turns away to hide her falling tears:
No longer ſad Hippolito may ſtay,
Towards the deſtin'd port he takes his way,
There the tall bark reluctantly aſcends,
And ſoon is wafted from his deareſt friends.

Time ſlowly paſſes, when ſuſpence remains —
Aurelia of his ſilence ſoon complains,
Her abſent lover, in idea chides,
Yet in his honour and his faith confides.
Long ſhe expects, and wiſhes to receive
The promis'd news, — ſhe ſees her father grieve,
Avoid the theme, or by ambiguous ſpeech
Encreaſe her fears, and urge her ſoul to reach
That ſtate of fortitude which beſt may bear,
Misfortune's arrows, and the weight of care.
Her eager tongue is anxious to enquire
If any news has reach'd the haughty ſire;
Yet honeſt pride, that to ſubmit diſdains,
Still from Lucentio's lands her feet reſtrains.

In vain, alas! for her, the broomflow'r ſheds
A yellow livery o'er the neighb'ring meads,
The hills (by bloſſom'd thyme empurpled o'er)
The verdant vales are beautiful no more;

The pendant trees that form the duſky glade,
The ſilent dell, and the ſequeſter'd ſhade
Of groves paternal, aggravate her grief,
For ſorrow ſeems to hang on ev'ry leaf,
To her the fragrant flowers appear to fade,
In vain for her are Flora's gifts diſplay'd,
The violets wither, and the roſe-buds fade;
The ſunbeams ceaſe to ſparkle on the bower,
And Philomel's ſweet ſong can charm no more.

" Alas, fond maid!" reproving reaſon cries,
" The change is only in Aurelia's eyes!
" Still does the broom as bright a livery wear,
" As when it bloom'd in the preceding year,
" Still are the fertile meads in beauty dreſs'd,
" Still do the groves retain their verdant veſt,
" To ev'ry flower its annual tints belong,
" And muſic breathes in Philomela's ſong:
" It is the temper of thy mind alone,
" Which over all a ſickly gloom has thrown;
" For nature blooms in valley, hill, and grove,
" Unchang'd to ev'ry eye, but that of love,
" Which chearful lights, or ſolemn ſhade perceives,
" As joy or grief a partial influence gives.
" Dull is the plain, and deſolate the glade,
" The foliage withers, and the flowrets fade,
" The works of nature ceaſe to be approv'd,
" Without the preſence of the youth belov'd.

" Ah! wherefore doſt thou pleaſing thoughts repel?
" And on ideal ſcenes of ſorrow dwell?
" Bid theſe chimeras of the brain be gone —
" As thro' dark æther ſtreams the lucid dawn,

" Let heavenly hope, bright like the morning ſtar,
" Smile on thy wiſhes and repreſs thy fear."

Yet reaſon vainly to perſuade her ſtrove —
For weak is reaſon, when oppos'd to love;
Doubt o'er her mind a chequer'd mantle flings,
And a dark train of ſtrange conjectures brings.
Then jealous fears and ſtrange ſuſpicions riſe,
While from her breaſt impartial candour flies.
In fancy's mirror dreadful ſcenes appear,
Deſign'd by doubt, and magnified by fear,
There ſome gay female, frivolous and vain,
Artfully forms the captivating chain;
Makes him the ſlave of paſſion and caprice,
Perverts his principles, and wounds his peace.
At Fortune's altar he appears to bow,
Prepar'd the faſcinating dice to throw,
On one ſlight chance his deſtiny to reſt,
And barter all the comfort of his breaſt;
She ſees him with a dangerous ſet engage,
Slaves to low cunning or demoniac rage,
Whoſe hands are practis'd ev'ry fraud to try,
Whoſe hearts are void of any moral tie,
Unprincipled and daring in their crimes,
But licens'd by the cuſtom of the times:
They tempt him to the gay convivial board
Where noiſe and wine fictitious joys afford;
Deiſts and duelliſts alike contend
Who moſt ſhall ſeem to be his ſteady friend;
Liſbonia's orange groves and myrtle bowers
Behold him waſte unprofitable hours,
With ſuch as theſe companions of his way,
(A ſubtle tribe who flatter to betray,)

Whilſt pleaſure like a glittering ſerpent lies,
Fraud in her boſom, miſchief in her eyes,
And in the folds of her embroider'd ſkin,
Conceals the poiſonous bane that lurks within.

But fancy ſoon retires from ſcenes like theſe,
And paints her lover on the ſtormy ſeas;
The forked lightnings dart along the ſkies,
The foaming billows into mountains riſe;
She ſees him caſt upon ſome deſert ſhore
Where never human feet had trod before,
Heaven is his canopy, the ground his bed,
No pitying hand ſupports his drooping head,
The barren land no ſuſtenance ſupplies,
And whom the ocean ſpares, of famine dies;
Or ſhou'd he 'ſcape the perils of the ſtorm,
Danger may meet him in a different form;
For ah! the trembling earth on Liſbon's ſhore
May cleave aſunder as it did before,
Shake the imperial palace from its baſe,
And ſtrew with ruins the devoted place,
By dire convulſions ſtrike the mind with dread,
Appal the living, and entomb the dead.

Theſe various fears deſtroy'd Aurelia's reſt —
" Alas!" ſhe cry'd, " what terrors fill my breaſt!
" Muſt then Hippolito exiſt no more?
" Does death await him on that fatal ſhore?
" All other ills I can with patience bear,
" But this one thought which binds me to diſpair.
" Far from Aurelia let him ever dwell,
" Let him pronounce a final cold farewell,
" Let him inconſtant and unfeeling prove,
" Deaf to my voice, ungrateful to my love;

" The cruel news with patience I'll receive,
" And ſuffer ſilently, if he may live.

" Ye ſad ideas that perplex my heart,
" Ceaſe to enforce misfortune's barbed dart!
" 'Tis miſery enough to know him gone,
" Without theſe ſcenes, by feveriſh fancy drawn.
" Rather let hope my drooping ſpirits cheer,
" And confidence in Heaven aboliſh fear.
" Let me be like ſome mariner at laſt,
" Who when his dangers and fatigues are paſt,
" Sails to the cliffs that bound his native ſhores,
" And in the tranquil bay his veſſel moors.
" Yet wherefore ſhou'd I not enquire his fate? —
" 'Tis pride that keeps me from Lucentio's gate.
" Shall pride oppoſe the anxious claims of love,
" And cruelly prolong the cares I prove?
" Ah no! in ſuch a cauſe it muſt deſcend,
" Aurelia muſt to mean ſubmiſſion bend;
" Uncertainty I can no longer bear,
" While it is poſſible his fate to hear;
" Let me then wander thro' Lucentio's meads,—
" Pride is forgotten, when affection leads."

This reſolution form'd, the hapleſs maid,
Unſeen by Albin, from the cottage fled;
Prudence and pride oppoſe her ſteps no more,
She humbly waits beſide Lucentio's door,
Prepar'd to riſque the anger of his frown
If there her lover's ſafety may be known,
If there ſome honeſt ſlave ſhe may diſcern,
And from his lips the joyful tidings learn.
Trembling ſhe knocks — when at the door appears
A feeble porter crown'd with ſilver hairs,

Grief on his furrow'd face is deep impreſs'd,
In dark funereal garments he is dreſs'd;
Alarm'd, ſhe aſks him, " Is Lucentio dead?"
He ſighs — and ſhakes his venerable head.
" Ah no! he cries," my Lord implores in vain
" The hand of death to rid him of his pain:
" Pines with regret, and with remorſe oppreſt,
" Oft wrings his hands, and ſmites his aged breaſt;
" Sorely repents of all that he has done —
" And mourns the EARTHQUAKE that deſtroy'd his ſon."

This dreadful ſentence he had ſcarcely ſpoke,
Ere ſenſe and life Aurelia's frame forſook.
Pale on the earth ſhe lies — as when from Heaven
Jehovah's fiery thunderbolts are driven,
His lightnings aim at ſome devoted head,
Dart thro' the air, and ſtrike the victim dead,
So did this ſad intelligence impart
The blow of death to poor Aurelia's heart.

Fate there was kind, and wou'd not let her know
How hard it is to live a life of woe,
But by one ſudden ſhock ſuppreſs'd her breath,
Chill'd ev'ry nerve, and ſign'd Aurelia's death.

HENRY AND ROSINA.

" YE groves where I oft with Roſina have ſtray'd,
" Ye ſtreams which ſo heavily murmur along,
" Ye willows that hung your green boughs on my head,
" Ye rocks that have often re-echoed my ſong,

" No longer can Henry obſerve with delight
" Thoſe beauties which once he ſo fondly admir'd;
" Alas! my Roſina is torn from my ſight,
" My proſpects are clouded, my hopes are expir'd.

" Unheard I lament, and unheeded I weep—
" To the woods, to the ſkies, I unpity'd complain;
" On this ſod thro' the night my ſad vigils I keep,
" And tell the ſad moon of my ſorrows in vain.

" Yon manſion, ſo lately her tranquil abode,
" The aſpect of ſorrow and ſolitude wears;
" And that path to the door, which with roſes was ſtrew'd,
" Grown over with thiſtles and nightſhade appears.

" Beneath the green boughs of this wide-ſpreading tree
" I contemplate with ſorrow thoſe ivy-crown'd towers;
" That magnificent building with horror I ſee;
" And thus I petition the ſwift-footed hours:

" Move ſlower, in pity, ye ſwift-footed hours!
" Retard the ſad moment that ends my repoſe!
" This day, like an innocent fawn bound with flowers,
" To the altar a VICTIM of tyranny goes.

" Ever conſtant to me, ſhe the homage rejects
" Of a thouſand rich men, of illuſtrious name;
" The perſuaſions and threats of her friends ſhe neglects,
" And devotes to a priſon that delicate frame.

" This day all my proſpects of happineſs ends—
" From her Henry's fond arms the dear maiden is torn;
" Condemn'd by the voice of her hard-hearted friends,
" In the gloom of a convent their rigour to mourn.

" No words can with juſtice my agonies tell,
" Methinks I the gate of her priſon ſurvey;
" I gaze on the altar, I hear the dull bell,
" And view the ſad Nuns in their ſable array.

" I ſee thee, Roſina! with tears in thine eyes,
" From the gate caſt a wiſhful and lingering view;
" I hear in the ſound of thy ſoft-breathing ſighs,
" Theſe accents,"—" Dear Henry! for ever adieu:

" Tho' far from thy ſight I am deſtin'd to dwell,
" Thoſe friends who have been to my choice ſo ſevere
" Cannot tyrannize over my heart in its cell,
" Condemn my deep ſigh, or my ſorrowful tear.

" By a faint gleaming lamp oft when ſilence prevails,
" I at midnight will ſit and reflect on my doom;
" Nor ceaſe to adore thee, till memory fails,
" And misfortune's cold hand lays me low in the tomb.

" Yes, Roſina! I hear thy eternal farewell —
" Thy tomb in thoſe walls thou art deſtin'd to find;
" Thy bloom ſoon will fade in that damp gloomy cell,
" And thy health be deſtroy'd by the ſtate of thy mind.

" For me, — but to ſome lonely cave I will creep,
" Such as often in cliffs on the ſea-beach appear;
" There unknown will I dwell, unregarded will weep,
" Trace thy name on the ſand, and indulge my diſpair.

" To the winds and the lightnings expoſing my form
" I will ſit and contemplate the billows below,
" In the moment of danger invoking the ſtorm,
" To finiſh a life render'd irkſome by woe.

" From the rocks when the ſea gulls and cormorants fly,
" And with their ſhrill notes make the cliffs to reſound,
" I ſhall ſuit my ſad voice to their ominous cry,
" And howl to the winds as they murmur around.

" But lo! at the verge of the foreſt appears
" A Pilgrim, who haſtily paſſes along;
" Methinks I perceive him drop ſorrowful tears,
" As his trembling feet rove the wild briars among.

" The ſharpneſs of poverty he may endure,
" Or perhaps he laments a dear miſtreſs or friend,
" Tho' his miſeries may not admit of a cure,
" Compaſſion impels me aſſiſtance to lend."

He ſaid — when as nearer the Pilgrim he drew,
His boſom amazement and happineſs prov'd;
The face of the gentle Roſina he knew,
And heard the ſoft voice of the maiden he lov'd.

" Afford thy protection, dear Henry! " ſhe cry'd,
" Diſguis'd in this garb, I to ſeek thee am come ;
" In thy truth, in thine honour, thy love I confide,
" With thee o'er the world thy Roſina will roam.

" Adieu, ye magnificent towers, adieu !
" Ambition and grandeur with joy I reſign,
" Kind fate, let me ſafely my journey purſue,
" And let a low cottage and Henry be mine."

CONSTANTIA.

THOUGH Agrippina's breaſt with anguiſh burn'd,
Whilſt o'er Germanicus's urn ſhe mourn'd,
No pomp of grief, no wild diſpair ſhe ſhew'd —
The Roman widow, midſt a pitying crowd,
Heedleſs of public view, or public fame,
Bore the ſad reliques of his honour'd name:
In ſilent ſorrow to her throbbing breaſt
The aſhes of her noble Lord ſhe preſt,
Whilſt the attentive throng her grief approv'd,
And wept the fortune of a chief belov'd.

Thus fair Conſtantia, (whoſe becoming pride
The violence of love and grief wou'd hide),
In ſecret heav'd the unavailing ſigh,
And made the vows of ſtrict fidelity.
Still to the memory of Orſames juſt,
Thoſe vows with him are wedded to the duſt;
No monument he needs — Conſtantia's heart
Affords her lover ſuch an ample part,
That all his character is painted there,
Partially great, — and eminently fair.

Of noble birth, from anceſtors renown'd,
Whoſe heads hereditary right had crown'd,
Conſtantia was — ſuch charms her perſon dreſs'd,
As ſuited thoſe within her virtuous breaſt;
Where ſacred friendſhip fix'd her brilliant throne,
And own'd th' equality of love alone.
Amelia's heart the gen'rous friend repaid,
And young Orſames lov'd the faithful maid.
But fate exchang'd felicity for grief,
And peace diſtracted tore her olive leaf,
Stern death the patience of Conſtantia try'd —
The gentle friend, and noble lover died.

To the remembrance of a friend ſo dear,
Conſtantia dropp'd the ſympathetic tear,
Her mournful countenance her grief expreſt,
And to the public told ſhe was diſtreſt.
But for her lover loſt, the hapleſs maid
Confin'd her ſorrows in the ſecret ſhade;
Fled from the ſearch of ev'ry curious eye,
Concealing anguiſh in obſcurity;
And tho' for youth and beauty's charms ador'd,
Forſook the multitude to mourn her Lord.

AMELIA.

DAUGHTERS of Albion! who with wanton pride,
Sport gayly on, in pleaſure's mad career;
Ah! for a moment deign to be adviſ'd,
And lend to ſober truth a patient ear.

Amelia claims it from her awful grave,
Where the remains of youth and beauty ſleep;
What is that youth, and what that beauty now?
Among its parent duſt a mouldering heap.

Envy'd ſhe was by nymphs, by ſwains ador'd;
Yet what avail'd the praiſe that others paid?
Her hopes were blaſted in the nuptial ſtate,
And only friendſhip's hand ſuſtain'd her head.

To ſooth the ſorrows of her lovely friend
With unremitting zeal, Conſtantia try'd;
Amelia's heart her gen'rous care repaid,
She ſmil'd forth gratitude — but droop'd — and dy'd.

ELEGY

On the Death of P. B, *Eſquire.*

November 11th, 1775.

THE hour was come! the awful mandate giv'n
That call'd Acaſto's righteous ſoul to Heav'n!

Need we the pomp of monumental ſtone,
The labour'd epitaph — the mimic buſt,
To blazon forth what death, alas! has done,
Or add more honour to Acaſto's duſt?

Away with ſuperficial ſigns of woe! —
The painted ſcutcheon and the nodding plume;
Let decent ſorrow, — ſilent, ſolemn, ſlow,
Attend his reliques to their deſtin'd tomb.

Baniſh'd be all the flatt'ring pomp of ſpeech
In copious phraſe, by oſtentation dreſs'd;
No words the pathos of diſtreſs can teach,
That broods in ſecret o'er the widow'd breaſt.

There, (wou'd ye know the depth of human woe)
Turn — and confeſs that in Eliza's eye,
More than in all the language you beſtow,
Pathetic truth, and genuine ſorrows lie.

Bereft of him, whom firſt, whom beſt ſhe lov'd,
  Bereft of him, who doted on her worth ;
Now like a tender flower, (its prop remov'd)
  She fades, and bends her beauties to the earth.

Nor ſhe alone Acaſto will deplore !
  A thouſand mourners will the liſt extend ;
Whoſe prayers were ineffectual, to reſtore
  The ſon, the huſband, father, brother, friend.

Able he was — affectionate and juſt,
  In ev'ry character of life rever'd ;
True to his king, attentive to his truſt,
  By ſocial virtues to his friends endear'd.

With judgement ſound, with underſtanding clear,
  One ſteady line of conduct he purſu'd ;
With heart untainted, as with tongue ſincere,
  He won the friendſhip of the wiſe and good.

His manners were by graceful eaſe adorn'd,
  His converſation was by ſenſe inſpir'd ;
In death, he univerſally is mourn'd,
  As he in life, was honour'd and admir'd.

ETHELMER AND EVELINA.

THE grey-ey'd morn peep'd o'er the hill
In ſaffron robes array'd,
With roſy fingers touch'd the flowers,
And ſhone acroſs the glade.

With dewy feet ſhe preſs'd the ground,
Whence miſty vapours roſe;
She then to Ethelmer appear'd,
And call'd him from repoſe.

Up roſe young Ethelmer with ſpeed —
The huntſmen are in view;
In green apparel forth he goes,
To join the jovial crew.

But this was merely a pretext,
Fram'd to deceive his bride,
He went prepar'd a foe to meet,
Cloſe by the foreſt ſide.

The day before, from ſlight diſpute
A deſperate quarrel roſe;
And ſavage honour thus provok'd,
But one atonement knows.

Edwyn's proud ſpirit would not yield,
Nor Ethelmer's give way,
And when falſe pride uſurps the rule,
Raſh courage muſt obey.

The bugle horn ſounds thro' the wind,
The deep mouth'd hounds reply;
" To horſe!" exclaims the jocund crew,
" To horſe!" is all their cry.

Along the verdant vale they go;
The timid hare appears;
She flies before the ardent throng,
And pants beneath her fears.

Swift they purſue on gallant ſteeds,
They ſhout, and ſeem to fly;
Whilſt echo from the wood prolongs
The univerſal cry.

Meantime fair Evelina's dreams
With horror were replete;
She thought her Ethelmer was laid
Expiring at her feet.

For her dear abſent Lord ſhe mourn'd,
For his return ſhe pray'd,
And anxious for his valu'd life,
She thus foreboding ſaid:

" Impetuous, ardent in his courſe,
" My Ethelmer appears,
" On danger obſtinately bent,
" And heedleſs of my fears!

" That gen'rous breaſt, where love and truth
" A conſtant ſway maintain,
" In this one inſtance, can alone
" Give Evelina pain.

" Soon as the huntſman winds his horn,
" Soon as the hounds are near,
" With tranſport wild, he mounts his ſteed,
" And ſcorns to linger here.

" Had I the falcon's wing, I'd be
" Attendant on my love;
" With him the woody wilds explore,
" With him the mazy grove.

" A thouſand thoughts and dire alarms
" Now diſcompoſe my breaſt;
" His ſafety is my frequent prayer,
" His danger breaks my reſt."

Ah, Evelina! gentle fair!
Suſpend thy tender fears;
Till certainty of ill arrives,
Reſerve thoſe precious tears.

Vainly the voice of reaſon pleads—
Her mind preſages woe;
Too ſoon alas! the wretched fair
Her deſtiny will know.

Far from her hoſpitable doors,
In ſolitude ſhe goes,
Nor plucks the violet from its bed,
Nor heeds the opening roſe.

Tho' inſects flutter in the ſun
With bright enamell'd wings,
Tho' ſeated on the leafy bough,
The jocund blackbird ſings;

She neither liſtens to the ſong,
Nor yet admires the ſcene;
In vain for her the flowers are gay,
In vain the groves are green.

With haſty ſtep ſhe roves along,
Till paſſing thro' the vale;
The far far diſtant ſound of horns
Comes floating on the gale.

Towards the ſound ſhe bends her way,
It dies upon the wind;
Again it riſes with the breeze,
And agitates her mind.

But iſſuing from a neighb'ring wood,
A herdſman ſhe eſpies;
Amazement in his frantic mien,
And horror in his eyes.

"Help! help!" aloud the herdſman calls,
"Help! help!" the woods reply;
"What mean thy words?" the fair one cry'd,
"What means thy rolling eye?"

Half breathleſs with his fears, to her
The grey-hair'd man rejoin'd,
"Thy gentle voice, thy aſpect mild,
"Denotes a gen'rous mind.

" Ah then! if near the wood you dwell,
" In mickle wealth and power,
" Call forth aſſiſtance from your gates,
" In this eventful hour.

" A noble youth, in yonder wood
" Is wounded — and expires;" —
Soon as he ſpake, the vernal bloom
From her fair face retires.

A ſudden thought her ſoul invades,
Quick as the lightning's glance;
It wounds her boſom with a point,
Sharp as the Parthian lance.

Impell'd by terror, to the wood
Wildly ſhe took her way,
And ſaw where Ethelmer's pale corſe
Among the buſhes lay.

The dying youth beheld the fair,
His tongue to ſpeak deny'd, —
He graſp'd her hand, ('twas all he cou'd,)
Then breath'd a ſigh, and dy'd.

(Thus have I ſeen ſome feeble lamp
Gleam forth a parting light,
That one exertion o'er, it fades
And ſinks in endleſs night.)

But who the anguiſh can deſcribe
Of Evelina's breaſt,
The phrenzy'd ſtart, the ſtruggling tear,
Her agonies expreſs'd?

No more ſhe hears the voice of love
  Reſponſive to her ſighs,
Nor reads a ſympathetic thought,
  Soft beaming from his eyes.

Her peace of mind can ne'er return —
  Edwyn "has murder'd ſleep!"
All day the frantic widow raves,
  All night ſhe wakes to weep.

Not long fair Evelina liv'd
  To fill this mournful part —
The ball that pierc'd her huſband's breaſt,
  Had alſo reach'd her heart.

THE FEMALE ARCHERS.

Written in July, 1774.

Air by CUPID.

VENUS, leave your roſy bowers!
Bid adieu to laughing hours!
Thorny-thoughted care is come,
Sorrow with perpetual gloom.
See thy weeping ſon diſtreſs'd!
Diſappointment galls his breaſt.
Muſt he be decreed to languiſh?
Void of hope, and full of anguiſh?
Hence to yonder grove I'll fly,
There on Thames's margin lie;
Sighing to the waving wood,
Weeping to the circling flood.
There within the chequer'd ſhade
Shall my uſeleſs darts be laid,
And in ſome ſequeſter'd cell,
With diſpair ſhall Cupid dwell.

Recitative (VENUS.)

What means my ſon? (the Queen of beauty cries,
Amazement beaming from her lovely eyes;)
Far, far away, the dull idea drive,
Cupid, with mirth, with joy, and me, ſhall live.
What execution, boy! can beauty do,
Unleſs her graces are improv'd by you?
'Tis partial love which gives her countenance,
And pays her charms a flatt'ring recompence;
If love no longer warms the human heart,
Vain is the ſtratagem of dreſs and art;
In vain the beauty all her charms employs,
For cool indifference their effect deſtroys.
Tell me, capricious love, what ſudden cauſe
Make thee rebellious to a mother's laws?
Still to command, and frame thy ſchemes, be mine;
Still to attend, and acquieſce, be thine!

Air (CUPID.)

Queen! on Albion's ſea-girt ſhore,
I ſhall loſe my former power;
Once I there my ſkill employ'd,
Once I triumph there enjoy'd.
Midſt a ſweet embow'ring ſhade,
Erſt I found a lovely maid;
Smiles like thine, adorn'd her face,
Dian's bluſhes lent her grace.
Swift I twang'd my ready bow,
Swift the barbed arrow flew,
To a boſom white as ſnow.

Near the happy ſpot I found,
Siſters' three, diſporting round,

Beauteous as the buds of ſpring,
Fann'd by Zephyr's gentle wing.
Like thy ſmiling graces three,
Such their forms appear'd to me;
While the rude ambitious air,
Wanton'd in their golden hair.
Theſe I mark'd for future prey,
And fix'd the conqueſt for to-day.

Ere thy morning ſtar was fled,
Forth I ſtole from Pſyche's bed;
Full of miſchievous intent,
Tow'rds the peaceful grove I went;
But before my flight was done,
Phœbus had his courſe begun.

Now, I cry'd, my journey's o'er,
This is the pre-deſtin'd hour!
Virgins, ſoon ſhall liberty
Leave your hearts oppos'd by me.
Speaking thus, the nymphs I found,
Tripping lightly o'er the ground;
Beauty dwelt on ev'ry face,
All their ſteps were full of grace.

Mother! muſt I tell you more?
In their hands the virgins bore,
Emblems of Diana's trade,
And in honour of the maid,
Nimbly like her veſtal train,
Skip'd along the verdant plain.
Then, with looks and geſtures ſly,
Let their well-aim'd arrows fly:

Thus in earneſt, or in ſport,
They to Dian pay their court,
And to Sylvan ſhades reſort.
Lovely Hermia too is one,
Who dares inſtruct, and lead them on;
Struck with wonder at the ſight,
Back I took my weary flight.
Mother! I to thee repair,
Muſt I languiſh in diſpair?
Or can your ſuperior art,
To my boſom hope impart?

Recitative (VENUS.)

Ceaſe, ſilly boy! thy lamentable tale,
The pow'r allotted thee, can never fail;
By Styx I promiſe thee effectual aid,
The nymphs ſhall yield, in ſpight of Dian's trade;
Her patronage inadequate will prove,
To the ſuperior ſkill of me and love;
Theſe ſiſters have at preſent gain'd thy art,
And each can wound, and captivate the heart;
Reſign thy pow'r — and let their arrows do
That execution which belongs to you;
Nay, hear me ſtill — I know, that either's breaſt,
Has gen'rous pity, for a conſtant gueſt;
Compell'd at laſt, by her, and ſympathy,
They all, my Cupid, will be friends with thee,
And knowing what their wounded ſlaves endure,
They who cou'd ſpeed the dart, will give the cure.

AN EPISTLE FROM A SYLPH TO ZEPHYR.

1779.

WHILST from theſe plains my Zephyr roves
To fan Arabia's ſpicy groves,
Thy faithful Sylph in penſive mood
Seeks the lone cell and ſilent wood.
The gay alcove, the myrtle bower,
Without thy preſence charm no more;
Robb'd of thy breath the flowrets fade,
And verdure leaves the ſickly ſhade.
The weeping willow ſeems to mourn,
And languiſh more, ſince thou art gone,
The violet wears a paler blue,
The cypreſs bears a paler hue.

In vain does fair Lucinda come
To court the breeze the groves among,
In vain, fatigu'd with ſultry heat,
Dorilla ſeeks a cool retreat,
Whilſt I neglect to braid her hair,
Or place her ornaments with care:

To beauty's claim neglectful grown,
I leave her at her glaſs alone,
Yet even here I am not free
From muſic — and ſociety.

Laſt night, as penſively I ſtray'd
By moonlight in the chequer'd ſhade,
A lovely briar roſe I found,
Whoſe ſweets perfum'd the dewy ground.
To ſnatch the flower my hand was rear'd,
When a diſtreſsful cry I heard,
And on the boſom of the roſe
A fairy ſat, (in verdant cloaths,)
Whilſt on a neighb'ring bough I ſpy'd
Dan Cupid dreſs'd in all his pride,
Equip'd with little bow and arrow,
And pert as any wanton ſparrow;
No captain in the guards cou'd be,
More perfect in effrontery.

On my knees in haſte I fell
To beg he wou'd not take it ill,
That I had come ſo impromptu,
And thus diſturb'd his rendezvous.

" By my flight of downy doves,
" By the bleſt Idalian groves,
" By the nets my ſilkworms ſpin
" To take the hearts of ramblers in,
" By the ſhepherd's hopes and fears,
" By the love-ſick maiden's tears,
" By my arrow and my quiver,
" Cupid is forgiving ever."
Thus ſpake he, with an accent loud,
Then vaniſh'd in an orient cloud.

I now was in a ſtrange quandary
How to pacify the fairy;
Lowly I obeiſance paid,
Call'd forth flattery to my aid,
Swore by Styx her roſeate bluſh,
Pencil'd brows and eyes were ſuch,
That had ſhe taller been — and PLAINER,
I ſhou'd have taken her for Diana.

The little elf began to ſmile,
And pointed to a moſs-grown ſtile,
Whoſe antique hue, and figure rude,
Told it had unfrequented ſtood,
For many years.

I live, ſaid ſhe, beyond that ſtile,
Where mirth and glee my hours beguile;
Within a narrow compaſs lies
My treaſure, lands, and dignities.
There I reſide till ebon night
Aſcends her throne, and veils the light.
Then with attendant elves I ſtray
To revel in the farmers' hay,
Or form a ringlet on the ground,
In which we dance our jocund round:
And often as we ſport along
Are hail'd by Philomela's ſong;
But inſtant as Aurora dawns,
We homeward trip acroſs the lawns;
Come then with me, fair Sylph! and ſee
The manſion of feſtivity.

She ſaid — I follow'd o'er the ſtile
And rambled underground a mile,

Whilſt thus the Fay renew'd her ſtrain: —
Behold internal earth's domain!
Here worms, and moles, and dormice ſleep,
And glow-worms here their vigils keep.
Here ants within their quarries toil,
And wrap proviſion in the ſoil,
Here rabbits form an earthly cell,
Here ſnakes, and newts, and lizards dwell,
Beneath whoſe beds unſeen may lay
Some mines embowel'd in the clay,
Or ſecret ſprings that ſilent glide,
To mingle with the river's tide.

And now behold my palace, where
I live with fairies debonair;
Fairies of faſhion, who reſort
By day to my enchanting court,
Where more than Comus we profeſs,
Wit, feaſting, revelry, and dreſs.
But ere they come, be merry here,
And welcome to my rural fare.

On an aſpen leaf I ſaw
A walnut-ſhell replete with ſtraw,
And here, ſhe cry'd, I reſt when weary,
This is a ſofa for a fairy.
On a ſpreading muſhroom's head
Was a ſmall collation laid,
There were berries, red and blue,
Acorn cups with ſparkling dew,
Hips and haws, and infant fruit,
Ears of wheat, and parſley root,
Currant juice in filbert ſhells,
Honey plac'd in cowſlip bells.

This repaſt was made for me,
And plac'd in perfect ſymmetry,
Whilſt our two attendants were
A cricket and a graſshopper.
The fairy, on a daiſy ſeated,
Me to eat and drink entreated,
And violet leaves and moſs of roſes,
Nuts, and almonds, flowers, and poſies,
Form'd a prettier deſſert,
Than any that is made by art.
Meantime two lizards took their ſtand,
Each with a little maple wand,
On which was ty'd a pigeon's feather
To fan their Queen in ſultry weather,
And on the ground a glow-worm ſat,
The dwelling to illuminate.
A bright enamel'd dragon fly,
Rich with many a vivid die,
Darted tow'rds us, to announce
The Queen's muſician, Signor Bounce!
(A buzzing, loud, bluebottle fly,
A true baſſoon for harmony.)
A frog advanc'd with aſpect grave
To croak a harſh recitative,
Two gnats to ſqueak the violin,
Crickets and graſhoppers to ſing,
The May bug and the honey bee,
Made a charming ſymphony,
And laſt an Indian ſong we heard,
Warbled by an humming bird
That Oberon the fairy caught,
And from Orixa's climate brought
A preſent to his little Queen,
Who ne'er ſuch rarities had ſeen.

The bird was encor'd, and applauded,
The inſects with a ſmile rewarded ;
A kettle drum the hornet beat,
Sounding a general retreat.

The fairy then addreſt me: — Friend!
Attention to my ſtory lend.
I chuſe you for a confeſſor,
A confidant, a counſellor,
And from this moment I deſign
My ſecrets ſhall be always thine.
In nightly dreams I'll viſit thee,
Or in the ſhape of gnat or flea,
Sit upon Delia's downy cheek,
And in murm'ring accents ſpeak,
Whilſt you may unbraid her hair
Or put her night-cap on with care.
Firſt, I will to thee unfold
What to me blythe Cupid told,
To-day as on the roſe I ſat,
Where you ſpoilt our *tête-à-tête*.

Venus, who had heard the fame
Of many nymphs of noble name,
(For whom e'en Mars himſelf might ſigh,
And lay his martial glories by),
Grew jealous of their high renown,
And heard their conqueſts with a frown.
At length in the Idalian grove
She thus beſpake the God of love:
" Go, Cupid! ſee if there on earth
" Exiſts a dame of mortal birth,
" Whom you to match my charms can venture,
" And in whoſe ſoul the virtues centre.

" Select (impartial) from the throng
" Three women, virtuous, fair, and young,
" Then weigh their merits in a ſcale,
" And ſee whoſe balance will prevail,
" Chuſe her who has the greateſt ſenſe,
" Wit and good-humour *ſans* pretence,
" With genius apt, and manners kind,
" Accompliſh'd, and of gentle mind,
" In feminine attractions dreſs'd,
" Pronounc'd the faireſt, and the beſt,
" Whoſe mental virtues brightly ſhine,
" Whoſe charms external challenge mine.
" If ſuch there is, to whom kind Heaven
" A perfect form and mind hath given,
" With candour I will freely own,
" That ſhe is Nature's paragon;
" But ſure I am that fate has ne'er
" Made one who can with me compare."

She ſaid — obedient Cupid goes
To mix with modern belles and beaux;
For once with perfect ſight endow'd,
He join'd the animated crowd,
Of faſhionable, young, and fair,
Who unto Ranelagh repair.
There in the figure of a beau
He ſought their ſentiments to know,
By converſation full of ſpirit
To learn the ladies ſenſe and merit,
By *jeux d'eſprit* their wit to try,
And judge of beauty by the eye.

There fair Hamilla wiſe and young,
And gentle Pyrrha charm'd the throng;

There graceful Iſabella mov'd,
Admir'd, approv'd, eſteem'd, and lov'd;
Amelia with bewitching air,
Miranda with the golden hair,
(She who the frozen heart can warm
By looks that ſpeak, and ſmiles that charm.)
Roxana beautiful and gay,
Iſmena lovely as the May,
The fair Dianthe blythe and young,
With Sylvia of mellifluous ſong:
The pretty Selima is ſeen,
With elegant and placid mien;
Hortenſia amiably ſincere,
Roſella to the Muſes dear,
Doris in elegance compleat,
Matilda lovely and diſcreet;
Floretta young and debonnair,
And Galatea ſparkled there;
Timothea, fam'd for radiant eyes;
Maria, jocund, fair, and wiſe;
The gentle Emma form'd to pleaſe,
By beauty, innocence, and eaſe;
Hermia, within whoſe ſoul refin'd
Taſte, ſcience, genius is combin'd,
And from whoſe pencil paintings come
Worthy of Athens, and of Rome;
Whoſe form is graceful and ſerene,
Expreſſive of the mind within.
Nor, gentle Emma, ſhall the Muſe
Due tribute to thy charms refuſe,
Charms that unite with worth and ſenſe,
The rarity call'd diffidence.
Poor Cupid, charm'd with ſo much beauty,
Was puzzled how to do his duty,

And own'd it difficult to ſwear
Who was the faireſt of the fair;
At length he found 'twas time to try
Their merits with impartial eye,
To learn who beſt had prov'd their ſenſe
Beneath the weight of conſequence,
And meekly bore thoſe gifts of fate,
Wealth, honours, friendſhip, pomp, and ſtate;
And who with patient minds had borne
To ſee their ſhare of grandeur gone,
Their happy days for ever fled,
Their hopes of joy and ſplendour dead.
Who ſmiling at misfortune's load,
Move on in Virtue's thorny road,
And tho' they labour with a ſigh,
Complain not of adverſity.

For ſuch uncommon worth renown'd
The three moſt perfect types he found;
In ev'ry native charm compleat,
One happy — two unfortunate.

Dianthe! her whom fortune loves,
Dianthe! her whom fate approves,
Whoſe virtues all the good revere,
Whoſe manners mild and graceful are,
Whoſe mind is well endow'd with ſenſe,
Whoſe mirth is ſway'd by innocence.

Miranda, moſt divinely dear,
With placid, unaffected air;
Sweet miſtreſs of mellifluous ſtrain,
And like the Syrens of the main,

Poſſeſs'd of the bewitching power,
To make mankind her charms adore.
Tho' diſappointment's cruel dart
Purſu'd her vows, and pierc'd her heart,
She bears her woes with placid mien,
And drops affliction's tear unſeen.

Iſmena, artleſs and diſcreet,
In beauty and in ſenſe compleat,
Whoſe penſive countenance reveals
That ſhe the ſlights of fortune feels,
Yet to her deſtiny reſign'd,
Can ſuffer with heroic mind;
Alike in ev'ry change of life
A conſtant friend, and faithful wife.
While Nature in the conflict fails,
And ſickneſs o'er her frame prevails;
Without a murmur or a ſigh,
The drooping fair expects to die.

Now which of theſe muſt Cupid chuſe?
For two his Highneſs muſt refuſe?
And each ſo amiable appear,
He knows not which he ſhou'd prefer;
Dianthe's eyes — Miranda's ſmile,
By turns his little heart beguile.
And then Iſmena's penſive air,
Improves a face divinely fair;
Dianthe's jocund ſtep invites,
Miranda's heavenly voice delights,
Iſmena's intereſting mien
Is ſuited to a mind ſerene.

" In ſhort," ſaid he, " 'tis hard to tell,
" Which of the three does moſt excell?

" How ſhall I make a juſt election?
" The eyes, the ſmiles, and the complexion,
" Their virtues, tempers, faces, forms,
" Their various merits, various charms,
" By turns attract my wav'ring choice —
" But I to ONE muſt give my voice."

The prattling boy had ſpake thus far,
When ſounds of footſteps caught his ear,
And we beheld thy form appear.
Then Cupid ſtarting from his ſeat,
Left the ſtory incompleat.

I was then the roſe's gueſt,
Sitting on whoſe fragrant breaſt,
You diſcern'd me, not till I
With ſhrill and lamentable cry,
Sav'd my ſweet delicious roſe:
And thus I my narration cloſe.

As ſhe ended, came a train
Of nimble fairies clad in green;
At their miſtreſs's command
Each with an officious hand,
Bore me in a tulip bell
Safely to my Sylvan cell,
Where I wiſh thy ſwift return,
And for gentle Zephyr mourn.

On a Robin Redbreaſt having appear'd twice at the Communion Table on Chriſtmas-Day, when the Reverend Mr. FORSTER *was adminiſtering the Sacrament.*

FORSTER! had I thy eloquence and art,
To charm the ear, and to reform the heart,
Thy pleaſing fancy, to adorn my ſong,
The gentle ſounds which to thy voice belong,
I might expect, by my poetic lays,
To add one trivial trophy to thy praiſe;
But there expreſſion fails — the trembling lyre
Drops from my hand, in ſilence I admire
Religious lore, unfolding truths divine,
Improv'd, and ſoften'd, by a tongue like thine:
Aw'd, for awhile I liſten, and revere,
Nor dare to ſpeak, till I no longer hear;
And when thy tuneful voice no more is heard,
Remembrance cheriſhes each ſoothing word.

Thy language with perſuaſive ſweetneſs flows, —
Soft as the dew deſcends upon the roſe,
Thy accents fall, whilſt Nature owns their pow'r,
And bids the * libertine be gay no more,
Bids the frail fair of penitence to ſpeak,
And bathes with contrite tears her bluſhing cheek,

* Alluding to the ſubject of the Sermon.

While that ſame tongue which made the tears to flow,
A balm to heal her ſorrows can beſtow,
And as the ſun amidſt a ſhow'r appears,
Hope ſweetly ſmiles, and wipes away her tears.

Then ceaſe to wonder, that a bird ſhou'd join
The crowd, who liſten to thy voice divine!
Surpriz'd to hear ſuch harmony of ſound,
Where loneſome aiſles, and ſilent tombs are found,
Where deep in-earth'd, the wiſe, and virtuous ſleep,
And only monumental marbles weep,
He leaves the ſhelter of the cypreſs tree,
And riſques his liberty, to gaze on thee.

Vers de Madame la Maréchalle de MIREPOIX *à Mr. le Duc de* NIVERNOIS, *en lui envoyant de ſes Cheveux.*

LES voilà ces cheveux, depuis long-tems blanchis,
D'une étroite union qu'ils ſoient toujours le gage,
Je ne regrette rien de ce que m'ôte l'âge,
Il me laiſſe de vrais amis.
On m'aime preſqu'autant, j'oſe aimer d'avantage,
L'aſtre de l'amitié luit dans l'hyver de ans,
Fruit précieux du cœur, de l'eſtime & du tems !
On ne s'y méprend plus, on cède à ſon empire,
Et l'on joint, ſous des cheveux blancs,
Au charme de s'aimer, le droit de ſe le dire.

Reponſe du Duc de NIVERNOIS.

QUOI vous parlez de cheveux blancs !
Laiſſons, laiſſons couler le tems,
Que nous importe ſon ravage ;
Les tendres cœurs en ſont exempts,
Et les graces ſont de tout âge.

Pour moi, Zémire ! je le ſens,
Je ſuis toujours dans mon printems,
Quand je vous offrit mon hommage ;
Si je n'avois que dix-huit ans,
Je pourrois aimer plus long-tems,
Mais non pas aimer d'avantage.

Tranſlation by a LADY *(unknown.)*

THIS hair by time long blanch'd receive,
In token of eſteem — bereft
Of youthful Graces, ſhall I grieve?
When friendſhip's treaſure ſtill is left.

My many friends ſtill love me much,
I dare love more, and own it too,
The privilege of age is ſuch,
It bluſhes not at ſpeaking true.

Th' all-cheering ſun of friendſhip ſhines,
With luſtre on our winter days,
Hence tho' the ſpring of youth declines,
Age has its ſpring, which ne'er decays.

Anſwer.

ON treſſes whiten'd o'er by time
It boots not to beſtow a ſigh,
The Graces, ever in their prime,
May time's ſevereſt ſtrokes defy.

In vain ſhall time aſſay to bring
Friendſhip with years to winter's cloſe;
Love genuine breathes eternal ſpring,
And no exchange of ſeaſon knows.

Where I, Zemira! but eighteen,
The chain your merit forms, might laſt
A longer ſpace; but well I ween
Cou'd never bind my heart more faſt.

Tranſlation by S. B.

RECEIVE theſe locks, which time has render'd gray,
Let them a pledge of my affection prove;
I mourn no charms that time has ſtol'n away,
Since it has left the friends whom moſt I love.

The ſacred ſtar of friendſhip ſtill is ſeen,
With equal luſtre glittering in its ſphere;
Still true to thee, as it has ever been,
It warms my heart, when winter rules the year.

No more my boſom need its choice conceal —
For age the happy privilege allows,
To ſpeak the real ſentiments we feel,
To own — that in our hearts affection glows.

Anſwer.

AH! what avails the ſilver hair!
And what the ravages of time!
My love it never can impair,
A love that ſtill is in its prime;
Let time on rapid pinions fly,
Thy Graces all his power defy.

No change, Zemira! I perceive —
'Tis ever ſpring when YOU are near,
Cou'd fate my youth and thine retrieve,
And make you blooming as you were,
I LONGER might your charms adore,
But ah! I cou'd not love you MORE.

EPISTLE FROM ELVIRA

(A SPANISH LADY)

TO HER LOVER,

(A NATIVE OF PORTUGAL.)

NAY, ſtart not, Oſmyn! nor contract thy brow,
Nor from thy trembling hand my writing throw;
He who can dare to do a guilty deed,
May ſurely dare its dire effects to read;
Oh! then for pity, and Elvira's ſake,
Peruſe theſe lines, and my diſtreſs partake,
So ſhall my ſoul be ſooth'd with this belief,
Tho' loſt to VIRTUE, thou art touch'd with GRIEF.

Perhaps you ſay, What means this wretched fair?
How can I ſhield her from augmenting care?
If ſhe reproves me, what will that avail!
Why then to me repeat a mournful tale?

Not arm'd with vengeance, nor with anger fir'd,
Elvira writes, — by love alone inſpir'd,
By love, her frail and wretched ſex's curſe,
(Parent of Trouble, and Dejection's nurſe!)
She craves attention, — claims regard from thee,
The fatal cauſe of all her miſery,

For whom ſhe ſully'd her illuſtrious name,
And ſacrific'd her dignity and fame.
Whilſt yet this feeble frame retains its heat,
Whilſt my fond heart has yet the power to beat,
Let me with trembling fingers ſtrive to trace
A few ſad lines — a Martyr to diſgrace,
Sinking beneath the weight of woes ſevere,
I write to him who taught my ſteps to err.

(Thus when on ſhore the ſhatter'd veſſel drives,
Th' affrighted mariners, to ſave their lives,
Cling to the fatal rock that caus'd the blow,
And eye, with looks aghaſt, the foaming waves below.)

Oh thou! for whom I broke all moral ties,
Oh thou! the author of my tears and ſighs,
Know that my danger never can controul
Thoſe tender ſentiments that fill my ſoul;
Yet do my injuries RESENTMENT claim,
Due to the memory of my ruin'd fame,
And friendſhip's name, abus'd in ſuch a cauſe,
Bids me complain of violated laws.
Lovers are licens'd to employ their art,
And win by ſtratagem the female heart,
But friends ſhou'd be unalterably juſt,
And ſtrictly faithful to their ſacred truſt;
Why then did Oſmyn dare that name to take,
My mind to poiſon, and my heart to break?

Oh friendſhip! ſpotleſs as deſcending ſnow,
Why didſt thou Oſmyn's artifice allow?
Ah why permit th' aſſaſſin LOVE to wear
Thy radiant robes and thy complexion fair?

Alas! too late for my repoſe I find
That friendſhip never dwelt in Oſmyn's mind;
Unlike a true and honourable friend,
He ſtole the heart he promis'd to defend.

Falſe one! ſurvey the miſchief thou haſt done,
My hopes are blaſted, and my comfort gone;
Repentance in my boſom plants a ſting,
And horror ſhades me with her ſable wing:
What then remains for ſuch a wretch as me,
Condemn'd by virtue, and betray'd by thee?

Fool that I was, and to the future blind!
Love baniſh'd reaſon from my erring mind;
Love tempted me to break thro' moral rules,
And ſcorn the rigid laws of men and ſchools;
Frail was my heart, too ſtrong the conflict prov'd,
When Oſmyn flatter'd, and Elvira lov'd;
Pride, ſhame, and honour, ſtrove in vain to plead—
Seduc'd by love, my ruin was decreed.

Yet, dear aſſociate! (for thou ſtill art dear,
Form'd to delight mine eye, and charm mine ear,)
In my fond heart thou haſt unalter'd power,
And him whom I upbraid, I ſtill adore;
Wrong'd as I am, and deeply as I grieve,
If Oſmyn pleads, Elvira muſt forgive.

Immortal powers! ſhall love's malignant dart
Engrave ſad legends on a tender heart?
And in my MEMORY regiſter the date
Of an affection ſo unfortunate?
Alas! too well I recollect the hour
When firſt you gain'd acceſs at Claudio's door;

Scarce known, I thought thee lovelieſt of thy kind,
With faultleſs manners, and accompliſh'd mind,
Too ſoon opinion into preference turn'd,
Too ſoon my heart with fatal paſſion burn'd.
Where'er I wander'd, Oſmyn's form appear'd,
Dreſs'd by the Graces, and by love endear'd.
Poſſeſs'd of winning elegance and eaſe,
Of every charm that cou'd attract and pleaſe;
No grief was mine, that Oſmyn wou'd not bear,
No joy was his, Elvira did not ſhare;
To fly from him, I ſought the mazy grove
In vain — for there I was purſu'd by love.
If unto crowds and ſcenes of pomp I turn'd,
Tho' flatter'd by the gay and young, I mourn'd;
The maſque, the ball, had loſt their charms for me,
Unleſs amid the throng I gaz'd on thee:
The tapers glimmer'd with a feeble light,
Unleſs my Oſmyn's preſence made them bright;
The ſounds of melody inſipid were,
If Oſmyn's accents did not reach my ear,
Time mov'd with leaden feet till he was ſeen,
And grace and beauty wore a languid mien.

But when my Oſmyn join'd the feſtive throng,
Sweet was the harp, and ſweeter yet the ſong;
Then did the brilliant lamps new beams diffuſe,
And jocund Nature wak'd the comic Muſe;
Beauty and grace and mirth were preſent there,
And love and harmony aboliſh'd care.
In his ſociety the hours paſs'd on
With downy feet, and were too ſwiftly gone;
I found each interview increaſe my pain,
Yet wiſh'd the moments to come back again.

With retroſpective thought I oft wou'd trace
The manly features of my Oſmyn's face,
And when the dear deceiver met my view,
I ſaw him amiable, and thought him true;
My trembling heart acknowledg'd Oſmyn's ſway,
In dreams by night, and reveries by day.

Alas! the ſame fond preference remains,
My wretched heart the fatal flame retains;
Methinks I ſee thee, and enraptur'd hear
Thy tuneful accents vibrate on my ear;
I ſtrive to check the ſentiments I feel,
I wou'd be free, but am enamour'd ſtill.
Love, the uſurper of a feeble throne,
Is combated by reaſon's power alone,
Who if a dawn of HOPE ſteals forward there,
Arreſts, and dooms the wanderer to diſpair.

Oh Oſmyn! thou to whom my lateſt ſigh,
My tend'reſt thought, my kindeſt wiſh, will fly,
Thou dear poſſeſſor of my love! forbear,
Urg'd by thy grief, to ruſh upon diſpair;
To this requeſt, this ſtrict command, attend,
Live — and the errors of thy life amend;
Learn from my woes what cruel ſufferings wait
On thoſe, for whom ſeduction ſpreads her net:
Too ſoon alas! the roſes fade away,
But thorns of anguiſh in the boſom ſtay,
Compoſure from the guilty pillow flies,
Reflexion comes array'd in tears and ſighs,
Truth in her mirror ſhews us what we are,
She murders hope, and brings the fiend Diſpair.

By the bleſt memory of thoſe tranquil hours,
When friendſhip crown'd me with ambroſial flowers,

When ruddy health and calm content combin'd
To cheer my body and elate my mind,
Ere I (too artleſs to ſuſpect diſguiſe,
And ignorant of thy connubial ties,)
Liſten'd and drank ſweet poiſon from thy tongue,
(Which knew to court the fair, and win the young,)
I charge thee, Oſmyn! do not urge my ſhame,
Nor with ungrateful boaſt my fall proclaim,
Or if to me compaſſion you refuſe,
Spare your own Clara the diſgraceful news;
Yet ſurely when my miſeries you hear,
Humanity will force the tender tear;
A poor atonement for thy errors paſt,
When her's who err'd the *leaſt*, have flow'd ſo faſt;
For ah! involuntary love was mine,
But guilt premeditated ſure was thine:
You found me young, and ignorant of art,
An hapleſs orphan with a feeling heart,
Depriv'd of all a parent's aid can give,
And with an haughty brother doom'd to live.
Maternal counſel and maternal care
Wou'd have preſerv'd me from the fatal ſnare,
With tender caution had my choice reprov'd,
And told me to avoid whom moſt I lov'd.

Oſmyn! this long, this mournful plaint receive —
Some ſmall attention to my ſufferings give;
I do not aſk for vows of conſtancy,
I know too well they are not due to me,
Thoſe vows have long been paid at Hymen's fane,
And injur'd Clara ſhou'd thy love regain.
But think! oh think! what complicated woes
I muſt endure — my brother's loſt repoſe,

His pride, his rage, his anger I expect,
My friends' reproaches, and the world's neglect;
Whilſt ſad remembrance doth too juſtly ſhew
What once I was, and what, alas! am now.

Like a poor ſhipwreck'd man whom ſtorms have caſt
On ſome lone rock, where he muſt breathe his laſt,
So I, encircl'd by the troubled ſtream,
Wake to my danger, tho' I wiſh to dream,
In vain look back to my forſaken coaſt,
And grieve for all thoſe bleſſings I have loſt.

The time approaches to decide my doom,
The hour of death, or certain ſhame will come;
Caſtillian honour, cautious of a ſtain,
When once provok'd, can never ſleep again;
It bids revenge within the boſom glow,
Sharpens the dagger, and directs the blow.
Soon will fierce Claudio, with offended pride,
Arm'd with a vengeful rapier by his ſide,
For thee, the object of his fury, call —
Ah ſhun his keen revenge, leſt one ſhou'd fall!
An infant may exiſt and view the light,
When in that hour thine eyes may cloſe in night,
Or elſe, oh horror! in the fatal ſtrife,
A virtuous brother yield his blameleſs life.

Oh bleſt Oblivion! cou'd I thee obtain,
To loſe the ſenſe of fear, or dread of pain,
To be forgetful of my paſt offence,
And live perſuaded of my innocence,
In whatſoever gloomy garb array'd,
I wou'd implore thee to afford me aid.

But oh it will not be! I muſt prepare,
Thy danger, Oſmyn! and my ſhame to bear;
Thy inſecurity brings half my fears,
To thee my ſtubborn heart too cloſe adheres;
Go to thy native land — to Clara turn,
Nor let my laſt requeſt be paid with ſcorn:
Fly ere my guilt is to the public known,
And let me ſingly meet misfortune's frown;
I aſk no pity to protract my fate,
For death alone can mend my wretched ſtate;
Death from the public eye may hide my crime —
Come, death! prevent my ſhame while yet there's time;
A juſt and haſty ſentence I demand,
And aſk no mercy from a brother's hand:
Let me be ſpar'd from terrible ſuſpence,
And take my life to expiate my offence.
Offended honour points unto the grave,
The beſt retreat a wretch like me can have.

Come, Claudio! you will find Elvira here —
I lay my boſom to thy poniard bare,
And from the deadly wound life's crimſon tide
Will ſoon appeaſe your much-offended pride.
Yes! like a lamb beneath the murderer's knife,
With patience I ſhall yield my forfeit life,
And while I ſink unto the ſhades below,
Will kiſs the hand that gives the welcome blow.

But No! — this tragic deed will ne'er be done —
Fate there is kind, and makes the work its own;
Nothing remains for vengeance to perform,
For weaken'd Nature ſaves me from the ſtorm.
Yet, in this dang'rous, awful, fleeting hour,
(When to abjure thoſe errors I deplore,

Shou'd be my taſk,) why do I thus delay
With pious fervor to confeſs and pray?
I ſhou'd expel this paſſion from my breaſt,
Where it too long has been a favour'd gueſt;
But whilſt I tremble at my ſins, I feel
The force of love, and am a rebel ſtill;
Drooping, expiring, I that love retain,
And reaſon's arguments are heard in vain,
The victor love maintains his lawleſs throne,
Inflicts the ſharpeſt wound, and claims the deepeſt groan.

Ah! may my ſtory an example give —
From thence a leſſon let my ſex receive;
Hither, ye gay coquettes! ye beauties, come!
Vain of your conqueſts and your tranſient bloom!
Behold me thus! — take warning by my fate!
Avoid the horrors of my preſent ſtate.
My own miſconduct brings me to the grave,
And guilt condemns what youth perhaps might ſave;
Even as I write, I feel my ſtrength decay,
My trembling hand can ſcarce my heart obey:
Theſe eyes whoſe luſtre has been oft admir'd,
No more with love's expreſſion are inſpir'd;
Languid and dim, their feeble orbs they roll,
And vainly ſearch the idol of my ſoul;
My ebbing pulſe more ſlowly ſeems to beat,
And death to ev'ry paſſion ſounds retreat;
Fever itſelf, that burning foe, retires,
No more torments me with devouring fires;
A heavy calm now dwells in ev'ry vein,
And deadly langour takes the place of pain:
Behold, expiring in the bloom of youth,
A woman loſt to honour, virtue, truth,

Whoſe heart in this tremendous moment turns
To him, whoſe charms ſo fatally ſhe mourns.

This is thy work, imperious love! whoſe ſway
Makes youth and ſenſibility thy prey,
Rends me from all the bleſſings life cou'd give,
And blaſts the wreath immortal fame might weave.
On my ſad tomb no record muſt appear,
Silence will wear the beſt expreſſion there —
To long Oblivion be my name conſign'd,
And all my errors in the grave confin'd;
So ſhall no cheek for me be ting'd with ſhame,
So ſhall no rigid cenſor curſe my name.

The laſt deciſive hour of fate is come! —
Aërial forms invite me to the tomb.
I feel the approach of death in ev'ry part —
Cold freezing terror creeps into my heart:
Yet, (as the waſting taper ſtrives to blaze,)
My quiv'ring ſoul to take its flight delays,
Spreads o'er the lamp of life a tranſient ray,
And knows not how the laſt adieu to ſay.

But oh! the fatal word muſt be expreſt —
The word which ſtrikes a poniard in my breaſt!
Farewell, dear youth! to part from whom I grieve —
Tho' I muſt die, do thou with patience live,
Ceaſe to lament the rigour of my fate,
For Heaven ſhews mercy to th' unfortunate;
On that extenſive mercy I rely,
And, weary of my woes — contented die.

EPITAPH.

WITHIN this tomb Elvira lies —
Death's hand has clos'd her radiant eyes;
'Twas love deſtroy'd her vernal bloom,
'Twas love that ſent her to the tomb.

Dumb are thoſe lips whence muſic flow'd,
Pale are thoſe cheeks where roſes glow'd,
Loſt are thoſe ſmiles that deck'd her face,
And cold thoſe limbs that mov'd with grace.

Her tender heart no more can beat,
Her veins have loſt their vital heat,
Beauty is turn'd to ſenſeleſs clay,
And LOVE itſelf is fled away.

But let us ceaſe her fate to mourn,
Her griefs are buried in the urn —
No more to hopeleſs love a ſlave,
She finds repoſe within the grave.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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